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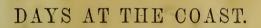
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Dune & Wright Glasgow

# MONUMENTAL EDITION.

# DAYS AT THE COAST:

# A SERIES OF SKETCHES

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE

FRITH OF CLYDE—ITS WATERING-PLACES, ITS SCENERY, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BX

## HUGH MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES ROUND GLASGOW,"

WITH MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.



# GLASGOW:

DUNN & WRIGHT, 176 BUCHANAN STREET.

LONDON: 15 AVE MARIA LANE.

1878.

### COMPANION VOLUME.

# RAMBLES ROUND GLASGOW.

Price 3s 6d.

GLASGOW & LONDON: DUNN & WRIGHT.

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## DEDICATION.

TO

# ROBERT DALGLISH, ESQ., M.P.

RESPECTED SIR,

As one of the most liberal, enlightened, and influential among the merchants of my native city, -as an employer of labour, kindly, considerate, and courteous,and as a Member of the Imperial Legislature, possessing the confidence and esteem of a large section of my fellowcitizens, I have much pleasure in associating your name with the present volume. Permit me, therefore, to inscribe it to you, with every sentiment of respect and gratitude. The composition of the various Sketches contained in the volume has been to me a labour of love; the excursions on which they were founded, a succession of recreative and intellectual enjoyments. Let me hope that the perusal of my unpretending pages may, at least, afford to you some reflex of the pleasure they have afforded to myself, and that they may occasionally recall to your memory the glorious features of that beautiful Frith, of which we are all so proud, and which offers so many sanitary and soul-elevating privileges to the inhabitants of this great city.

I have the honour to be,

Yours very truly,

HUGH MACDONALD.

92 John Street, Bridgeton, October, 1857.



### PREFACE.

THE Sketches contained in the present volume are the fruit of a series of personal excursions, extending over several summers, to the several localities to which they refer. writer's primary intention in commencing the series was to describe, to the best of his ability, the various towns and watering-places, with the islands, the lochs, and, in short, the principal features, natural and artificial, of the Frith of Clyde. But his design was not confined to mere description. The shores of the spacious estuary alluded to are rich, not only in material beauty, but in all the charms of historical and traditional association. These the writer has everywhere endeavoured to glean, either from old musty tomes and records of the past, or from the lips of that useful personage, the "oldest inhabitant" of the respective localities. diligence and assiduity with which he has conducted these investigations, the writer has been enabled to expiscate a considerable quantity of auld warld lore; and he feels confident that a perusal of his pages will not only prove instructive (with regard to such matters) to the stranger who pays a passing visit to the Frith, but to many who have long been familiar with its shores, but who may have neglected to make themselves acquainted with their numerous and most

interesting associations. In laying the result of his labours before the public, the writer therefore hopes that he is, to some extent, supplying a desideratum, and that his volume may be regarded as a not altogether unnecessary addition to the topographical literature of the West of Scotland.

The writer may also mention that the Sketches contained in the present volume have been composed in the intervals of his professional labours as a member of the newspaper press, and that they appeared, from time to time, in the columns of two of the Glasgow journals with which he has had the honour of being connected. These facts are mentioned in excuse of any appearances of carelessness in style—often the result of hasty composition—or of inaccurate arrangement, which is frequently occasioned by an interrupted and fragmentary method of publication.

H. M'D.

92 John Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow, October, 1857.

# MEMOIR.

GLASGOW claims as her son the genial and gifted author of the twin volumes, "RAMBLES ROUND GLASGOW," and "Days at the Coast." He was ushered into this mortal scene at Rumford Street, Bridgeton, on the 4th of April, 1817,—scarcely two years after the military achievements of Wellington at Waterloo had shed new lustre and undying glory around British arms.

Bridgeton is a district in the East-end of the City. At that time it was somewhat of a rural suburb, and enjoyed an independent municipal existence, not having as yet been caught in the annexing net of the "Second City of the Empire." But the lapse of six decades has produced a wondrous "transformation scene" on this locality, as on other districts of Glasgow. It is now one of the most thickly populated of the City's environs. Acres that in our boyhood were green pastures and waving corn-fields, are now the abode of teeming thousands. Not only so: it is also a busy hive of industry, and the seat of every description of manufacture—the clank of the shuttle, the stroke of the hammer, and the snort of the iron-horse, being ceaseless and familiar sounds; whilst "columns" of sooty smoke are almost indigenous to the landscape.

Like Scotland's national poet, the distinguished traveller David Livingstone, and others who have risen to eminence, Hugh Macdonald sprung from the plebeian ranks. Both his parents hailed from the Island of Mull, whence his father emigrated in early life, and found employment as a dyer at the extensive works of Henry Monteith & Co., Barrowfield. He is described as a quiet, sober, well-behaved man, not over fluent at English. His mother was an intelligence

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MEMOIR.

gent, industrious woman, passionately fond of her boy. Hugh was the first-born of their eleven children. With a rapidly-increasing family and almost stationary wages, whose maximum never exceeded thirteen shillings per week, it is no matter for wonder that his early education was only elementary. As the benign influence of our recent Factory Acts was then unknown, we find him employed as a "tearer," at the tender age of seven and a-half, in the same print-works as his father, which he has described in one of his poems as "The Guid Auld Field." Some years later he became apprenticed as a block-printer with the Messrs Monteith, in whose employment he continued until, and for some time after he was a journeyman. He seems to have formed a high opinion both of his employers and fellowworkmen, as we gather from the following stanza:—

"Sense and worth were thocht o' then,
In the guid auld field,
Aye the wale o' working men,
Had the guid auld field;
And the kintra side, 1 trow,
Could show lasses unco few,
Half sae bonnie, blithe, and true,
As the guid auld field."

While a "tearer" he is said to have been a dull, quiet, lonely boy, very retiring in his disposition, and often found in a corner reading some juvenile tale, while the other lads were engaged in youthful sports. It seems to have been at this early period that he acquired that love of "ramble" which characterised him throughout life. To one whose soul could not brook to be

"Cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"

within the dull walls of a factory, how refreshing it must have been to roam over green meadows, flowery dells, and by gurgling streams. He drew in the inspiration of song with the fresh breezes of the hills, and was nursed to music by the free and joyous carol of the birds overhead. The varied book of Nature was to him a living teacher, for he found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and

good in everything." But while he had an open eye, and ear, and heart for the lessons of the seasons, he did not neglect the mental culture and self-improvement to be derived from reading; hence, to his honour be it said, that in those early days he was the youngest member on the roll of the Bridgeton Public Library. His writings testify that he must have been a diligent student, and possessed of a most retentive memory.

In the year 1842, when about twenty-five years of age, he married his first wife, who died the following year. Shortly thereafter he removed to Paisley, in the prosecution of his calling, where he remained for three years. Here he found himself surrounded by attractive scenes, and formed many congenial friendships; and to this place, too, he brought his second wife.

It was in August, 1846, while employed at Colinslee, that he set out to visit "fair Edina's seat," where cluster so many hoary memories of Scots royalty, religion, and romance, and around whose environs the magic pen of the author of Waverley has thrown a mystic spell. Relying partly on his connection with the town by the banks of the Cart, he resolved, while in Edinburgh, to secure an interview with the far-famed Christopher North, the gifted author of the Isle of Palms, Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, &c., himself a native of the "suburb" that prides itself as being the birth-place of Tannahill, and other celebritics in letters and theology. Having addressed a respectful note to the Professor, he received the following polite reply:—

"SATURDAY MORNING.

"Professor Wilson sends his kind regards to Mr Hugh Macdonald, and will be glad to see him at any hour to-day before Three o'Clock, or at any hour to-morrow, except from Eleven till Two, in No. 6 Gloster Place."

Mr Macdonald thus graphically relates this interesting episode in his life:—

"On Saturday Afternoon I left a note at the Professor's,

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thanking him for his kind note, and stating that I would do myself the honour of waiting on him at half-past two on Sunday.

"And now I must say I felt rather afraid to venture into the presence of the redoubted Kit. North, my heart beat rather thickish when I thought of my hardihood; however, there was no drawing back now, I must go on.

"In going up the stair to the great man's study, his sanctum sanctorum, the palpitating symptoms threatened to return on me: but the moment I was shown in, and saw his noble intellectual countenance brighten with a smile of welcome, as he shook me warmly by the hand and led me to a seat, saying at the same time that he was very glad I had called, I felt myself quite at home. He was in his workshop among his books, which were scattered about in all directions in glorious confusion, none of your gay glittering binding ranged for show, but mostly 'scuft,' and bearing the marks of having 'seen service.' He sat in his easy chair, with a good stout cudgel in his hand. His long yellow hair, now silvered and thinned by time, hanging carelessly over his neck-his fine manly features, and broad high dome-like head, would have pointed him out at once as the mighty Christopher. He is becoming rather fat and corpulent: and when he threw himself back, during our conversation, in his chair, with the one leg resting on the other, he brought Shakespere's worthy Sir John, who was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, forcibly to my mind.

"He asked what part of Paisley I worked in, and said he was sorry to go to that place now—the old familiar faces were nearly all gone, even the houses, he scarcely knew them now. There were only two families that he knew—the Lonses in the Sneddon, and some old ladies named Orr, somewhere in Causeyside. He minded the Lonses, they came from England when boys; and he remembered very well, that he envied their roast beef and plum-pudding dinner, when he only got his parritch and milk. When he was

last in Paisley, he went to see the garden outside the town, where he used to go for gooseberries, and to look for birds' nests when a boy. He had gone into some old haunt of his childhood (a garden), when an old woman came out and looked after him, as much as to say, 'I'm no very sure about you;' he said he was glad to walk off. He had known very little of Tannahill until very recently. He said he had left Paisley when a boy, before Tannahill's time, and was in England for a lengthened period; and somehow, even when he came on visits to his native place, his friends had never spoken to him of the weaver bard. Talking of Wordsworth, he said that he had met him when a young man in England. Wordsworth's poetry was then very much ridiculed, even his most beautiful productions. Referring to his song 'Lucy,' he said it was extremely beautiful, but that even it had been sneered at in the early part of his career. I said the piece was certainly beautiful, but that I thought poor Tannahill had the leading idea in it more beautifully expressed in one of his lyrics. He was not aware, would I repeat Tannahill's lines. I repeated Wordsworth's first-

> 'She dwelt amongst the untrodden ways, Beside the springs of Dove; A maid whom there were few to praise, And none at all to love. A violet by a mossy stone, Half-hidden from the eye; Fair as a star when only one Is shining in the sky.'

"He thought the transition from the violet to the star was perhaps too violent, or too far-fetched. Tannahill's lines are—

'Yon mossy rosebud doon the howe,
Jist opening fresh and bonnie,
Blinks sweeth aneath the hazel bough,
And scarcely seen by ony.
Sae sweet amang her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie—
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The lass o' Arrenteenie.'

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"He allowed it was very beautifully expressed, at least equal to Wordsworth's. It will be sung, whereas the other will not.

"I talked of the Mearns, and said that from his writings it seemed he had pleasanter recollections connected with that locality than even his native town. He lived there, he said, with Mr M'Letchie the minister, when a boy. That he had spent many a happy day on the lonely moors there. He used to go a-fishing in the lochs there; and thought the Mearns Brother Loch the finest in the world—a perfect sea indeed. On going to see it lately, he felt quite surprised to see what a diminutive thing it was.

"Not wishing to intrude too much, I rose to come away now, after having upwards of an hour with him. I thanked him for his kindness and condescension. No. no! he said. there is no condescension in it at all—I am proud that you did call to-day-I am glad I have seen you-had you come to-morrow, I should not have had that pleasure, as I leave town. All my family are from home at present, unless one daughter. Come this way, and he showed me into another room, rung the bell, and told the servant to request his daughter to come down stairs. His daughter came in, and was introduced to me, she shook me warmly by the hand, 'for the fient a pride, nae pride had she,' she was a pleasantlooking, modest lassie; did not say much, but she smiled and made a remark to the purpose at times. The Professor praised the scenery of the Clyde, and especially that favourite scene of mine, Blantyre Priory. He had lived for some time at Hallside, in the vicinity of Blantyre, and used to go almost every evening to visit the venerable ruin of the olden timethere is not a more beautiful scene of the kind in Scotland. He likewise praised the Torrance, on the estate of Sir W. Maxwell, as a beautiful, romantic spot. After being in the company of Miss Wilson and her father about half-an-hour, I rose to take my leave—shook hands with the lady, who smiled very sweetly at our parting, the old Professor came

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to the stair with me, saying that if I came to Edinburgh again, he would like that I should give him a call; and added, that whenever he came to Paisley, he would endeavour to find me out; so we shook hands, and I came away with a heart rinnin' ower wi' gratitude, pride, and love to the greatest mind I have ever met, or in all likelihood ever may meet in this world."

The young lady referred to in the above extract, afterwards became the wife of Professor Aytoun. Being a very bashful man, he deputed Miss Wilson to ask her father's consent, who pinned to her dress his short but pleasing reply in these words—" With the Author's compliments."

Mr Macdonald being frugal and industrious, and having saved a little capital, he returned to Bridgeton, and opened a provision and grocery establishment. This venture, however, did not prove successful—not from the scarcity, but rather, however paradoxical it may sound, from the superabundance of orders. He judged that his customers would all be as anxious to discharge as they were to contract debt; but in those days, as in these, a great many forgot the precept of the Book, "Owe no man anything;" and so he wound up his business and honourably retired, rich in a good name and—"Bad Debts!"

After this he returned to the block-printing, and found employment at Paisley, still residing, however, in Bridgeton. For several years he trudged right manfully every day, "in fair weather and foul," between his home and his work, a distance in all of about sixteen miles, besides undergoing a hard day's labour. One might have thought such a weight of physical exertion and manual toil would be sufficient to crush out every vestige of poetry from the man's soul; yet it was at this very time, whilst his hands were busy "blocking" out patterns of beauty on unconscious cloth, that the Muses were enriching his spirit with those images of grace and loveliness that were ere long to sparkle from his pen.

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About this time it was that his literary career may be said to have commenced. His earlier productions were poetic. Sprung from the industrial classes, himself a working man, and mixing daily with such, with all his sympathies tending in that direction, it is not to be greatly wondered at that these show their author to have imbibed extreme political opinions. But he was also a poet of Nature, culling his images from earth and sky. A posthumous edition of his Poetical Works was published some years ago, collected and arranged by one of his most attached friends. Although it is on his prose writings that his popularity mainly rests; still, this volume shows that he is entitled to no mean niche in the Temple of Poesy.

His introduction to literature as a prose writer were his famous letters in reply to the redoubtable George Gilfillan of Dundee, who, though himself an ardent admirer of "Coila's Bard," had been betrayed into an ill-advised attack upon the character of Burns. Though we cannot claim for Mr Macdonald the literary genius of that dashing divine, it is generally conceded that on this occasion he found, in the Bridgeton Block Printer, a "foeman worthy of his steel." Possessing keen powers of criticism, Macdonald could also bring to his aid sallies of wit and apt retort, which enabled him to inflict on his clerical opponent a crushing and signal defeat.

These letters, and some occasional poetic effusions, appeared in the *Glasgow Citizen*, and attracted the attention of Mr Hedderwick, its proprietor, whose literary acumen and polished taste discerned in them the germs of latent talent, which ultimately led to his receiving an appointment on the literary staff of that paper.

His connection with the newspaper press dates from the year 1849, and extended over a period of eleven years. Shortly after his inauguration as a professed litterateur, he commenced his systematic "Rambles Round Glasgow," in that series of racy and attractive papers with which his name is inseparably connected. They originally appeared in the

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columns of the Citizen, under the incognito of "CALEB," and soon became so deservedly popular, that they were republished in a volume, which he dedicated, in a graceful preface, to Mr Hedderwick, his liberal patron and friend. It has since passed through several editions, and is still in great demand.

On the repeal of the newspaper stamp in 1855, Mr Macdonald transferred his services to the now defunct Sentinel, as editor of the Glasgow Times, and completed in it the series of sketches originally begun in the Citizen. These were ultimately published as a companion volume under the designation of "Days at the Coast," and dedicated to Robert Dalglish, Esq. of Kilmardinny, ex-M.P. for Glasgow, at whose mansion-house he was a frequent guest.

In 1858, when the Morning Journal was started, his services were secured by its proprietor, Mr Robert Somers. Before entering on the arduous duties connected with a daily, he was entertained to a public dinner, presided over by Mr Hedderwick, and attended by many literary and commercial gentlemen. Into this new sphere he entered with great zest, and laboured most assiduously in the discharge of his duties-often beyond the terms of his engagement, and certainly beyond his strength. His most intimate friends became painfully conscious that his "moon was on the wane." and indications were not awanting that presaged "the beginning of the end." He had commenced a series of papers entitled "Footsteps of the Year," which were to be continued through the months of 1860. He had tracked the snowy path of January, and February's returning green, when his own footsteps were arrested by that grim monarch who claims "all seasons for his own." Having gone to Castlemilk, one of his much-loved pilgrimages, to see the early snowdrops unfold, on his return he was struck down with sudden illness, and on the 16th of March, 1860, in the 43rd year of his age, it was announced to a wide circle of sorrowing friends that HUGH MACDONALD was no more.

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A few days thereafter, a mournful procession of attached friends, to the number of 300, followed his bier. It was one of March's wildest days; but many waters could not quench the deep feeling that struggled in every breast to do honour to the lamented journalist and poet. They laid him to rest in the Southern Necropolis, by the side of his first wife and her new-born babe; and when "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," was pronounced over his mortal part, the sad truth was borne in upon their hearts, "that they should see his face no more." A plain tombstone marks his grave, bearing the inscription—

HUGH MACDONALD,

IN

Memory of his beloved Wife,
AGNES MACDONALD.

Who died Oct. 25th, 1843, Aged 23 years.

"The blighted flower shall bloom again, The fallen star shall rise Triumphant from the gloom of death, To glory in the skies."

# HUGH MACDONALD,

Died 16th March, 1860, Aged 42 years.

Deeply regretted, and much respected, by a large circle of friends.

As is often the case with poets and literary men, his executors had no difficulty in "proving his will." Fortune he had none. With the exception of a life insurance policy for a moderate amount, it was found that his widow and family were very inadequately provided for. But his friends soon gave proof that though dead he still lived in their affectionate regard, by devising means to raise a fund on behalf of the dear ones he had left behind. Several eminent artists, such as Horatio McCulloch, Tavernor Knott, and

MEMOIR. xix.

others, sent a number of paintings for sale. P. Comyn Macgregor, Esq., of Brediland, an admiring companion, delivered a lecture, which realised a considerable amount. The Glasgow Press Amateurs also gave a special dramatic performance. As a result of the various efforts, the handsome sum of £900 was speedily realised.

For the above performance, Mr Hedderwick wrote a characteristic prologue, which was spoken by Miss Maggie Aitken in her best style—a graceful compliment to the deceased by the accomplished daughter of the popular but unfortunate Scottish tragedian, in recognition of kindness shown to her father in years byegone by Mr Macdonald. Just the other day, the writer heard one of the amateurs on that occasion—himself an old rambler, and intimate friend of Macdonald's—wax eloquent as he described the character he played on that memorable evening, with the presentation of our Author's works, bound in white satin, to the ladies who assisted; as well as rehearse other reminiscences of his own intercourse with the loved and loveable "Rambler."

Unlike most poets, "Caleb" does not seem to have been a general lover; nor do we find him bewailing the not uncommon lot of such, of having "loved too well, but not wisely." In one of his songs, indeed, he addresses "Annie, darling of my heart," in the strains of a disappointed suitor; but that attachment may be set down to the credit of "calf-love." That lady still survives, having escaped all the dangers from which the poet so earnestly prayed she might be preserved, and now presides as a queen at her "ain fireside." She was the daughter of one of his earliest and most intimate friends, at whose home he was a frequent visitor. He was a Glasgow bookseller, and, had he survived, was to have been Macdonald's publisher. The writer saw, but a few days ago, the tombstones of both, only a few yards apart, in the central portion of the Southern Necropolis.

It has already been noted that Mr Macdonald was twice married; and it is worthy of remark, that on both occasions XX. MEMOIR.

he wooed and won his bride in the ancient burgh of Rutherglen. To this fact he thus humorously refers in his poem, "The Women Folk o' Ru'glen:"—

"Twice I hae been a wanter noo,
Twice I hae had my stock to pu',
And twice ayout the Clyde to woo
I've ta'en the gate;
Yet, let me whisper, cause to rue
Was ne'er my fate."

The name of his first wife was Agnes, which in Scotland is synonymous with "Nannie," Hugh's favourite title. It gives us a fine peep into the sympathetic and emotional nature of the man, that her memory was ever a verdant spot in his heart; for as oft as he heard sung Burns' pathetic song, "My Nannie's awa," his eyes moistened. By a singular coincidence, the lady whom he chose for his second wife was "bridesmaid" at his first marriage. She and her children—one son and four daughters—still survive to mourn his early removal. Deprived, at a tender age, of a father's care, it is gratifying to know that their education has been generously provided for by the esteemed Rector of Hutcheson's Grammar School, Mr Thomas Menzies. They will thus be fitted to occupy useful and therefore honourable positions in life.

One of the "Rambler's" idiosyncrasies was his decided preference for boys. Like the Chinese, who regard it as little short of a calamity to be blessed with a family of girls, it is said that "Caleb" was greatly disappointed when once and again his wife presented him with a daughter; but his joy was proportionally great when his arms at length embraced a son, whose appearance on the scene he thus graphically and yet humorously describes:—

"A wee, wee man, wi' an unco' din,
Cam' to our beild yestreen;
And siccan a rippet the body raised
As seldom was heard or seen:
He wanted claes, he wanted shoon,
And something to weet his mou';
And aye he spurred wi' his tiny feet,
And blinked wi' his c'en o' blue.

"There's joy within the simmer woods,
When wee birds chip the shell—
When firstling roses tint wi' bloom
The lip of sunlit dell;
But sweeter than the nestling bird,
Or rosebud on the lea,
Is yon wee smilling gift of love
Unto a parent's e'e."

Mr Macdonald was connected with a number of literary and artistic societies, and so became well known to many Glasgow celebrities, by whom he was regarded as a "leading spirit." On the occasion of the centenary of Burns, he presided at a dinner of upwards of two hundred literary and artistic gentlemen, in the King's Arms' Hall, Glasgow, and delivered an address brimful of humour and genuine appreciation of the Immortal Bard. It was at such gatherings he was seen "at his best." Somewhat reticent to those who had only a casual acquaintance with him, he assumed a little of the character of a pawky Scotchman. But in a company of congenial and mirthful spirits, met around the festive board, he was "king amang them a'"—contributing his full quota to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

His love of social intercourse was only equalled by his ceaseless longings for the exquisite delights of Nature. He was a passionate lover of flowers, an ardent botanist, and a keen antiquarian. Indeed, it may almost be said that he indulged in these delightful studies to excess. Many a time and oft, after finishing his exhausting literary duties for the night, would he set out at early morn, with a bosom companion, for a stroll to Cathkin, or some other of his favourite haunts, when "balmy sleep" would have been more grateful to his wearied frame than even the sweet breath of flowers.

He may be regarded as the founder of the "Ramblers' Association," and in their stated "meets" and "outings" he took a prominent part, and contributed not a little to their hilarity and enjoyment. As they "did" their chosen routes, every object of interest was familiar to him. He could people ruined castles with their mail-clad warriors, and re-

XXII. MEMOIR.

cite the hoary legends that clustered round their moss-grown walls,—he could lead to fairy dells, and make their echoes ring out the music of their olden love-songs,—he could trace nameless streams to their source, and cause them to gurgle forth the story of their pilgrimage;—and, like "Old Mortality," he could guide to martyr graves, and decipher the time-worn memorials on their rude tombstones.

That the "Rambler's" memory is still green in the affections of his confrères, has been recently very touchingly demonstrated. When in life, their departed friend had often said, that if he were a wealthy man, he would erect some graceful basin at "the bonnie wee well," into which its sparkling waters might fall. That desire of his had been fondly cherished by the Ramblers—it subsequently budded into deeds, and ultimately blossomed into reality. In the month of October, 1877, they mustered in strong force at Gleniffer Braes, notwithstanding the autumnal blasts with which they had to contend, to unveil this "Memorial Fountain," nearly seventeen years after his decease. The ceremonial over, they retired to the town Paisley, where, with the aid of mine host of the "George," they celebrated the fruition of their hopes, as Ramblers only can. Many well-known Glasgow citizens were present as well as a goodly sprinkling of literati, by whom the praises of the poet were sung, and his memory pledged in flowing bumpers. Gleniffer was again visited a few weeks ago, when willing hands completed all the minor details of the structure, and decked its surroundings with flowers. The fountain has a medallion of "Caleb," the workmanship of his gifted friend and fellow-townsman, Mr Mossman, whose works of art are so well known and justly admired by visitors to George Square, Glasgow.

As to the personal appearance of Hugh Macdonald, it may be said that he was of average height, had a well-built frame, and was capable of considerable physical exertion and fatigue. His face was somewhat long, with slightly prominent cheek bones, and a good broad forehead. His hair was brown, and he had a slight "squint" in his eye, while his countenance was generally lit-up with a good-natured smile. This was but the index of the warm, genial heart that throbbed in his bosom, attracting so many friends around him in closest fellowship.

That HUGH MACDONALD had his faults, as all men have, even his more intimate friends will be ready to acknowledge. But of him, as of the pastor in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," it may be said that "even his failings lean'd to virtue's side." It is not the object of this sketch to pry too closely into these infirmities. He has passed into the unseen world, where all character is judged by Infinite Rectitude. Whilst revelling amid the Creator's beauteous handiworks, we see from his writings that he was often led "from Nature up to Nature's God."

He doubtless loved a social glass, and the merry laugh of the "jovial sons of song." But though he was no abstainer, we have evidence that he might have become an effective and popular lecturer on temperance. The following might almost satisfy the most ardent member of an abstinence society:—

"Oh! what are thy short glints o' mirth, John Maut?

What the joys o'er the bowl that hae birth, John Maut?

To the want, woe, and pain,

That come in thy train,

To many an else happy hearth, John Maut.

"Sae avaunt thee, tak' rank wi' my foes, John Maut,
Wi' your weak trembling hand and red nose, John Maut;
Though I'm auld in your book,
Yet, by hook or by crook,
Our dealins are noo at a close, John Maut."

We search in vain in his writings for any of those dark inuendoes that disfigure certain of the pages of Byron, or that seeming familiarity with bacchanalian orgies which characterise one or two of the poems of Burns.

His works are the self-reared pedestal, more enduring than

marble, on which he will stand conspicuous through the years; for as long as the lovers of the romantic, whether in thought or in travel, pursue their "Rambles round Glasgow,"—as long as tourists visit our noble estuary with its outstretching arms, and toil-worn workers from the city spend their joyous "Days at the Coast," so long will HUGH MACDONALD be remembered, and his memory revered.

"Farewell, loved spirit! O'er thy humble name
Oblivion ne'er shall throw her blighting wing;
Wrapt admiration, tear-dewed, doth proclaim
Her deathless plaudits o'er thy offering."

GLASGOW, 1st June, 1878.

# DAYS AT THE COAST.

## INTRODUCTORY.

WHAT a noble privilege art thou, O Clyde! to the denizens of our vast and smoke-enveloped city. To thee our stately Glasgow is indebted, in no limited measure, for its greatness among the industrial and commercial centres of the land. Thou art the channel through which Fortune has so lavishly poured her golden favours amongst us—the outlet by means of which the produce of our industries and skill is diffused unto the uttermost ends of the earth. Thy ships have breasted the billows of every sea, thy merchandise has enriched the children of every clime, and wheresoever the benign influences of trade are appreciated, thy honoured name is familiar as a household word. But it is not merely as the drudge of commerce that we admire thee, sweet river of our boyhood! Thy beauty excelleth even thy usefulness; and whether we trace thy many winding pathway towards thy distant mountain source, or follow thee until thy brown waters are lost in the blue of the vast Atlantic, we shall ever find thee arrayed in a vesture of rarest loveliness. There is no "crude surfeit" in the charms of Clydesdale. The upper, the middle, and the lower wards, into which it is divided, are widely diversified in their landscape features, presenting, in

their infinite variety, an endless succession of charms to the gaze of the observant wanderer. Well, indeed, might the poet exclaim in reference to the Clyde,—

"Majestic Clutha! as a princess moving,
From the pavilion of thy morning rest,
To where the Atlantic heaves with smile approving,
And folds his daughter to his ample breast,
Throned in the sunset, monarch of the west;
On thee he pours the treasures of his reign,
And wreathes Columbia's riches round thy crest.
The Indies love thy name, and the long train
Of myriad isles that gem the azure main."

How sweetly suggestive are the simple words, "A day at the Coast!" Heard even amidst the living currents of the city's heart, walled in from nature by miles of stone and lime, what a rush of sunny or shadowy memories they excite! Again the gliding steamer is churning its watery way adown the Clyde, with its freight of happy faces; again the noise and the bustle and the smoke of twice ten thousand chimneys are left behind, and the fresh face of nature reflects its freshness on our yearning spirits. Again the hills seem hastening to the river-side, to greet us with their green crests of foliage; again the stern old Castle-rock looms over the spreading frith, and the blue ripple is dancing in light, and the snowy wing of the sea-bird is flashing in the cloudless air. Under the wild gray hills which girdle the horizon, we see again, "in the mind's eve," the scattered towns and villages nestling in sheltered bays, and whitening the sunny shores as if they were smiling a welcome to us from afar. Let the magic phrase "A day at the Coast" be but whispered in our ear in the bustling street or at the silent hearth, and immediately in fancy we are ploughing once again the bosom of some mountain-shadowed lake, or circling the shores of some isle of beauty, which gladdens with its presence the glittering waste of waters. Once again we are strolling on the foamy beach, threading the flickering mazes of the rustling woods, lingering by the "howlet-haunted biggins" of other days, or climbing some height which towers in proud command, and where, "sole monarch of all we survey," our senses are steeped in

the sweetest influences of nature's leveliness. Twice blessed is the beautiful to him who scans it with a loving eye. In the present it is a joy unspeakable, and from the dimness of the past it sheddeth on the eye of memory a never-ceasing lustre of gladness. In our DAYS AT THE COAST, gentle reader, if thou wilt but vouchsafe us thy welcome companionship, we shall be thy guide into many a lovely, many an impressive scene. We shall (so to speak) circumnavigate with thee the glorious Frith into which our Clyde expands ere it melts into the vasty deep; we shall familiarize thee with every feature of our noble estuary, from Dumbarton to Goatfell; we shall thread with thee its branching lochs, and linger with thee by its towns and villages, its bays and creeks, its isles and promontories; and we shall tell thee tales of this and many another day to cheer thee as we go. Old chronicles shall be ransacked, and Tradition shall be made to gossip, that thou mayest know the story of each time-honoured edifice, and of every spot which is associated with the doings of the olden time. We shall call thee to halt in thy onward course by castles old and gray, in lone kirkyards, where, underneath the heaving sward, the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, and in nooks of sweet or savage beauty, which have been rendered sacred by the enchantments of the poet or the painter's art. As the seasons pass, we shall mark their silent marches in the changes of leaf and flower, and our ears shall be open to the pipings of the wilding birds, as with ever-varying strains they greet the alternations of the year. In these our devious pilgrimages, doubt not, congenial reader, that we shall, ere long, become even as familiar and confidential friends. There is nothing like mutual communion with Nature and her works for opening and expanding the affections. We shall taste together of those elevating and refining influences which flow from pensive wanderings by wood and wild, and we shall inherit in common a rich legacy of joyous memories. "Therefore," to borrow from Wordsworth when addressing his sister at Tintern Abbev.-

"Therefore, let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee; and in after years,
When these wild eestacies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies—oh, then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be my portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget,
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so loug
A worshipper of Nature, lither came,
Unwearied in that service; rather say,
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love."

To resume the prosaic, however, we may state that it is our intention, in the present volume, to give a series of sketches, descriptive, historical, and traditional, of the principal towns, villages, and watering-places, on the Frith of Clyde; with delineations, drawn from personal observation, of the more striking landscape features in the vicinity of the several localities. Such, in brief, is the purpose of our DAYS AT THE COAST. In the meantime, however, before proceeding with this our labour of love, we shall take a kind of bird's-eye glance at the origin and progress of our river through its upper reaches.

The Clyde is a native, if we may be allowed the expression, of what old Heron felicitously denominates "The Southern Highlands of Scotland." Forming the boundary of Lanarkshire to the south, and dividing it from the shire of Dumfries, there is a scattered range of lofty mountains, consisting of the Lowthers, Leadhills, and Queensberry Hill, with a chain of considerable elevation connecting the latter with Heartfell. These are the feeders which nurse the infant Clyde, and among which it first receives "a local habitation and a name." According to popular belief, the Clyde has its source in the same hill from which, in different directions, issue the original springs of the Tweed and the

Annan. The idea is rather a pretty one; but we suspect it may be said of the Clyde, as of many other streams, that it is quite impossible to prove from what particular source it takes its rise. Rodger-law, the accredited parent of the river, is a hill about 1,400 feet above the level of the sea, and situated about five miles eastward from the village of Elvanfoot, in the parish of Crawford. The Clyde is here a rapid, frolicsome streamlet, flowing through lonely pastoral moorlands, and receiving every here and there a succession of foamy tributaries from the adjacent heights. The most important of these is the Daer, which, according to some authorities, is really the better entitled of the two streams to the honour of originating our stately river. In the vicinity of Elvanfoot, the Clyde receives the waters of the Elvan, and for some miles pursues a highly eccentric course. turning in succession towards nearly all the points in the compass, and running hither and thither at its own sweet will, and with the most beautiful disregard of consistency. In the course of a few miles it passes the lonely village of Crawford, receiving the Camps and afterwards the Glengonar waters, and gradually assuming a beautiful sylvan character, pursues a more leisurely and sedate course. now divides the parishes of Crawfordjohn and Lamington, and sweeps away in a north-east direction for a distance of eleven miles, during which it is successively increased by the Roberton Burn and Garf Water on the west, and by the Wandel Burn, Heartside Burn, Lamington Burn, and Cults Water on the east. Leaving Roberton, the Clyde pursues a devious and far-winding course round the spurs of the Tinto mountains, receiving by the way the contributions of the Medwin and Douglas, the latter of which nearly doubles its volume. Approaching Lanark, the Clyde finally turns towards the west, a direction which, with partial and comparatively unimportant deviations, it continues to maintain until it assumes the proportions of an estuary below Greenock.

Swelled by the contributions alluded to, with those of countless other burns and rills of lesser note which debouch into its channel as it twines along its devious way, the Clyde has now become a large and beautiful river. After entering Lanarkshire it flows with a scarcely perceptible motion through a lengthened tract of level country, amidst verdant haughs and flowery meadows, which, in spates, it frequently overflows. Lazily and slow it draws near the upper fall, as if it were loath to take the leap. About two miles and a-half above the town of Lanark, it reaches Bonnington Linn, and, in a rock-divided stream, is plunged over a precipitous crag from an elevation of thirty feet. This is reckoned the least beautiful of the Falls. It really forms, however, a most picturesque and imposing spectacle, and in any other locality would excite the warmest admiration. A bridge has been constructed over the northern branch of the river at this point, and the various glimpses which it commands of the rugged channel and its tortured waters are exceedingly grand, especially if seen, as we last gazed upon them, in the light of a setting sun, and overhung with the brilliant tints of a miniature rainbow. Roaring and foaming along its fretted path, the Clyde now rushes with great rapidity through a narrow gully, the rocky sides of which are from eighty to a hundred feet in perpendicular height. At one point the stream is so compressed between its banks that an adventurous leaper has been known to clear it at a bound. At a distance of about half a mile below Bonnington, the second and finest of the Falls occurs. This is the famous Corra Linn. The Clyde is here precipitated in three distinct leaps over an acclivity of about eighty feet, between overhanging banks of the wildest and most bosky character. On a precipitous cliff on the southern side the cascade is overlooked by the ancient castle of Corehouse, while on the northern bank the rock is hollowed by a dreary cavern in which, according to tradition, Scotland's great hero, Sir William Wallace, at one period concealed himself from the ken

of his Southern enemies. The accessories of this most romantic cataract possess, therefore, the combined charms of sentiment and wildest natural beauty. The poet and the painter have ever delighted to do honour to Corra Linn; and probably no other spot in "the north countrie" has figured more frequently in the verse of the one or on the canvas of the other. Wordsworth commences a beautiful effusion, which was "written in sight of Wallace's Cave at Corra Linn," with the following lines:—

"Lord of the vale! astounding flood! The dullest leaf, in this thick wood, Quakes—conscious of thy power; The caves reply with hollow moan; And vibrates to its central stone You time-comented tower."

The author of "Clyde," a descriptive poem of the last century, waxes beyond measure magniloquent in praise of Corra. Listen to the venerable bard:—

"Where ancient Corehouse hangs above the stream, And far beneath the tumbling surges gleam, Engulfed in crags the fretting river raves, Chafed into foam, resound his tortured waves; With giddy head we view the dreadful deep, And eattle snort, and tremble at the steep, Where down at once the foaming waters pour, And tottering rocks repel the deafening roar; Viewed from below, it seems from heaven they fell! Seen from above, they seem to sink to hell!"

The poetic license has here been strained to the verge, or rather, we should perhaps say, considerably beyond the verge of bombast. Honest John Wilson is in general no-ways stinted in his praises of our stream, but in this instance he has certainly far exceeded himself. In consequence of swallowing such marvellous descriptions as he and others have given, our imagination in youth was excited to such a degree, that, on our first visit to the spot, we felt completely disappointed with the actual appearance of Corra Linn, so diminutive did it seem in comparison with the cascade of our dreams. We felt inclined, with the Cockney tourist, to pronounce it a miserable failure, and it was only after repeated inspection that its real beauties became manifest to our mind, and took up their permanent abode amongst our

dearest memories. Passing from the fierce agitations and the din of Corra, the Clyde again assumes a smooth and tranquil character, which is scarcely ruffled by a sportive leap of a few feet over a shelving rock at Dundaf, about a quarter of a mile farther down. It now glides gently away by Lanark and its mills, and pursues it course amidst softly sloping banks, which are partly covered with wood, partly arable, and partly of a rich pastoral green. The Mouse, a wild brook from the picturesque Cartland Crags, here joins the river on the north side with its murmuring tribute. Clyde's peaceful progress is again interrupted at Stonebyres. a few miles from Lanark, where it passes through a confined and rocky channel, and is once more dashed over a precipice of eighty feet. This Fall, although unequal in picturesque effect to that at Corehouse, is both impressive and beautiful,-

"Clyde, foaming o'er his falls, tremendous roars!"

and again proceeds in quietness, through sylvan shades and haughs of freshest verdure, upon his seaward pilgrimage. Before the descent at Bonnington, the surface of the stream is reckoned to be about 400 feet above the level of the sea; and when it leaves Stonebyres it has only an elevation of 170 feet. By its successive leaps in this vicinity, therefore, the Clyde is brought down in the world to the extent of nearly 230 feet.

The course of a stream has often been compared by the poet and the moralist to the life of man. Leaving its source, the tiny rill is a thing of purity and seeming playfulness, a happy type of innocent and merry boyhood. Gradually, as it progresses towards its destined bourne, it waxes greater in volume, and becomes, as in youth and manhood, less frolicsome and less pure, until at length it finds oblivion and rest in the bosom of the great deep. The Clyde has now "sown its wild oats;" its days of daffing and jollity are past, and henceforth we shall find it a staid and sober stream, engaged in the serious business of

existence, and ministering alternately to the useful and the beautiful. Lovely are the scenes through which it now takes its stately march. Sweet, in the early summer, are the orchard blooms of apple, and pear, and plum, at this part of the vale, where for miles and miles Clyde seems to stray in one continuous garden. Rich in the autumn are its banks, thick-strewn with trees low bending beneath their loads of golden or of blushing fruit. Green lawns and yellow fields, at frequent intervals, creep down unto its fertile marge: while towns and villages, and castles old and gray, interspersed with spacious modern mansions, adorn and enliven its verdant slopes. Scotland has certainly nothing which can compare with this Middle Ward of Clydesdale for fertility and simple loveliness; and we have the authority of good old William Lithgow, the celebrated traveller, for stating that there are even few localities in the world which are superior to it in these respects. The value of Lithgow's opinion may be estimated by the following extract from the title-page of his most curious book, which was published in 1640:-"The total discourse of the rare adventures, and painful peregrinations, of long nineteen years' travels, from Scotland to the most famous kingdoms of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Perfited by three dear-bought voyages in surveying forty-eight kingdoms, ancient and modern; twenty-one republics; ten absolute principalities, with two hundred islands, &c." Whether it was because there was no place so dear as home to the old man's eyes that he spoke so favourably of his native vale we cannot tell; but assuredly he conferred the palm of superiority, over all that he had seen in his many wanderings, on this portion of our valley. For a distance of about eleven miles the Clyde divides the parishes of Carluke, Cambusnethan, and Dalzell on the north, from those of Lesmahagow, Dalserf, and Hamilton on the south; and receives by the way the waters of the Nethan, the Avon, the Calder, and several other streams of lesser magnitude and note. It now approaches the ducal

palace at Hamilton, sweeping in numerous graceful curves and windings through its finely-timbered domains, and dividing them from Bothwellhaugh, passes the bridge where, in other days, the soldiers of the Covenant were put to rout by the forces of Monmouth and Claverhouse. Bothwell bank, still blooming fair, and its picturesque Castle on the one hand, with Blantyre Works and the ruined Priory on the other, are successively left behind, with all their garniture of woods and braes, and, swelled by the tribute of the Rotten and North Calders, the Clyde steals slowly round Daldowie to Kenmuir and Carmyle. Not in all its course does the river wear a sweeter aspect than it presents here within a few miles of the city. Downward still it hies, turning and twining as if it would avoid the pollution which it has to encounter. There is no remede, however, and successively separating the parishes of Cambuslang and Monkland, Rutherglen and Barony, it touches at length the eastern suburb of the city, and with a fine bold curve, bounding the public Green, finds itself between the bridges in a bed of densest mud, and speedily becomes dim and drumlie with the outpourings of fetid sewers. Attempting to escape from this defilement, it falls into the hands of the River Trust at the Broomielaw. Henceforth the Clyde is in harness, "cabined, cribbed, confined," and doomed to bear our burdens to and fro until it passes from control into the liberty of the great deep. According to a calculation in the late Dr. Thomson's excellent treatise on heat and electricity, it appears that, at the date of that publication, the breadth of the river at the new bridge was 410 feet, and its average depth 31 feet. The velocity of the water at the surface was 1.23 inch, and the mean velocity of the water 0.558:132 inch per second. From these data, the Dr. inferred that the total quantity of water discharged per second was 762 cubic feet. This amounts to 2,417,760,000 cubic feet, or 473,017,448 imperial gallons, or 1,877,053 tons of water poured down by the Clyde every succeeding

day. Of course, during the prevalence of spates, the quantity will be indefinitely increased. The Clyde drains about one-thirtieth of Scotland, or about one-eighty-third of Great Britain.

And now, having conducted our readers in imagination down the tangled and most picturesque mazes of the upper section of the Clyde, we trust they will be prepared to sympathize with us in the subjoined address to our noble native river—an address which we penned in our youthful enthusiasm, "long, long ago:"—

## TO THE CLYDE.

O'er all the streams that Scotia pours
Deep murmuring to the sca,
With warmest love my heart still turns,
Fair, winding Clyde, to thee!
Through scenes where brightest beauty smiles,
Thy placid waters glide,
Linked to a thousand memories sweet,
My own, my native Clyde!

Let others love the tangled Forth, Or mountain-shadow'd Spey; The Don, the Dee, wake others' glee, Fair Tweed, or queenly Tay; From all their charms of wood or wild, I ever turn with pride To where the golden apple gleams, On thy green banks, sweet Clyde!

It is not that thy heaving breast
A kingdom's wealth has borne,
That pregnant barks, a gorgeous crowd,
Thy spacious ports adom;
Tis not thy cities fair to see,
Thy castled homes of pride,
That knit this heart in love to thee,
Thou proudy rolling Clyde!

An heir of poverty and toil,
Thy wealth to me is naught,
Yet thou hast treasures to my soul
With deepest pleasure fraught.
The homes of living, and the graves
Of parted friends are thine—
The loving hearts, the tried, the true,
Bright gens of sweet "Langsyne."

Oh! honied were my joys, I ween, When 'side thee, lovely stream! Life dawn'd upon my wak'ning soul, Bright as a poet's dream. Then daisied fields to me were wealth, Thy waters were a sea, And angel voices in the clouds The larks' far showers of glee.

How loved I, on thy pebbled marge, To watch the minnows play! Or on thy rippled breast to set My tiny bark away! Or chasing wide the painted fly, Along thy skirt of flowers, While on the swallow-wings of joy Flew past the laughing hours.

Each smiling season then had charms— Spring came with buds and flowers, And wild-bird nests, with bead-like eggs, Leaf-screened in woodland bowers; Summer brought aye the rushy cap, The dandelion chain; While hips and haws, like gems were strewn O'er Autum's yellow train.

But years of mingled weal and woe, Like bubbles on thy wave, Have passed: and friends are scattered now, Or slumbering in the grave; The dust of time has dimmed my soul, And 'neath vile passion's sway, It's freshness and its bloom have pass'd For evermore away.

Yet still I love thee, gentle Clyde;
For aye, as with a spell,
Thou bring'st me back the cherished forms
In memory's haunts that dwell!
Like sunshine on the distant hills,
Life's early joys I see:
And from the brightness of the past,
I dream what heaven may be,

Dear stream! long may thy hills be green,
Thy woods in beauty wave,
Thy daughters still be chaste and fair,
Thy sons be true and brave!
And, oh! when from this weary heart,
Has ebbed life's purple tide,
May it be mine, 'mongst those I've loved,
To rest on thy green side.

## BOWLING, DUMBARTON, AND CARDROSS.

WE took leave of thee, in our last, gentle reader, at the Broomielaw, and at the same classic spot here we are again "well met." The morning is overcast, and our gaucy friend the manager of the Lochgoilhead steamers, who foregathers with us as he is bustling about on the quay, looks over his spectacles, and remarks portentously, "Ye're gaun to ha'e a wat day." Never mind. There is no truth in weather prophecy, and even if it comes to the worst, there are charms to be found in Nature—especially in Scottish Nature—under every aspect. We like the memory of surly old Samuel Johnson for his utter disbelief in the popular fallacy that atmospherical influences materially affect the spirits of men. He was nearly, if not altogether, right on this point of his creed. We can be happy in spite of the wind or the rain; and let us whisper in thy ear, kind reader, "No man, woman, or child, can thoroughly appreciate the character of Scottish landscape, or read its deeper meanings, who has not studied its features in storm and in gloom, as well as in its more genial expressions." Thomson of Duddingstone, Horatio Macculloch, and all the other faithful transcribers of Scotland's hills and glens, must often have studied beneath "the peltings of the pitiless storm," and gleaned their harvests of the grand and the beautiful at the expense of a droukit skin. So let us on board the roaring steamer, where we can snap our fingers at the threatening clouds. Passengers are dropping in by ones and twos. Now a solitary bachelor comes. carrying a solitary portmanteau, and wearing a "nobodycares-for-me" sort of expression; next we have a young

couple—he all smiles and attention, she accepting with a pretty condescension the little services so assiduously offered. How delightfully conscious are the glances of the maiden! It is no business of ours, however, and our sympathies would rather lead us to scan the movements and manifestations of this family group, who are evidently on their way to some sweet summer residence at the coast. How patriarchallooking among his young people is "Pa!" how evidently full of motherly care and pride, the good lady who is so frequently, and from all sides, addressed as "Ma!" But the bell rings, the roaring funnel suddenly becomes mute, the connecting ropes are flung over the side, the paddles, after a hesitating plash or two, move steadily on, and the quay, with its onlookers, its porters, and its police, glides gradually away. We are now fairly off, and proceeding with moderate speed down the long avenue of ships that leadeth to the sea. Casting a backward eye, as we plough the centre of the stream, what a fine glance of the city we obtain, with its stately bridges spanning the waters, its lengthened ranges of building towering on either side, and its lofty spires uplifting their glittering vanes beyond the multitudinous wreathes of ever-rising smoke! We know not where a more impressive urban prospect than this may be found, and somehow it invariably awakens in our mind a dream of Venice, that ancient mistress of commerce and dwelling-place of merchants who were as princes among men. The downward vista is equally fine in its own way. On either hand stretches the long train of ships at rest, with their naked spars bristling in the air, and here and there a bit of sail unfurled, or a streamer waving lazily in the breeze; while the midchannel is fretted with buoys, and boats passing and repassing between the opposite lines of quay. We soon leave the bustle of the harbour behind, however, when the clink of countless hammers closing rivets up, noisily greets the ear, from the various, spacious building-yards which we successively pass on either side of the river. There is something peculiarly impressive

in the sight of these vast leviathans in process of preparation for the battle with wind and wave. Some in the shape of gigantic skeletons, mere things of ribwork and keel; and others in all the intermediate stages between the simplest rudimental framework and that of perfect completion, when, clad in mail, the stately structure seems as if it were instinct with life, and eager to rush into its future element. There is not one of these fast-growing vessels but is a study of the beautiful. Grace and strength are united in their finely curved lines; and be assured that on whatever seas they may be henceforth destined to ply, or in whatever ports they may yet cast anchor, they will each abundantly sustain the credit of the Clyde builders.

But our steamer is rapidly pursuing its way. Govan, with its still half-rural aspect and its handsome church-a counterpart, we are assured, of that of Shakspere's Stratford -is now before us. On the opposite side we have, at the debouchure of the Kelvin, the stately shipbuilding premises of Messrs. Tod & Macgregor, the originators of iron architecture as applied to the construction of vessels, and among the most enterprising promoters of its subsequent advancement. A glance of Partick and its gentle slopes, adorned with ranges of neat cottages and villas, is also obtained as we glide along; while Gartnavel, that melancholy palace of the "mind diseased," is seen in the distance, solitary and aweinspiring. How swiftly the ramifications of the city are extending in this direction! Partick on the one hand and Govan on the other are assuredly destined to be swallowed up at no distant date. Already the antennæ of the approaching monster are being pushed vigorously out. The connecting lines are filling up year by year, and the process of complete absorption will, ere long, be consummated. Pleasant little rural communities were ye both in the days of our boyhood-the one famous for "caller sawmon and sheep's-head kail," and the other for "crumpie cakes" and cheese. Then nothing more rude was heard in your precincts than the murmur of the stream, the monotonous clack of the flour mill, or the crowing of the household cock. How changed is everything about you now! The smoke and the din of ever-increasing manufactures have invaded the primitive quietness which then spread around, and the stormy battering of multitudinous hammers has effectually frightened the rural deities from their ancient abode. How we loved to meditate among the tombs in the silence of that old elm-encircled churchyard! There we first saw the snowdrop waving its genty blossoms on the green mansions of departed mortality, and felt the beauty of the doctrine which it so sweetly symbolized. There every tombstone was an old acquaintance—every epitaph a thrice-told tale. But, alas! for the silence and the seclusion of the auld kirkvard, discord has usurped the place of peace; and their sleep must indeed be sound who rest undisturbed by the ringing tumult which now fills our ears!

For some miles below Govan the country on both sides of the river is flat and comparatively uninteresting. It is not without charms, however, although these would certainly be more appropriate in an English than a Scottish landscape. Rich alluvial plains on either hand spread far around, intersected by hedgerows and belts of planting, with here and there an elegant mansion, or a snug farm-steading girdled The most noticeable edifices are Linthouse. with trees. Shieldhall, and Elderslie House on the left, with the mansion of Scotstown on the right. Passing these, we touch at the wharf at Renfrew, that most ancient burgh (situated six miles below Glasgow), which has now the honour of giving the title of Baron to the Prince of Wales, as it did for many ages to the eldest sons of our Scottish kings. The Clyde is here joined by a small sluggish and most unpoetical stream yclept the Pudyeoch. There is a row of neat houses, including several places of refreshment on the shore, with an extensive shipbuilding establishment, but the town itself is about half a mile inland. On the opposite bank is the small village of Yoker; with Yoker House and Yoker

Lodge, two elegant structures, in the immediate vicinity. Renfrew is considered to be the most ancient town in the extensive shire to which it gives a name, although, as every one knows, it has been far outrivalled in extent and importance by several of the more modern communities in the district. There are evidences of its existence as early as the reign of David the First, and its constitution as a burgh dates as far back as 1396, when the Third Robert held sway in our land. For a lengthened period Renfrew had extensive fishing privileges on the Clyde, and according to Crawfurd. the county historian, it had at one time a little foreign trade, and more recently a commercial connection with Ireland. In the arms of the burgh there is the representation of a ship, with the motto "Deus Gubernat Navem," from which we may conclude, that the good people of Renfrew were somewhat vain of their nautical superiority. The town presents but few attractions to the stranger. Resuming our downward course, we pass, on the left, about a mile below Renfrew, the handsome residence of Mr. Campbell of Blythswood, deliciously situated on a green plain, tastefully dotted and partially screened by trees. This spacious mansion is situated immediately adjacent to the junction of the mingled streams of the Cart and Gryffe with the Clyde at the "Waterneb." The observant passenger obtains at this spot a prospect of great beauty and of considerable extent. Looking southward we have a fine stretch of the Cart, with Colin's Isle densely wooded in the foreground; the church tower of Inchinnan in the middle distance, peering over masses of foliage; and the spires of Paisley rising beyond, in marked relief against the bold background of the Gleniffer Old Pennant, who had a keen eye for the picturesque, remarks in his Tour in Scotland that the scenery here "is the most elegant and softest of any in North Britain." The picture, as seen from the deck of the passing steamer, is, in truth, one of great loveliness, and fully bears out the favourable opinion of the venerable naturalist, who was one of the first English travellers who penetrated into the wild recesses of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and revealed to his countrymen their romantic peculiarities of landscape.

Our eager steamer, however, lingers not, whatever may be the attractions of the country through which she is ploughing her way. Onward, still onward, she plies, with a glittering trail of foam in her wake, and closely followed by continuous diverging waves, which rush along the river walls on either side, and cause a sad commotion among the tall reeds and grasses. Now an upward bound steamer goes dashing past, as if on an errand of life and death; then some tiny craft is seen struggling laboriously against the stream. by aid of oar and sail; and anon some sturdy little tug comes puffing along with a train of stately merchantmen in leading strings—an indomitable dwarf dragging a brace of lubberly giants into captivity. There is ever an abundance of interest and excitement on the lower reaches of the Clyde. Newshot Isle goes past on the left; Dalmuir Works slip out of sight on the right; then, in the same direction, among the swelling hills, Duntocher chimneys look down upon us, with the mansions of Mountblow and Auchentoshan adorning the intervening slopes. About a mile farther down, there stood, in our remembrance, on the left bank of the river, a dreary old house, which was said to have been the residence in bygone ages of the Semples of Beltrees, a family in which the poetic gift was hereditary. "Habby Simson's Elegy," "Maggie Lauder," and "She rose and loot me in," for aught we know, may have been penned within its walls. The place which knew it once knows it no more. Not one stone remains to prate of its whereabouts. Its ghost, however, still continues to haunt our memory; and we seldom pass the spot without casting a suspicious glance in the direction of its site, and half anticipating the old familiar frown with which it seemed to greet us in former days. The lofty Kilpatrick hills are now drawing near, with their bosky

crests enveloped in gray wreaths of mist, and looming ominously. That verdant knoll to the right, with the cottage on its brow, is the celebrated Dalnotter, and we can tell thee, gentle reader, if thou hast not yet scaled that "coigne of vantage," that a delicious draught of beauty there awaits thy acceptance. Those who are old enough to remember the Queen Street Theatre of Glasgow, will also remember the gorgeous drop-scene, by Naismith, which was the admiration of all beholders. The subject was the Clyde as seen from Dalnotter. The transcript was universally admitted to be admirable, and before it was burned with the edifice which it adorned, five hundred pounds were offered for it, and refused. In one little hour the work of genius was dust and ashes. Ascend any day that modest elevation, and the glorious original, to which no mortal pencil can ever do full justice, awaits thy inspection.

We are now at the portal of the Frith. Passing Erskine Ferry, with the tastefully wooded lawns and slopes around Blantyre House on the one side, and the swelling ridges of the Kilpatrick range on the other, with the village of the same name nestling at its base, the river is seen widening away in the distance, and gradually assuming the aspect of a hill-environed lake. Often as we have gazed upon the prospect which now bursts upon us, it never fails to excite in our mind a new and a sweet surprise. On the one hand, Nature wears an aspect of softest sylvan loveliness; on the other, her features are wild and stern, as becomes the land of the mountain and the flood. We could almost fancy, indeed, that the Highlands and the Lowlands had here drawn near unto each other, and were holding friendly communion across the neutral Clyde. In graceful curves, and smoothest sandy beaches, skirted with freshest verdure, appears the southern shore, while the northern juts out in fretful points, and rises over the vale with a scarred and precipitous majesty. Saint Patrick, as every good Catholic knows, or ought to know, was a native of that little hamlet to our right, which

rears its handsome church-tower in the immediate vicinity of the river. A more beautiful birthplace he could not have selected; and we have no patience with the wretches who would insinuate that "his mother kept a whisky-shop in the town of Enniskillen," or anywhere else. No, no! a Scotchman he was, and a Scotchman he must remain to the end of the chapter! or, as Shakspere more poetically expresses it, "to the last syllable of recorded time." We owe a thing or two to Ireland, but for the blessing of a patron saint, she is undoubtedly our debtor. The fact is perfectly palpable: but, if additional evidence were wanted, we should at once find it in the honest antipathy to frogs and toads, and other cold-blooded "varmint." Every genuine Scot (always excepting the philosophers), and we take ourselves to be of the number, has, instinctively, an abhorrence to every species of the Batrachian genus. So had St. Patrick; mark that; and we only regret that he did not "sarve" those detestable creatures in his native country as he did in that of his adoption. Pennant says, "St. Patrick took on himself the charge of Ireland, founded there 365 churches. ordained 365 bishops, 3,000 priests, converted 12,000 persons in one district, baptized seven kings at once, established a purgatory, and with his staff effectually expelled every reptile that stung or croaked." What a jewel of a saint he must have been, and how grateful ought Ould Ireland to be to the green valley of Clyde, for giving her such a benefactor! Off hats, gentlemen, to St. Patrick's birthplace.

But we have more ancient associations than those of Saint Patrick in connection with the locality which we are now passing. About a quarter of a mile to the westward of Kilpatrick is a gentle eminence which bears the name of the Chapelhill. This elevation, which commands a fine view of the opening Frith, with Dunglass and Dumbarton standing proudly on its marge, is considered by the most trustworthy antiquaries to have been the western termination of the great Roman Wall, which extended between the estuaries of

the Forth and the Clyde. Dunglass, Dumbarton, and even Balloch at the foot of Lochlomond, have all been mentioned as the probable sites of the terminal fort on this gigantic bulwark: but from recent researches, it is now reckoned all but certain that this was the spot where the invaders finished their work. When digging the Canal, which here approaches the edge of the river, the workmen found, in a subterranean recess, a variety of vases, coins, and monumental tablets, all of which were of Roman origin. A number of these relics are deposited in the Hunterian Museum (which is something similiar to being re-interred), while others have found their way into private repositories. Future excavations at Chapelhill will doubtless bring many other relics of this description to light. The ground is almost virgin; and if anywhere along the line of the vast Wall, we may reasonably look for such remains at this important post, which in the days of Antonine must have been covered with fortifications of more than ordinary strength.

After a bold sweep from north to south, the Kilpatrick range, as it approaches the Clyde at this point, suddenly turns towards the west, running for a couple of miles or so in a parallel direction to the stream, until it comes to an abrupt termination in the rugged headland of Dumbuck. This mountainous rampart is highly picturesque in outline, being scarred and furrowed by wild gorges and precipitous cliffs, the haunts of hawks and other birds of prey. Glenarbuck is the most romantic of these indentations. to have been produced by some awful terrene convulsion; and seen even from the deck of the passing steamer, its features are strikingly impressive and grand. On the slopes between the base of the hills and the water is the fine mansion of Glenarbuck, girdled with foliage, and farther down, that of Auchentorlie; while in the more immediate vicinity of the river are seen, in succession, the villages of Bowling, Littlemill, Milton, and Dumbuck, with numerous detached cottages peeping from their own sweet nooks, and generally surrounded

by flower-plots and gardens. Our landing-place is Bowling Wharf, and in little more than an hour from the time at which we left the Broomielaw we are once again on terra firma. There is a locomotive in waiting to convey passengers to Dumbarton, the Vale of Leven, and Lochlomond. Such is not the route, however, which we at present intend to pursue. Our course is toward Dumbarton, but we prefer the highway to the rail in the meantime, as it will afford us the liberty of digression. Leaving Bowling, therefore (which, as our readers are aware, is the western terminus of the Forth and Clyde Canal), and declining the hospitalities of Frisky Hall, a favourite inn which is immediately adjacent, we proceed a short distance westward to Dunglass. small rocky promontory which juts out into the Clyde, and is surmounted by the ruins of an ancient castle, which belonged at one period to the family of Colquhoun. Only a portion of the external walls is now in existence. The interior is used as a flower-plot by the proprietor of a picturesque cottage, in the old Scottish style of architecture, which has been erected contiguous to the shattered edifice of other days, and which harmonizes appropriately with it. As seen from the water, with its antique loopholes and windows, overrun with a green mantle of ivy, and crowned with an obelisk, raised to the memory of Henry Bell, the originator of steam navigation on the Clyde, the old castle undoubtedly forms a picture of considerable beauty. Of its history exceedingly little is known. The site is supposed by some authorities to have been at one period occupied by a Roman fort. Others have imagined that it was the western termination of the great wall constructed by the invaders between the Friths of Forth and Clyde. As we have previously mentioned, however, there is reason to believe that this structure had its abutment on the river at a somewhat higher point. It may not improbably have been a military outpost of the Roman army. Pennant, in his tour, mentions a legendary story of this edifice, to the effect that it was blown up by an

English page, out of revenge for some slight which his master, the Earl of Haddington, had put upon him. The legend really belongs to another Dunglass Castle, on the east coast, which was destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder in 1640, when the Earl of Haddington and a number of other gentlemen were killed among the ruins. The monument of Bell, a somewhat stunted obelisk, was erected in 1839, on the highest point of the rock. The situation is appropriate, as it overlooks the channel on which Bell's first successful experiment was made, and where, perhaps, its noblest results have been subsequently manifested. All honour to the memory of Henry Bell!

After lingering for some time on the rock of Dunglass, which commands a delightful prospect of the Clyde, with the house and policies of Blantyre immediately opposite, we return to the highway, and resume our westward progress. The immense crest of Dumbuck, after we pass the Milton Printworks a little to our right, now swells upon our gaze with most impressive effect. We at once resolve to place our foot upon the monster's brow. Turning aside for that purpose, we are soon threading the mazes of a devious footpath which conducts the visitor to the summit. Beautiful in truth is the course of that steep, winding way, overhung, as it is, by tangled boughs, and brightened at every turn by the blooming children of June. Wilding roses greet us with blushes as we go, and breathe their fragrance in our very face. Sweet amid the green brackens rises the bush o' broom with its golden tassels waving in the wind. Now we are in the midst of a group of stately foxgloves, which seem as if we had taken them by surprise, and hang their heads like a bevy of modest maidens taken unawares at play. Their confusion is really too much for us, so we hurry on until our eye is caught by a meek family of mingled pansies and speedwells, who look up beseeching from a verdant nook, and compel us to our knee in fervent admiration. But we cannot tell thee, reader, of all the fair things which minister to our delectation on this wood-environed hill, nor of the many musical voices (those of the cushat and the merle being preeminent) which hail us on our way. At length we emerge from the green gloamin' of the sylvan slopes into the light of noon upon the lofty forehead of Dumbuck. What a gush of loveliness at once flows upon our sight! To the worshipper of the beautiful the sensation excited by such a sweep of scenery is worth at least a monarch's ransom. Mutely we seat ourselves upon the now prostrate flagstaff, and feast our eyes, ever and anon turning, and at every turn welcoming a new picture. 'Twere in vain that we should attempt to anatomize such a comprehensive panorama. The attempt and not the deed would in very truth confound us. Yet we must indicate the prominent features of the several succeeding landscapes. Looking eastward, then, we have the Clyde wriggling in light away to the vicinity of Glasgow, with the Cathkin hills bounding the immense basin of the river, while the conical peak of Tinto looms far beyond in hazy indistinctness. Turning to the south, we have the opening Frith at our feet, with steamers and other craft passing and repassing. while the rich plains and undulations of Renfrewshire are spread as in a map beyond, with all their towns and villages, and mansions and farms, clearly distinguishable, and circled as with a giant frame, by the Mearns, Gleniffer, and Port-Glasgow hills. Westward is seen Dumbarton town and tower, with the Vale of Leven from Balloch to the Clyde, and the noble Frith beyond stretching away in the sunny distance to Bute and Arran; while to the north there is a bleak wilderness of barren moors, terminating in a confused multitude of mountain peaks, deep amidst which is seen a fine snatch of Lochlomond, with Inchmurrin peeping at us round the dusky shoulder of an intervening hill. Such is our skeleton of the wide domain commanded by Dumbuck, and the veriest skeleton it is in reality. An abler pen could alone do anything like justice to the infinite details, to the lights and the shadows, to the ever-varying colours, and, in

short, to the life of the wondrous picture. Our day has proved better than its promise. Not that it has become by any means one of unbroken brightness. The reverse is the Radiance and gloom are evidently struggling for supremacy. Nature at present reminds us of Joe Grimaldi -forgive the incongruous association-who could laugh on one side of his face while he was looking daggers with the other. The lowlands and the river are now basking in a smile of sunshine, while there is an ominous frown hanging over the highland landscape which excites feelings akin to terror within our breast. Not in the very heart of the Highlands is there a track of moorland more bleak and sterile than that which rises eastward from the green Vale of Leven to the Longcraigs and the adjacent expanse of wilderness. The plough has never passed over these dark ridges, where the pesewepe, the plover, and the whaup, have long reigned in a seldom disturbed solitude. How finely marked are the hoary trap cliffs to the right, rising like the steps of a giant stair in successive ranges! The geologist would rejoice in their characteristic features. But the gloom deepens among the mountains. Benlomond disappears, and the nearer hills have donned their plaids of mist, while, "in the scowl of heaven," the very loch looks dark and disquieted. It is with a sense of relief that we turn again to the placid and sunny lowlands. Before us lies the clear, waveless bosom of the Clyde, all alive with shipping. Beyond is the verdant plains and gentle slopes of Renfrew, where the blue reek is curling peacefully from cottage and hall, and the courses of the swift-gliding trains are indicated by the manes of snowy vapour. 'Tis a scene of industry, of plenty, and of softest beauty. On the rich domains which now lie within our ken many of Scotland's noblest families have "lived and moved and had their being." Let us borrow a few of their names from "The Clyde" of John Wilson, although, since his day, some have passed for ever away from the homes of their fathers:-

"Of all the clans that grace fair Renfrew's soil,
The first in power appears the potent Lyle,
Whose blood with graceful Eglinton's still blends;
In Pollok's veins and Houston's still descends
The Dennis'ouns of ancient wealth and fame;
The Crawfords brave, an old illustrious name;
Lindsay's high blood with ancient Barclay's joins,
And first of Scottish Earls in glory shines.
Here Wallace shone, a race of matchless might,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in fight!
The fame of Wallace never can expire,
While Scottish breasts heroic deeds admire,
And friendship hither Ross from England drew,
The royal Bruce's fortunes to pursue;
And hence the faithful race of Erskine springs,
Marr's Lords, the guardians of our youthful kings;
But high o'er all, the chiefs of Banquo's race, \*
Illustrious Stuarts dignified the place."

Such is the good old bard's catalogue of Renfrewshire names. Prosaic enough it is, in all conscience, and wofully incomplete; but it may serve as an index to the historical associations of those wide and fertile domains upon which we are now gazing.

The summit of Dumbuck is exquisitely adorned at this season by a profusion of leaves and flowers; and even before the majesties of Nature we can turn with delight to the contemplation of her humblest children. We scan the foreground of our picture with a closeness of attention which would win us the friendship of a pre-Raphaelite. Creeping over the gray crags, see how the yellow locks of the broom are touzled by the wind. The crimson bells of the heather, the beautiful badge of our own clan, warm at the same time the. lonely steeps of the hill and the inmost nooks of our heart. The gowan peeps at us from the velvet sward, with the stonecrop and the fairy bedstraw; while the wild thyme grows in purple luxuriance, and tempts to its honied bosom the belted bee of the sunny vales below. Among the dark pines, which crowd around us also, the redbreast and the shilfa are piping a summer song. 'Tis indeed a sweet spot, gentle reader! and we must even bid thee, in the meantime, good-bye upon it, as here we intend to abide for a season. If thou wilt favour us with thy company, we shall next conduct thee to Dumbarton, and to the death-scene of Robert the Bruce.

We have alluded to the delicious upward view of the Clyde which is to be obtained from the brow of Dumbuck. Like an immense silver corkscrew, or one of those sinuous brands which the old painters sometimes put into the hands of an angel warrior, the stream is seen extending far away into the bowels of the land. This stretch of the river is the scene of Glasgow's greatest victory—her victory over those natural barriers in the shape of shallow fords, rocks, and isles, which originally seemed to forbid her achievement of commercial success. Long and arduous was the struggle with adverse nature, but the industry and perseverance of our citizens have at length been rewarded with an ample triumph. No river in the world is so much indebted to artificial improvement as the Clyde in the lower portion of its course. In its primitive condition the river was scarcely navigable by any craft of larger dimensions than a fisherman's wherry. At an early period the process of deepening commenced, but it was not until a comparatively recent date that the work made anything like decided progress. 1556 the inhabitants of Glasgow, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, entered into a mutual contract to work for six weeks alternately in summer at the ford of Dumbuck, and other shoals which encumbered the channel and impeded navigation. By these efforts a sufficient depth of water was obtained to permit the passage of flat-bottomed boats from the Frith to the landing-shore at Glasgow, which was then without a wharf of any kind. In 1688 a small quay was erected at the Broomielaw, at an expense of 30,000 merks Scots, or £1,666 13s. 4d. sterling. This structure extended from St. Enoch's burn to the vicinity of Robertson Street. About the middle of the last century the magistrates engaged earnestly in the work of improving the Clyde. Mr. Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, was commissioned to inspect the river, and to draw up a report on its navigable capabilities. In 1755 he handed in a statement showing the results of his investigations. At the Pointhouse, two miles below Glasgow, he found there

was only one foot three inches of water when the tide was out, and three feet eight inches when it was at the highest. This gentleman proposed the construction of a dam, with a lock at the Marlin ford, for the purpose of securing four and a-half feet of water at the Broomielaw. Fortunately, the scheme was not carried into effect, although an Act of Parliament was obtained with that view. Mr. John Golbourne of Chester was next engaged to report as to the best means of improving the Clyde. He found the river almost in a state of nature, and that at Kilpatrick Sands, Newshot Isle, and in various other places, there was not more than two feet of water. He suggested that the channel should be contracted for eight miles below Glasgow by the erection of jetties, and that the bed of the river should be deepened by dredging. Ultimately he was empowered to carry out the proposed operations, and in 1775 he succeeded in his endeavours to such an extent, that vessels drawing upwards of six feet of water were enabled to reach the Broomielaw. This was the first great step in that work of improvement which has subsequently made such rapid progress. that period, the services of several engineers of the highest abilities have been successively devoted to the improvement of the stream, and generally with the happiest results. Year by year the resources of the Clyde have been gradually developed. Its waters have been walled in by impenetrable embankments of stone, and deepened to such a degree that the stateliest merchantmen, and steamers of the most gigantic proportions, now pass and repass from Glasgow to the sea, uninterruptedly and without the shadow of danger. Unceasing efforts, however, are required to preserve the conquest which has been made. The dredging-machine and the diving-bell are of necessity kept ever at work; and were the energies of "the Trust" permitted even for a brief period to slumber, we should soon have the Clyde as in days of old, encumbered with shallows and unfavoured by the smiles of commerce. Such a consummation, we

are happy to say, is not likely to occur in our day and generation.

We must now leave our lofty station on the summit of Dumbuck. The day is advancing, and we have other sights to see before its close. Like a monarch we have felt while seated alone on this proud peak, with none to question our sway. For a brief space the beauty of these wide-spread domains has been the unshared tribute of our solitary ken. Lords of the soil there may be, who call these hills and vales their own, but we have been for the time sole lord of the loveliness in which earth, and air, and sea are invested. Our reign, however, is of short duration. Pride must have a fall, and relinquishing our throne, we must even descend to the level of ordinary mortals. Taking with us, as a memorial of our visit, a tuft of heather from the scalp of the hill, we plunge again into the woodland walk, and with all humility, stooping beneath the overhanging boughs, pursue our downward course. Fresh charms await our acceptance at every turn. New blossoms seem to have sprung into being by the wayside since we made our ascent. What a sweet coquette is June! You never find her retaining the same dress for two consecutive days, scarcely for two succeeding hours. She is always changing her garb; now adding a leaf, and anon a flower to her scented garniture. At one time her rosebuds are faintly tipped with bloomy fire: at another we find her all a-blush with full-blown flowers, and playfully strewing the rich red petals on the passing breeze. Narrowly, as with a lover's eye, have we scanned her movements, and at every meeting we have had to own her infinite variety. We passed that dry stone-wall in going up, yet we saw not the yellow iris by its side, and now there they are in nodding multitudes, peeping with their sword-shaped leaves athwart its mossy ridge. How bright the combination of green and gold in which they are clad! Truly, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto one of these!"

We are now upon the highway, and before us, about two miles to the westward, towers the castled steep of Dumbarton. 'Tis the landmark to which we must direct our steps. Having swallowed Dumbuck, we need not, according to the old saving, boggle at Dumbarton. The latter has, indeed, rather a diminutive appearance as we turn from the bold basaltic front of its gigantic neighbour. The intervening space consists principally of fertile meadow land, which is principally in a high state of cultivation. After the late rains the fields are at present most luxuriantly covered with verdure. The road withal is a pleasant one, fringed with hedgerows and trees, and commanding to the left a succession of delightful prospects, in all of which the Clyde is a predominant element. As there is nothing particularly noticeable, however, on this portion of our pilgrimage, we may as well beguile the way by taking a brief retrospective glance at the history of that immense gray rock which looms majestically before us, at the meeting of the waters.

To begin, then, we may mention that the rock of Dumbarton, or Dunbarton, as it ought properly to be called, is situated on a kind of peninsula at the junction of the river Leven with the Clyde. It is an isolated and precipitous basaltic crag, starting abruptly from a dead flat, and rising to an elevation of about 206 feet above the level of the sea. It is cleft at a considerable height into two peaks, one of which is about thirty feet higher than the other. The general configuration of the rock is extremely picturesque, while its immense bulk, and its wild, overhanging cliffs, and jagged projections, are sufficiently grand and impressive. The name of the locality signifies the fort or castle of the Bretons. Originally it appears to have borne the name of Alcluyd, or "the rock of the Clyde," under which title it is mentioned by the venerable Bede, as the capital, in his day, of a small kingdom called Strathclyde. Balclutha and other names have also been at various times attached to this remarkable elevation. It is supposed that the Romans had a military or naval station

here,—a supposition which is rendered probable by certain vestiges which are still in existence. At an early period it became a royal fortress, and the Scottish kings seem to have been always peculiarly jealous of its possession. During the wars of Bruce and Baliol, it fell into the hands of the usurper Edward, and it is traditionally said that the great Scottish patriot. Wallace, was confined for a brief period within its walls, after his betraval by Menteith. This fause knight was made governor of the castle by Edward, probably as the reward of his treachery. In 1309 it was taken by Robert the Bruce, and subsequently, in the fluctuations of internecine strife, it changed hands many times. It was visited by Mary, Queen of Scots, in her girlhood; and when she was about to sail for France, it was at Dumbarton that she embarked with her retinue, included in which were the three Marys of Scottish song. In the latter part of her reign it was also held in her interest, and it was while she was attempting to reach Dumbarton with her army, after the escape from Lochleven, that the battle of Langside occurred. This fatal blow, it is well known, ruined for ever poor Marv's hopes of regaining the crown, and she was fain to flee for shelter to England. Lord Fleming, the governor, however, still kept the castle in her name, and a number of her friends found refuge within its precincts. It was at this period that Captain Thomas Crawford, of Jordanhill, performed the bold exploit of scaling the castle walls and taking the fortress by storm Crawford was an adherent of the Lennox family, and personally attached to the husband of the Queen, the unfortunate Darnley. After the foul death of this unhappy individual, he gave important evidence at the trial, and boldly charged Maitland of Lethington with being an accessory to the murder. It is supposed that he afterwards assumed the profession of arms, and that he took an active part in the various movements which took place in opposition to the Queen's authority. He was assisted in his enterprise against Dumbarton by the Laird of Drumwhassel, a skilful officer.

Captain Hume, and a band of about a hundred picked men. Arriving at the rock, on a dark and tempestuous night in the month of May, 1571, with scaling ladders and ropes, the party, under the guidance of a man named Robertson, who had been warden of the castle, proceeded at once to the attack. On the first attempt they experienced some difficulty in fixing their ladders, and, even after these had been properly secured, an incident occurred which had nearly prevented the accomplishment of their design. One of the soldiers, when midway up the ladder, was seized with a fit, and convulsively grasped the steps with such a death-like firmness of gripe, that no one could relax his hold. Crawford, with the utmost coolness, bound the poor man to the ladder, and turning it over, permitted a clear ascent. Alexander Ramsay, an ensign, soon reached the summit, and, with two other soldiers, leaped upon the sentinel, and slew him just as he had given the alarm. They were soon joined by Crawford and his men, who rushed into the garrison, awakening the inmates with the startling war-cry of "a Darnley! a Darnley!" The surprise was so complete that no effective resistance was even attempted. The governor escaped down a passage of the rock with which he was familiar, and throwing himself into a fishing-boat, succeeded in reaching the coast of Argyle in safety. Hamilton, Bishop of St. Andrews-a steel-clad ecclesiastic-was taken, with a number of other gentlemen, and Lady Fleming, the governor's wife. The lady was treated with the greatest kindness by the Regent, and courteously permitted to depart with their furniture and plate. A very different fate awaited the poor Bishop, who was generally disliked. He was immediately thereafter tried at Stirling for the murder of Darnley, and, being found guilty, was executed with "short shrift" upon a tree. In the seizure of the castle, the assailants did not lose a single man, and only four of the garrison were slain. There are few instances of "derring-do," even in Scottish history, to be compared with

that which we have thus imperfectly narrated. Of Captain Crawford's subsequent career but little is known. This one exploit, however, is sufficient to preserve his name from oblivion. His memory will be for ever associated with the rock of Dumbarton, and a nobler memorial-stone it would be difficult to imagine. But there is another monument to our hero in existence. It stands in the shadow of the curious old kirk of Kilbirnie, where the ancient warrior "sleeps the sleep that knows no breaking." In the course of a recent ramble in Ayrshire we accidentally discovered this interesting relic. It is a little quadrangular edifice of sandstone, nine feet long by six in width, and about six feet in height. In the east end there is a narrow aperture, through which, in the interior, are seen recumbent figures of the old soldier and his spouse, in an excellent state of preservation. On the northern wall is the following inscription, which can only be deciphered now by the keen eve of the antiquary:-

## "GOD SCHAW

Here lyis Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill, sext son to Lawrence Crawfurd of Kilbirnie, and Jonet Kerr IIis Spous eldest dochter to Robert Ker of Kerrisland—1594." In the central compartment is a shield with the arms of the Crawfurd and Ker families quartered, and an indistinct figure for the crest, which is supposed to represent the rock of Dumbarton. The gallant captain, by whom the structure was erected at the above date, died on the third of January, 1603, about thirty-two years after his gallant midnight achievement.

The subsequent history of the castle presents but few features of importance. At the commencement of the civil wars it was held in the interest of the king. It was taken afterwards, however, in 1639, by the opposite party. The Scottish Parliament about this time ordered the castle to be dismantled, but the decree, it appears, was never put in

execution; and Oliver Cromwell took possession of the place in 1652. In the reign of Queen Anne the Duke of Montrose resigned the castle into the hands of Government, and it has ever since remained a Royal fortress. At the union of the two crowns it was distinctly stipulated that the Castle of Dumbarton, with those of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Blackness, should, from that time forth, be kept in an effective condition.

Drawing near to the town of Dumbarton, we are joined by a friend who is abundantly familiar with the locality, and who courteously volunteers to act as our guide, when we at once turn aside to scale the castle rock, which rises in rude magnificence at a short distance to the left. On the northern side, by which we make our approach, the declivity of the rock is less steep and shaggy in its aspect than at other points of its circumference. The slope is here covered with green turf, fretted with craggy projections to a considerable height, where it is girdled by a high wall and other buildings, with loopholes and embrazures for cannon. The attack of Captain Crawford is said to have been made at this place. which is certainly the most accessible of any, if we except the ordinary entrance, which in times of war would of course be the most strongly fortified and guarded. Soldiers have frequently been known at lawless hours, and in pursuit of forbidden pleasures, to make their way out of the garrison by this route, and after a few hours' absence, to return by it to their duties without being discovered. This is certainly an illustration with a vengeance of the old song,-

> "Over rocks that are steepest Love will find out a way."

Only a siren, we suspect, should ever tempt us to risk our neck, by making such a perilous descent in the dark. But,

"The light that lies In woman's eyes"

(may the Fates preserve us from its influence at such a price!) has unquestionably led to more daring adventures even than

this. Turning the eastern shoulder of the rock, which is of immense height and of the most dizzying steepness, we soon arrive at the gateway. There is a soldier on guard, and two or three lounging about for the purpose of attending visitors in their peregrinations over the castle. One of them volunteers to act as our cicerone, and his services are at once accepted. The garrison at present is about thirty strong, including wives and children; no great force, one would think, to receive the Russians, if by any chance Charlie Napier should permit them to favour us with a visit.\* Ascending a few steps, we find ourselves alongside the governor's residence, a very plain two-storied edifice of somewhat dreary aspect, which occupies a recess near the base of the rock. A few vards in front of this structure there is a small battery, the guns of which are of considerable calibre, each having a pile of shot neatly arranged beside it, and apparently ready for action. Everything here has a clean and tidy appearance, indicative of unceasing care.

Immediately in the rear of the governor's house, we ascend the steep by a lengthened range of steps through a cutting of some depth in the living rock. At an intermediate landingplace there is a small structure over-arching the narrow passage, in which, it is said, Wallace was confined after he was taken prisoner in the vicinity of Glasgow. We should imagine from its appearance, however, that it has really been erected at a much more recent period than the era of the great Scottish patriot. On one of the corners there is a weather-worn carving of the human face, which our cicerone informs us is a representation of the traitor Menteith. It is ugly enough in all conscience, but in this respect it is at least equalled by a similar carving at the opposite angle of the building, which is said to be "a counterfeit presentment" of the patriot chief. Ascending another flight of steps, and passing through an arched doorway, which is evidently of some antiquity, we arrive at the point where the rock divides

<sup>\*</sup> This was written during the late war with Russia.

into its twin peaks, and where there is a comparatively level space. Here the principal buildings, such as the armoury and the barracks, are situated. None of these are of great extent; and we must say that, as specimens of architecture. they are, one and all, decidedly shabby. According to the stipulations of the Act of Union, the castle has, in a certain sense, been kept in a state of repair, but as in other cases in which merely Scottish interests are involved, there has evidently been a due regard for economy in the management of matters. By a steep winding stair we now ascend the western and most elevated summit, which is surmounted by a tall flag-staff, and the remains of a circular tower which is supposed to have been of Roman origin. A most magnificent and far-extending prospect here greets the eve in every direction. The general features of the landscape. however, are somewhat similar to those observable from Dumbuck. We have the Clyde once more expanding at our feet in all its beauty, and stretching "in linked sweetness long drawn out" from the very neighbourhood of our city to the shores of Bute and Arran. Beyond the junction of the Leven and the Clyde the green undulations of Cardross, with their woods and their gracefully winding beaches, although somewhat tame in character, are exceedingly pleasant to gaze upon. The low headland of Ardmore also, and the wooded peninsula of Roseneath in the distance, are spread before us in all their loveliness. The waves are sporting on the sands, and the winds are making a mimic ripple on the verdure of the fields, while the sea-birds are floating lazily over land and sea. The most attractive picture in the circle, however, is that which lies immediately to the north, although at present it is seen under a somewhat unfavourable sky. In the foreground is the town of Dumbarton, clustering on the margin of the Leven, with its shipbuilding yards, its wharfs, and its bridges, in all the bustle of vigorous and healthy life. The Leven, in many a sweet link, is seen slow winding from its parent lake beyond,

among woods and lawns and villages and farms, on its brief but merry pilgrimage to the Clyde, while the far horizon is curtained by a very wilderness of hills and mountains. Preeminent among these, we should behold the giant shoulders of Benlomond, but, like a son of the mist, as he is, he has thought proper on the present occasion to hide himself in his invisible mantle, and is nowhere to be discovered. Some other day we shall thread the mazes of this classic vale, and skim the surface of the many-islanded lake at its head, when we shall doubtless find the cloud-hidden Ben, and haply place our foot upon his lofty crest. Meantime we must descend from our altitude. Visiting in succession the battery. where Queen Victoria held her court when she graced Dumbarton with her royal presence, the crystal spring from which the garrison was supplied in times of siege, and the ordnance stores upon the eastern peak, we are at length conducted to the armoury. This department is exhibited to strangers by a lady. Under her guidance we are conducted into a low room, containing a quantity of military stores. Specimens of grape, canister, and other kinds of shot, are successively submitted to our inspection, with shells, rockets, and other deadly missiles, the merest glance at which is sufficient to put one entirely out of conceit with the whole art of war. Our fair instructress, however, explains the uses of each invention dire with the most perfect coolness and composure, handling them one by one like so many ingenious playthings. Having satisfied our curiosity in relation to the construction of these interesting munitions of war, we are conducted up stairs to another apartment, which is devoted to the reception of arms of various kinds. There is here a stand of 1,000 muskets, apparently bran new, but really, we should imagine, of considerable age, as they seem to have been constructed before the invention of the percussion lock. We had ignorantly fancied that the flint and steel were completely out of fashion. This may be the case in other quarters, where they are given to change; but in the fortress of Dumbarton the military authorities adhere to the good old system. In the event of a hostile demonstration taking place in the Frith of Clyde (a circumstance not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility) we should doubtless have reason to admire this wise conservatism of the exploded firelock! The walls of the armoury are covered with pistols and other offensive weapons, among which are rusty specimens of the Lochaber axe and the skene dhu, picked up on ancient battle-fields. There are also several rudely-shaped pikes, which, we are gravely informed, were taken from the radicals at the battle of Bonnymuir, by the gallant yeomanry of the county. The most interesting object in the collection, however, is an immense sword, which is traditionally alleged to have belonged to the great hero of Scotland, Sir William Wallace. It is, in truth, a gigantic blade, and a swordsman of extraordinary power he must have been who was qualified to wield it. We know not on what evidence this instrument is ascribed to Wallace, but for a very long period indeed, it has been associated with his name; and we must admit that it was with a feeling of reverent awe that we received it into our hands. We know there are people who sneer at such manifestations; but the same parties could gaze unmoved upon the fields of Bannockburn and Falkirk, and we assuredly envy them not their cold-blooded philosophy. We trust the day will never arrive when Scotchmen will cease to cherish with an affectionate pride the memories of the great and good of other days, or fail to inspect with patriotic reverence, albeit it may be mingled with a dash of harmless credulity, such relics as the sword of Wallace. We may mention, that large as the blade alluded to is now, it has been somewhat curtailed of its fair proportions. A considerable fragment has been broken off the point. All signs of the fracture were obliterated, however, when it was taken to the Tower of London in 1825, with the intention of preserving it among the curiosities of that fortress. A strong feeling was naturally excited in

Scotland by this ungracious removal of a precious national memorial, and after a short interval it was deemed expedient to restore it to its former and present resting-place.

We must now turn our back upon the lofty rock of the opening Frith. Few spots are so rich in memories as this, and in the rise and fall of races, few have borne so many names. It has been successively designated as Balclutha, Alcluid, Theodosia, Dunbritain, and Britannio-Dunum. Through many a rude and stormy age it has held a proud position as a place of strength; many a direful struggle for supremacy, many a fierce encounter it has witnessed, and through many an age unborn it will continue to bid defiance to the wind and the rain. In the far future, even as now, the sentimental pilgrim will come to gaze upon its hoary front, and to dream of Ossian and of Fingal, of Wallace and of Bruce, of Crawford and of Cromwell. As he lingers by these craggy peaks, the poet of coming years will see, in the light of his fond imaginings, the form of Scotia's fair, ill fated queen, still haunting, as a troubled wraith, the precincts of the castled steep, and in his moments of inspiration (long after the sceptre has fallen from her grasp) he shall picture to himself the royal lady who, in happier times, held court upon its brow in sunshine of the autumn noon. If there is hallowed ground in Scotland, surely it is upon the cliffy summit of Balclutha.

The town of Dumbarton is situated on the east bank of the Leven, a short distance above the point where it makes its debouchure into the Clyde. The principal, or Main Street, runs in a sort of curve, which coincides with a bend of the stream. This thoroughfare is about half a mile in length, and is intersected at various places by a number of smaller streets or wynds, which branch off irregularly to the east and west. At the end next the Castle stands the Parish Church—a plain edifice with a handsome tower—which is surrounded by a spacious burying ground, overshadowed in some places by umbrageous trees. The public offices, county prisons,

and other local establishments, are situated in the suburbs. Bridge-end, the Gorbals of Dumbarton, is on the western or Cardross bank of the Leven, and is connected with the town by a bridge of five arches, which was erected about the middle of the last century. Dumbarton is a growing and vigorous community. Of late, its principal trade, that of shipbuilding, has prospered exceedingly. On both sides of the Leven there are now large establishments for the construction of timber and iron vessels; and during the last few years some of the most handsome specimens of marine architecture which this country has ever produced have been launched by the Dumbarton builders. Many hundreds of operatives are engaged in the various yards, and the din "of hammers closing rivets up," resounds in this stirring locality from earliest morn till dewy eve restores tranquillity. An extensive forge has also been erected in the vicinity, which furnishes employment to many additional hands. In consequence of the recent impulse given to the industrial resources of the town, there has been a considerable increase in the population. According to the census of 1841 the number of inhabitants was 3,754; while in that of 1851 it had amounted to 4,546, of whom 2,345 were males, and 2,201 were females. There is thus a minority of the fair sex in Dumbarton, a circumstance which we imagine must exercise a favourable influence on the matrimonial prospects of "Dumbarton's bonnie belles!" These returns do not include. we suspect, the large section of the community which is resident on the Cardross side of the river. For the accommodation of the increasing population a considerable number of new edifices have recently been erected, and many others are in process of erection. An additional suburb, containing 150 distinct domiciles, has recently been built in the neighbourhood of the railway station at Dalreoch. This handsome adjunct to the town is called Dennystown, in honour of its public-spirited projector and proprietor, William Denny, Esq., who, even as we write, has been untimely called from

his earthly labours in the fortieth year of his age, and just as he had achieved the position to which he was entitled by his industry, intelligence, and perseverance.

> "Oh why has worth so short a date While villains ripen gray with time?"

Apart from the Castle there is but little of general interest in the history of Dumbarton. It was made a royal burgh by Alexander II., in the year 1222, when extensive privileges were conferred upon it, such as the lordship of certain lands, and the right of fishing over a large tract of the neighbouring river. Additional charters were granted to the burgh by succeeding sovereigns, the provisions of which were ratified and confirmed by an Act of Parliament dated 13th December, 1609. This document, among other benefits, gave the burgesses of Dumbarton the right of levying dues on all foreign vessels entering the Clyde, and entitled them to demand that every vessel coming within their limits should break bulk at the quay, and give the inhabitants the first offer of their merchandise. invidious privileges were subsequently the cause of many heart-burnings and disputes between the burghers of Glasgow and Dumbarton. Ultimately the difference was settled in 1700, by a contract entered into between the contending parties, by which, in consideration of having received 4,500 merks Scots, the Dumbarton authorities gave up the right of levying the aforesaid dues, and the contractors mutually agreed that vessels belonging to inhabitants of Glasgow and Port-Glasgow should not pay dues at the harbour of Dumbarton; and on the other hand, that vessels belonging to burgesses of Dumbarton should have an equal exemption at the harbours of Glasgow and Port-Glasgow. This contract was confirmed by Act of Parliament in 1701. Since that period the Clyde Trustees have several times endeavoured to relieve themselves of this engagement, both by purchase and legislative enactment, but hitherto without success. Even so recently as last year fresh negotiations were entered

into for this purpose, but without leading to anything like a satisfactory result. Dumbarton steamers and Dumbarton vessels of all kinds have still the run of the river, and the benefits of the Broomielaw, free of duty. The only relic of antiquity in the town is an arch which is said to have formed part of an ancient collegiate church, erected in 1450 by Isabella, Duchess of Albany and Countess of Lennox. This interesting structure formerly stood in the outskirts of the town, but on the formation of the railway, which passes over its former site, it was removed in 1850 to the front of the Burgh Academy, in Church Street. There is a somewhat inflated inscription upon the arch, with the date of its flitting, and a statement of the circumstances which led to its removal.

After spending an hour or two in the hospitable cottage of our friend, the editor of the Dumbarton Herald, we again set out on a leisurely saunter to the site of the ancient castle of Cardross. Crossing the Leven by the Dumbarton Bridge, from which a fine view of the river and both sections of the town is obtained, we proceed in a northerly direction to Dalreoch Toll. Turning to the left, by the Cardross Road, we arrive in a few minutes at the farm of Castlehill, which is situated a little to the right of the pathway. Adjacent to the farm offices, is a wood-covered knoll, which, on examination, presents unmistakeable evidences that at some former period it has been the site of a building of considerable extent. This is, indeed, the very spot on which stood the Castle of Cardross, the favourite residence and ultimately the death-scene of Robert the Bruce. The structure has entirely disappeared. Not one stone stands upon another, at least above the surface, to mark its position. Oblivion has claimed its own-ruin has ceased its long combat with time, and the grass grows rank and green over the dust of a royal home. There is something peculiarly affecting in the contemplation of this perfect victory achieved by the elements over a once proud work of human hands.

Cardross Castle, we have every reason to believe, was at one period an edifice of a most spacious and attractive kind. Its site commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding country, including two glimpses of the Clyde, which are respectively seen to the east and west, over the shoulders of an interesting range of undulating hills. After having driven the English invaders from his native land, and established its independence on a firm and lasting basis, the gallant Bruce was seized with a lingering and incurable illness. It was while labouring under this severe bodily affliction that the Scottish king retired to Cardross. In the intervals of his disease he found a princely recreation in the exercise of hunting, and in works of charity. He also indulged himself occasionally in architectural pursuits, gardening, and shipbuilding. The Dumbarton shipbuilders may pride themselves on having had a royal predecessor in their art. also took a pleasure in decorating his residence, as the chamberlain's accounts, which are still in existence, abundantly testify. The following items, extracted from this curious document, afford an interesting glance into the economy of the king's household:-To green olive oil for painting the Royal chamber, 10s.; to chalk for painting it, 6d.; to a chalder of lime for whitewashing it, 8s.; to tin, nails, and glass, for the windows, 3s. 4d.; to reeds for the orchard, 1s. 6d.; to a house for the falcons, 2s.; to a net for fish, 40s.; to bringing the king's great ship from Tarbart, 28s.; to two masts for ships, 8s.; to conveying Peter the fool to Tarbart, 1s. 6d." The king also kept a lion at Cardross for his amusement, and delighted in falconry. At length, on the 7th of June, 1329, he breathed his last in his favourite abode. Previous to his departure, the old warrior called his barons and other officers of state to his bedside; and while they stood around him weeping, he tendered them his best advice in relation to the affairs of the nation. Old Froisart gives a beautiful and affecting account of the incidents which occurred on this melancholy occasion. Every one is

aware that the dying king commissioned Sir James Douglas, in his last moments, to carry his heart to the holy sepulchre, and also of the fatal event which alone prevented that brave and gentle knight from fulfilling the farewell request of his beloved master. Bruce was interred in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, and a handsome monument of marble was raised over his grave by his admiring and grateful countrymen.

After lingering in musing mood for a brief space on the green mound, which is all that now remains of the princely castle of Cardross, we return to Dumbarton; and, having parted with a kind adieu from our friend, we take our place in "the last train," and, by rail and steamer, are conveyed with all speed, comfort, and safety, to the city of our habitation.

## PORT-GLASGOW AND KILMALCOLM.

On a beautiful July morning we make our way to the terminus of the South-Western Railway. It is Monday morning; and Monday morning, during the saut-water season, usually witnesses an extraordinary degree of bustle and activity at the aforesaid terminus. In rapid succession, the lengthened and crowded trains arrive. One by one they rush to the landing-place, and vomiting forth their thousands, retire without delay, as the last living unit is discharged, to make way for other teeming monsters, which are impatiently snorting for admission to the point of delivery. How rapidly the streams of life disappear from the platform! After a Sunday at the coast each individual seems more eager than another to resume the battle of business, and, jostling, pushing, and scrambling, with earnest speed they hurry away into their various channels of industry. There is a freshness in every face, a buoyancy in every step. that are exceedingly pleasant to contemplate, however, and which indicate, with abundant plainness, the beneficial influences of even an occasional intercourse with nature. Wan faces have become tinged with a brownness borrowed from the sun, and unkempt locks suggest a familiar acquaintance with the misty mountain winds. Perhaps there is not one of all the throng but has added to his memories of the beautiful, and will be happier in the city's irksome maze for the reflections which such memories are calculated to excite. The angler, from burn and loch, is there with rod and basket; the botanist, with vasculum well stored with bloomy specimens from lonely dells; there also is the student of rocks

and stones, with many a splinter from hoary cliffs and rugged mountain shelves; and there also are the wanderers of artistic tastes, bearing in huge portfolios the fruits of happy pencilings by sea and shore. But the bell, with dinsome clang, proclaims that the hour of our departure is at hand, and we must take our places or run the risk of being "left behind lamenting." No man can tether time or tide, and the railway train is inexorable as either.

The final signal is at length given, and, punctual to the moment, the locomotive rushes with its living freight along the iron way. Scarce a minute elapses till the town is left in our rear, and we are dashing along in the sunshine through fields of waving green. Passing the pretty suburban village of Pollokshields on the left, with its elegant villas and trim flower-plots, the spire of Govan rises over its girdle of trees to the right, with the spacious crescents and lofty blocks of buildings which mark the city's western termination towering proudly beyond. Brief space is allowed, however, to mark the features of the landscape as they come and go. A bird's-eye view is all that the traveller by rail is privileged to obtain. Bellahouston and Dumbreck are passed, and ere we are well seated we are nearly half-way to Paisley. That mansion embosomed in foliage to the left is Craigton House, the seat of Henry Dunlop, Esq.; a short distance farther on, in the same direction, is Berryknowe, the handsome residence of Robert Kerr, Esq. The latter domicile is of recent erection, and lacks the ornament of old ancestral trees. The grounds are tastefully laid off, however, and when time has given dignity and volume to the plantations, it will be indeed a pleasant habitation. The country now opens finely on either hand; to the right the eye roams, uninterruptedly for miles, over a level and fertile tract of country to the Kilpatrick and Campsie hills, which seem as if they were drawing nearer and more near, as the train goes hurrying onward; on the left; over a series of verdant undulations, a glimpse of Crookston Castle next meets the gaze, with Craig of Carnock, Neilston Pad, and the Fereneze braes in the distance. Ere the spectator has time to heave a sigh, however, over the fate of Scotia's fair ill-fated Queen (which the sight of the ruins at once recalls) he is suddenly plunged into the darkness of Arkleston tunnel, amidst the roar of revolving wheels and the ear-piercing din of the steam-whistle. Emerging from the noisy glocm, and skirting the finely wooded policies of Greenlaw, the train comes to a pause at the Paisley station.

Leaving Paisley, of which the passenger obtains, en passant, a number of excellent views, including the County Buildings, the High Church, the Nelson Testimonial, and the beautiful Cemetery, the line divides into two branches, one of which, the South-Western, proceeds through the shires of Ayr and Dumfries to Carlisle, while the other pursues a northwesterly direction to Port-Glasgow and Greenock. Our route is by the latter. Over a vast plain—a great portion of which consisted, until recently, of barren heath and moss, but which is now principally reclaimed and bearing splendid crops—the train dashes rapidly along. Crossing the Black Cart, we have Blackston House to the left, and a little farther on that of Walkinshaw to the right, with the Water of Gryffe pursuing a lazy and devious course to the Clyde. Houston station and Bishopton station are successively passed, when we arrive at the tunnel of Bishopton, one of the greatest works of the kind in the kingdom. For a distance of 2,300 vards the line is carried through a stubborn ridge of solid whinstone rock. A long and difficult operation was the cutting of this subterranean passage. Hundreds of individuals were engaged upon it for years, and not less than 320 tons of gunpowder were expended in the process, this item alone involving an outlay of £12,000. A brief interval of din and darkness again brings us into the light of day, when the train pauses at the Langbank station, where we alight for the purpose of paying a passing visit to Finlayston

House, the ancient seat of the Earls of Glencairn, which is in the immediate vicinity.

Finlayston House is situated on a gentle aclivity adjacent to the railway, a glance of the structure being obtained by the passing traveller. It is a plain old-fashioned edifice of considerable size, and, judging from the style of its architecture, must have been erected about the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Barony of Dennistoun, of which Finlayston is the principal mansion, passed into the possession of Sir William Cunningham, ancestor of the Glencairn family, upon his marriage with Margaret Dennistoun, about the close of the fourteenth century. Finlayston, after being for many generations the favourite residence of the Earls of Glencairn, devolved in 1796 upon Robert Graham, Esq., of Gartmore, in the possession of whose family it still continues. The grounds are very beautiful, abounding in woods and plantations, the timber of which is, in many instances, particularly luxuriant and picturesque. The house also commands an extensive prospect of the Frith of Clyde, with the Dumbartonshire and Argyleshire mountains in the background. During the early days of the Reformation in Scotland, Finlayston House was honoured on at least one occasion by the presence of John Knox, the undaunted champion of the reformed faith. It is well known that the contemporaneous Earl of Glencairn was one of the first of the Scottish nobility who embraced the Protestant doctrines. His house consequently became a place of refuge to the persecuted adherents of the new creed. Knox visited the house at this time, and after preaching to the faithful few congregated within its walls, dispensed the sacrament to them according to the simple but beautiful formula described by the evangelists. On the performance of the ceremony there appears to have been a deficiency of the necessary vessels, as two silver candlesticks were used as cups. The candlesticks were inverted on the occasion, and the pedal parts being hollow and of considerable size, were made to perform the office of holding the wine. In after times these relics were held in great esteem, and so long as the Glencairn family remained in the locality they were regularly used for a similar purpose in the parish church of Kilmalcolm on sacramental occasions. At the departure of the family the cups were taken away, the Countess supplying the parish with four silver-plated cups in their stead. It is supposed the originals may still be in existence, but if so, the Kilmalcolm people have long lost all knowledge of their "whereabouts." It would certainly be a matter of regret if such interesting objects were altogether lost.

Finlayston House is also associated with the memory of another distinguished Scotsman. We refer to Alexander Montgomery—a poet of considerable eminence, and author of the "Cherry and the Slae." This individual flourished in the reign of James the Sixth, with whom he appears to have been at one period a great favourite, and whom he flattered in the most high-flown style. With the particulars of Montgomery's residence at Finlayston we are not acquainted, but we find the following reference to him in connection with the locality in Wilson's poem of "The Clyde:"—

"But Finlayston demands the choicest lays,
A generous Muse's theme in former days,
When soft Montgomery poured the rural lay;
Whether he sung the vernneil dawn of day,
Or in the mystic wreath, to soothe his woe,
Twined the red cherry with the sable sloe;
Each charming sound resistless love inspired,
Soft love, resistless, every bosom fired;
Of love the waters murmured in their fall;
And echo sounds of love returned to all;
Trembling with love, the beauteous scene impress'd
Its amorous image on the Frith's fair breast;
The scene ennobled by the lofty dome,
Where great Glencairn has fixed his splendid home,
Whose breast the firm integrity inspires,
And scorn of slavery, that adorned his sires."

From Langbank to Port-Glasgow, a distance of about two miles, the line runs parallel to the shore of the Frith, which is here of considerable width. Many and sweet are the snatches of scenery obtained as we dash along. To the left the ground rises in gentle slopes, which are partly in pasture, partly arable, and partly covered with clumps and belts of wood. As we approach the "Port," as Port-Glasgow is called par excellence by the country people around, we find ourselves in the midst of snug-looking cottages and extensive gardens, which present a most luxuriant and healthful appearance. Gradually the scattered houses and villas begin to congregate more densely, and at length we get fairly into the town, and come to a halt at the neatly-kept station. Everything here is arranged in the most orderly and tasteful style. Plants of various kinds adorn every spare nook; while green leaves and flowers are to be seen trailing along the railings and over the walls of the waiting-rooms.

Port-Glasgow is finely situated on a level tract of ground which lies between the shore of the Frith and an adjoining range of hills which rises to a considerable height, and so overshadows the locality as to intercept entirely from it the rays of the sun for several weeks in winter. This deprivation of light does not seem, however, to injure the climate in the slightest degree, as the vegetation in the fields and gardens by which the town is, on one side, luxuriantly girdled, is unusually profuse and productive. We have seldom seen finer strawberries and other small fruit, than are being conveyed into the town as we saunter on the outskirts. Port-Glasgow, strictly so called, is of comparatively modern origin. The earliest notice we find of the locality is under its primitive name of Newark, in 1656, when Thomas Tucker, one of Cromwell's officers of excise, mentions it in a Report to the Commissioners of Appeals.

This curious document, which is deposited in the Advocates' Library, gives a brief description of the towns on the Clyde as they existed at that time. "Glasgow," says the writer, "is a very neate burghe towne," all of whose inhabitants, except the students, are traders, "some for Irelande, with small smiddy coales in open boates from four to ten tones;

some for France, with pladding, coales, and herring." Of Newark and Greenock he remarks,—"The number of ports of this district are-1st, Newarke, a small place where there are (besides the laird's house of the place) some four or five houses, but before them a prettye good roade, where all the vessels doe ride, unlaide, and send their goodes up the river to Glasgow in small boates. At this place there is a wayter constantly attending. 2dly, Greenock, such another, only the inhabitants are more, but all seamen, or fishermen, trading for Irelande in open boates. Att which place there is a mole or peere, where vessels in stresse of weather may ride and shelter themselves before they passe up to Newarke, and here likewise is another wayter." Such were Glasgow, Greenock, and Port-Glasgow at this early period. The channel of the Clyde, in its upper reaches, was at this time encumbered with shallows, fords, and islands, which interrupted the navigation and prevented vessels above a few tons burthen from passing to or from the Broomielaw. The merchants of Glasgow, who seem even then to have been distinguished for their spirit and enterprise, accordingly resolved to construct a harbour at the mouth of the river for the accommodation of their shipping. Dumbarton was first pitched upon as the most suitable locality for this purpose, and an application was made to the authorities of that place for leave to proceed with the necessary works. A meeting of the Dumbarton Council was consequently called, to discuss the question; but the required grant was forthwith refused, on the ground that "the influx of mariners would tend to raise the prices of butter and eggs to the inhabitants." Glasgow people next turned their attention to Troon, but there also they were repulsed for a similar reason-so erroneous were the views of political economy which were then entertained by the burghal communities of Scotland. From this dilemma the Glasgow authorities were at length relieved by Sir Patrick Maxwell of Newark, who, in 1668, agreed to sell them twenty-two acres of land at the bay of Newark, with the privilege of forming a harbour thereon. A grant from the Crown authorizing the scheme was shortly thereafter obtained, when the construction of the harbour was commenced and rapidly executed, while streets were laid off and gradually erected. In process of time the town extended beyond the limits originally contemplated, and the village of Newark became incorporated within its bounds. The name of New Port-Glasgow was conferred upon the town, and in 1695 it was disjoined from the parish of Kilmalcolm, and, with an adjacent tract of country was erected into a separate ecclesiastical division. In 1710 Port-Glasgow was constituted the principal custom-house port on the Clyde. Since that period, however, it has lost its supremacy; the deepening of the river, while it has immensely increased the commercial importance of Glasgow, has naturally tended to diminish the importance of the subsidiary harbours along the shores of the estuary Port-Glasgow, nevertheless, retains a fair share of trade, and continues to maintain a comparatively healthy and prosperous condition. According to the census of 1841, the population within the Parliamentary boundaries was 6,973; while the returns of 1851 give a total of 6.986, of whom 3.120 were males, and 3.866 females.

Port-Glasgow is a neat and regularly built town. It nestles in a kind of curve or ellipse around the quays and docks, which project, as it were, into the bay. Whether seen from the water or from the high lands by which it is sheltered, it has an exceedingly pleasant appearance; nor is the favourable impression which it makes at a distance removed by a more intimate acquaintance. The principal thoroughfares, although somewhat narrow, intersect each other at right angles, while many of the houses have an auldworld and not unpicturesque aspect, with their quaint windows, peaked gables, and crawsteps turned to the streets. It has many snatches of urban scenery indeed, which would please the eye of an artist. Some of the public buildings also are really handsome, among which we may mention the

Townhouse, with its massive portico and spire; and the Parish Church, which, although of an unpretending style of architecture, is a spacious and stately edifice. Several new churches have recently been erected in the town, none of which are "of particular mark or likelihood," if we except a Roman Catholic Chapel, which is a decided ornament to the locality.

Having perambulated the streets for some time, and visited the spacious quays and docks, we now direct our steps to what is, after all, the most interesting object to the sentimentalist and the antiquary about Port-Glasgow. We refer, of course, to the ancient Castle of Newark. structure is situated a little to the east of the town, on a terrace of moderate elevation which projects into the river, and commands a most enchanting prospect of its landscape features. On our approach we are struck with the imposing beauty of this fine old baronial pile. Full many a time and oft we have gazed upon its dreary walls from the deck of the passing steamer, but never before have we stood within the shadow of its turrets, and never before have we been so impressed with the harmony of its proportions, or the picturesque effect of its architectural tout ensemble. Newark Castle consists of three principal rectangular compartments, One of these faces the river, and occupies a central position, being supported on the east and west sides by wings of equal height and similar style. At the top of either corner of the structure in front is a small corbelled turret, while a similar adjunct of larger proportions rises from the centre of the wall, and is flanked on either side by an elevated chimney. The lateral portions of the edifice are also surmounted by diminutive turrets, and one of them is supported by a stalwart square tower, up the hoary sides of which the ivy and the lichen are beginning to creep. Passing through an arched gateway, we find ourselves in the interior of a kind of courtyard, enclosed on three sides by the walls of the building, which are pierced at regular distances by elegantly

carved windows, the workmanship of which is in some instances as well defined as if it had but yesterday left the chisel. Armorial bearings also adorn the walls, and over many of the windows are the letters P. M. (Patrick Maxwell), the initials of the worthy baronet by whom the edifice was reared. In one corner of the court is a quaint-looking doorway with a finely carved pediment. Over this is the following inscription: - "THE BLISSINGIS OF GOD BE HEREIN." with a defaced date, of which only -97 is now legible. From other sources we learn that 1597 is the year really indicated, and above one of the windows are the figures 1599. Some parts of the structure, however, are apparently of more ancient date than others, and there is reason to believe that one portion at least must have been erected at a much earlier period than the inscriptions alluded to would lead us to believe. The interior of the castle, into which we now make our way, is, on the whole, in a good state of preservation. Spacious staircases, arched doorways, and curious Radcliffean passages abound, while the large hall with its oaken beams and massy fire-place suggests many a picture of bygone manners, many a scene of baronial hospitality, splendour, and pomp. There are two or three families resident in the ruinous old pile, and while we are poking about in the shadowy nooks and corners, we come in contact with a decent gudewife and several children. answer to our inquiry if she is not afraid to live in such a gousty edifice, where ghosts and spirits might be supposed to abound, she at once replies, "Atweel no; there's plenty o' specrits, nae doot, in the Castle at times, but it's no the kind you're thinkin' o'; an' it's no the kind that'll dae ony harm to onybody, unless we gie them the power oursels." The good lady complains of "sair draughts," however, and "wonders that Sir Michael doesna tak' a pride in keeping the auld place in better order." Her own apartments, into which she insists on showing us, are exceedingly clean and tidy Hearthstone, walls, and floor, are bright as a "new

preen," while the spence can boast of its handsome mahogany chairs, its chest of drawers, and a beautiful case of stuffed birds. We question, indeed, if the old baron who built the venerable structure could ever pride himself upon such a cosie couple of apartments within its walls as can the husband of the young gudewife who receives us with so much unobtrusive kindness and civility. Returning into the open air, which we feel to be a kind of relief, as there is a damp charnel-house kind of odour within, our attention is attracted by a curious little detached tower, situated a few yards to the east of the castle. We are at first puzzled what to make of it: but, on examination, we discover that in former times it must have been a pigeon-house to the lord of the manor. as the interior is fitted up with nestling-places for the columbide by which it was formerly inhabited. It is now tenantless and desolate.

Newark Castle has almost no tale to tell. So far as we have been able to learn, it is associated with no important event in history, nor has tradition invested it with the interest which is ever attached to scenes of extraordinary joy or sorrow in the olden time. At an early period it came into the possession of a scion of the house of Maxwell of Netherpollock, by his marriage with Elizabeth Dennistoun. co-heiress of Sir Robert Dennistoun of that ilk. Old Crawfurd has nothing to say of the successive branches of this family, unless that they married So-and-so, and begat this, that, and the other, who, in their turn, were again married to so many illustrious individuals else, who added such and such lands to the paternal inheritance. At length, about the beginning of the last century, we find a certain George Maxwell, alias Napier, selling his patrimony to Mr. William Cochrane of Kilmaronock. Afterwards the Castle and Barony passed into the possession of Lord Belhaven, who, in turn, sold it to Mr. Farguhar of London, from whom, by inheritance, it devolved upon the present possessor, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, a baronet who has indeed "gained golden

opinions" from all classes of men in the west of Scotland, by his urbanity, public spirit, and gentlemanly liberality. The Castle of Newark ceased to be inhabited by its owners at an early period of the eighteenth century. Since then it has gradually been falling into decay, although its walls are still in such excellent condition that, by a little outlay, the edifice might easily be restored to something like its pristine dignity. There is a spacious orchard adjoining the castle, and altogether the position is such a delightful one that we are surprised it has been so long abandoned to neglect and ruin.

Ship-building on an extensive scale is carried on at Port-Glasgow: and as we thread the mazes of the town, the clink of many hammers is heard resounding from the various establishments in the neighbourhood. The first steamer which plied on the Clyde, the little "Comet," was built at Port-Glasgow for Mr. Henry Bell, by Mr. John Wood, the eminent shipbuilder of this place, who was then a very young man. After the "Comet" had been in operation for a short time, Mr. Bell wished Mr. Wood to lengthen her, but as he thought the price asked was too high, he had her taken to Helensburgh, where he beached her, and had the work done under his own direction. The timber he used was fir, and when the "Comet," shortly afterwards, struck upon a rock on the western coast, she parted at the place where the junction had been effected,—a circumstance which would seem to indicate that the workmanship had not been of a proper description. About forty years ago, we are informed, Mr. Wood and his brother, the late Mr. Charles Wood, invented a machine for propelling vessels, which was nearly identical in principle with the modern screw. The machinery in the model vessel was driven by the hand, and the little craft under its propulsion moved at the rate of two or three miles an hour. Had the happy idea been prosecuted to a successful issue—as it doubtless might have been by reseverance—the greatest improvement in modern navigation might have been anticipated by many years. Sailcloth and rope manufacture is also largely practised at Port-Glasgow, while its timber trade is extensive; and the process of sugar-refining is carried on in two large establishments. The first graving-dock erected in Scotland was formed at this place.

There are many fine walks in the vicinity of Port-Glasgow; and after experiencing a hospitable reception from a friend who has long been resident in the town, we proceed to inspect some of the landscape beauties of the neighbourhood. The range of hills adjoining the town rises to an elevation of about 400 feet. Along the base and creeping up the slopes there is a rich profusion of gardens and orchards, amidst which at frequent intervals are seen the cottages and villas of their proprietors peeping sweetly through the foliage of the fruited boughs. The sides of the ridge also are covered in many places with a dense mantle of wood, while the steeps are scarred with several picturesque water-courses and glens. One of these, Devol's Glen, is characterized by many features of wild magnificence and beauty. To this spot, which is situated a little to the westward of the town, we now wend our way. Our route is by a pleasant country road, which winds away in an upward direction amidst hedgerows, and gardens, and corn-fields, over which the winds are playing in grateful coolness. The havmakers are busy as we pass, in the odorous meadow, and the scent of the new-mown hay enriches the genial air. Wild flowers of rarest loveliness greet us at every step. The fragrant petals of the rose are falling in showers as we brush the extended boughs. Their hour of bloom is drawing near its close. Even on the breast of summer the attentive eye may discern the symbols of decay and death. The blossoms that charmed our gaze but yesterday are vanished to-day for ever. We have no time at present to moralize on the scented lesson, however; and living buds are unfolding their sweets in every sunny nook, as if to invite our praise. How graceful and tender are the

wild grasses which here fringe the path with their tremulous panicles and soft silken awns! We have no plants so airy, and none so elegant as our own indigenous grasses, and yet few seem to care for their fairy-like loveliness. In sweet little belts and clumps—forests as it were in miniature—they grow by every wayside, yet seldom indeed does the passing traveller stay to scan their fair proportions. There are flowers for every taste, however, on the lap of July,—

"In the breeze,
"That wafts the thistle's plumed seed along,
Bluebells wave tremulous. The mountain thyme
Purples the hassock of the heaving mole,
And the short turf is gay with tormentls,
And bird's foot, trefoil, and the lesser tribes
Of hawkweeds, spangling it with fringed stars."

But now we descend into the shadowy depths of Devol's Glen, the sides of which are overhung with a dense canopy of leaves. Down the rocky bottom of the glen a streamlet trickles with a faint murmuring sound. Its steep course is interrupted by several romantic linns, over which it leaps in foam. One of these, "the Lady's Linn," forms a very pretty picture. It is about twenty feet in height, and were the volume of water greater, which, in certain seasons it doubtless is, the effect would be indeed romantic. Emerging from the defile, we ascend its western shoulder,-now pausing to admire the rich combinations of colour presented by the sylvan masses with which it is clothed, and anon casting a backward glance at the town below, and the far-extending expanse of the Frith as it glitters in the sun from Bowling to the Cowal shore. After a considerable ascent we again dive into the bosom of the glen to visit the "Wallace leap." This is a rugged precipitous crag which rises sheer out of the bed of the stream (which here forms another pretty linn) to a height of about 100 feet. Even to look upward at this lofty cliff is sufficient to make one giddy, and it is alleged that a greyhound which lately leapt over in pursuit of a fox, was afterwards found reduced to the consistency of a pancake at the bottom. We can well believe this statement.

Yet, according to tradition, it is said that the redoubted hero, Sir William Wallace, on one occasion escaped from his Southern pursuers by taking this very leap, and on horseback too! What the unfortunate greyhound perished in attempting, Wallace did with the most complete impunity, not only to himself but also to his faithful steed. Many wondrous deeds have we heard and read of this popular patriot and hero. That he had "twa hearts" (physiology notwithstanding) was an article of our boyish creed; that he could with his gude braid sword vanquish any possible number of Englishmen we still fervently believe; but really, with every inclination to oblige our Port-Glasgow friends, we cannot swallow this local miracle. The spot, however, is well worthy of a visit for its own sake. The wild rocky dell, with its romantic cascade, its rich amber waters stealing away in the lights and shadows of the rugged channel, and its fine sylvan accessories, forms altogether a delicious snatch of landscape, and one which would delight the eye and the imagination of the poet or the painter. We shall not soon forget the features of this exquisite nook, albeit (out of respect for the apple of Sir Isaac Newton) we must withhold our credence from its marvellous legend.

We now arrive at the summit of the ridge, and are greeted with a prospect which for extent and beauty, we should imagine, is scarcely to be surpassed. To the eastward the Clyde is seen winding away to Dunglass and Bowling, with Dumbarton and Dumbuck looming darkly against the Kilpatrick hills. Looking to the north we have the Frith spread at our feet, with the Cardross shore beyond with all its headlands and bays distinctly delineated, and in the background the lofty peaks of Benlomond and the Cobbler. Westward, as we turn, Helensburgh, Roseneath, and Kilmun, come successively into view, with the Garcloch and Loch Long, bounded on the horizon by the rugged range of mountains known as Argyle's Bowling-Green. Farther west, the Frith spreads in all its splendour, with its bosom

fretted with ships, and its shores on either side gleaming in the light of snowy cottages. A bleak pastoral moorland to the south completes the circle. But it would take us a long summer day to read aright the wondrous picture, and to enumerate its various and ever-varying features. We can but indicate by a few hasty touches its leading outlines, and commend the glorious original to the inspection of those who rejoice in the appreciation of that overflowing loveliness with which Nature has invested her fairest combinations of sea and shore.

Proceeding by a pleasant but withal devious track to the eastward, along the summit of the hills, and rejoicing as we go in a richly diversified series of prospects, we soon find our way to the road from Port-Glasgow to Kilmalcolm, at a point which is known in the locality by the name of "Rest and be thankfu'." At this place, in the corner of a cornfield, is an immense isolated mass of whin, which from time immemorial has borne the somewhat suggestive title of the "Bogle Stane." In the days of old, when supernatural beings were more plentiful upon earth than they seem to be in this incredulous age, the big stone was the favourite haunt of a certain mischievous imp, who took a wicked delight in frightening belated travellers who had occasion to pass between the gloamin' and the mirk. The bogle, who was described to us as "a black touzy tike wi' cloven hoofs, a lang forkit tail, and een like a lowin' peat," seems to have had a decided antipathy to such parties as allowed the maut to get abune the meal. Many a drunken wight has he frightened into his sober senses. Kilmalcolm worthies, when they visited "the Port," were always fain to leave their cups before the gloamin' set in, for fear of the bogle; and the gudewives of that curious old village used to remark, "that be he man, or be he deil, he was a gudesend to the kintraside." His bogleship, indeed, seems to have been a kind of teetotaller, or rather a supernatural Forbes Mackenzie, in his day and generation. Be that as it may, however, his reign

has long been terminated. His stone became latterly a famous rendezvous with parties of young people from the neighbouring town, who used to congregate on its summit, for the purpose of celebrating their rural pic-nics. The jollity of which it was thus made the scene seems to have excited the ire of a neighbouring clergyman against the stone, and he resolved in his holy zeal to have it destroyed. Accordingly he had it bored, and putting a charge of gunpowder into it, blew it into fragments. This ungracious act brought a nest of hornets about the ears of his reverence. The people in the neighbourhood loved the bogle stone notwithstanding its dubious associations. They denounced the "blowing up" as a deed of shame, and collecting the debris. they proceeded to rebuild the mass, and defied the minister to injure it again. So well, indeed, did they execute the work of renovation, that, unless for a few obvious scars, the Bogle Stane at present looks "maist as gude as new." A local poet also wrote the following lines upon the occasion, and had them inscribed upon one of the sides of the stone;-

"Ye wearle travellers passing bye,
Rest and be thankfu' here,
And should your lips be parched and dry,
Drink of my waters clear;
I am the far-famed Bogle Stane,
By worldly priest abhorred,
But now I am myself again
By Auchinleck restored."

After resting ourselves for a brief space upon the Bogle Stane, which is quadrangular in form, and of sufficiently large size to accommodate at least a dozen of people upon its grassy summit, we prepare, according to the popular saying, to leave the world and make our way into Kilmalcolm. Refreshing our parched lips by a draught from a little crystalline rill which trickles past the spot, we therefore turn our face in a southerly direction, and soon find ourselves on a lonely moorland road proceeding towards the extramundane village alluded to. The Frith gradually disappears beyond the heights, with all its garniture of the beautiful, and a wide expanse of dreary morass and bog, re-

lieved at intervals by lonely pastoral farms, spreads around us to the distant hills. Among those brown heights which gird the horizon to the right and away to the front, the Gryffe and the Duchal are born. These waters united form a fine stream which flows, by an extremely devious channel, through the rich bosom of Renfrewshire to its debouchure into the Clyde at the Waterneb. Strathgryffe was the ancient name of the extensive country through which this fine rivulet meanders on its seaward way. But we are neglecting the floral fringe which borders on either hand the pathway along which we are slowly treading. A line of mingled turf and starry blossoms it stretches for miles unbroken. Scotland's blue bell is there with its drooping pennons flickering to the breath of faintest zephyr. There also are the fairy bed-straws with their tiny flowers of snowy whiteness, and the tormentil with its golden starlets peeping through the grass, and the wild thyme purpling the knolls, and the yellow asphodels brightening the marsh with their presence. Now a stalwart thistle with its jaggy leaves and crimson crests rises sturdily before us, the emblem of our country's liberty; and anon a group of foxgloves glance modestly at us as we pass from the shelter of an intervening wall. It is now the noon of summer, and the birds are nearly all silent. Occasionally, however, the wail of the yellowhammer or yeldrin is heard in the waste, and at times the wild cadence of the plover strikes fitfully upon the ear. Even in the deepest hush of solitude, the bugle of the bee comes booming over us, and the whirr of the grasshopper rises in faintest music from the tangled herbage. Sweet are all the voices of Nature to the pensive wanderer, and not the least sweet are those which fall unheeded on the worldling's ear.

But we are now on the margin of a spacious and hill-environed glen, the bottom of which forms a vast plain containing about 6,000 acres. Down the centre of this, but unseen among their woods and banks, flow the waters of

Duchal and Gryffe. In this spacious arena-a little world by itself-there are mansions girdled by woods, and numerous farm-steadings, each sleeping in the shelter of its few guardian trees, through which the blue smoke is ever curling in airy wreaths to the sky. This is the vale of Kilmalcolm. and a scene of sweet seclusion and quietude it seems. bosom, as we skirt its edge, the haymakers are busy in the fields, and the ploughmen are seen turning up the soil among the shaw-covered furrows of the potato. No sound more rude is heard than the loud laugh of the swain among the vellow ricks of hav, or the crowings of the household cock about the scattered homesteads. The village of Kilmalcolm nestles in a corner of the vale, and the handsome tower of the church forms a fine feature in the landscape as we approach. It is not until we are in close proximity to the village, however, that we can discern its proportions, or the peculiar features by which it is distinguished. Kilmalcolm is reckoned the queerest village in Renfrewshire; and if all lowland Scotland were added to the field of comparison, we should imagine it would still sustain its uniqueness of character.

It wears indeed the very aspect which it may be supposed to have worn about a couple of centuries ago. The spirit of change seems to be a stranger in Kilmalcolm. The houses, of which there may be about two score in all, are almost without exception of a homely old-world description, being weather-beaten and covered with a compound of thatch, moss, and weeds, while the straw-wreathed chimneys look like so many bee-hives stuck upon the roofs. There are several ale-houses in the village, and curious little hostelries, for the most part, they are. One of them bears the sign of the "Wallace Head," and verily it has a wobegone washedout appearance, which vividly suggests the idea that it is only the ghost of a sign-board. A bit shoppie or two serves to supply the inhabitants with necessaries, and the bairns with sweeties and toys. The population of the parish, which

amounted to 1,616 individuals at the census of 1841, has decreased during the subsequent decennial period to 1,399 individuals. Of these not more than 400 are resident in the village. Amidst the villagers there are a variety of handicrafts practised, and as we thread its tiny thoroughfares, the clink of the shuttle and the ringing of the smiddy hammer indicate with sufficient plainness the occupation of a certain number. The greater portion, however, are generally engaged at agricultural pursuits. Longevity is common in this out-of-the-way community, and we are informed that many of the inhabitants have passed the allotted threescore and ten by a goodly number of years. On congratulating one elderly lady on her residence in such a long-lived locality, a buxom kimmer, who overhears us, exclaims, "Ay, av! we may get a gude bit o' the tether here, but we a' dee at last, as weel as the folk in the warld!" referring, of course, to the popular saying of "out of the world and into Kilmalcolm."

Small as is the community of Kilmalcolm, there appears to be a considerable diversity of opinion on religious matters among its members. There are no less than four places of worship in the village. First among these is the Parish Church, which we understand is the most largely attended. There is also a Free Church, a Cameronian or Macmillan meeting-house, and some other Dissenting place of worship, the particular denomination of which we do not at present remember. The Parish Church is a handsome structure. erected in 1833 in the auld kirkyard, on the site of a small edifice which existed from time immemorial, and which was, perhaps, more in keeping with the character of the village than its more spacious successor. On one side of the church is the burial vault of the Porterfield family (an aisle of the old building), the principal proprietors in the locality, and for ages past the lords of the Duchal estate. There is a curious anagrammatical inscription on one of the walls, a copy of which we receive from Mr. Robertson, a decent

and intelligent old shoemaker in the village, who seems to have an honest pride in all that is connected with the community of which he is a useful member. The lines are as follows, and we must leave such of our readers as are skilled in this species of composition to read the riddle for themselves—premising, however, for the satisfaction of those who neither know nor care about such enigmas, that their loss is of trifling consequence:—

"THIS.ANA GRAME.VNFOLD—MY.BVILDAR.SALL.
HIS.NAME.QVHA.VIL.INTO.THIS.SENTENCE.SEIK.
TIL.FLIE.THE.IL.MAKE.GVID.REPORT.OF.AL.
GVILLIAME.SAL.FIND.PORTERFIELD.OF.THAT.ILK.
ZEIRS.SEVINTIE.FIVE.TO.LIVE.HE.LIVIT.AND.MO.
AND.NOV.FOR.AY.LIVS.VITH.YE.GODS.BVT.VO."

At the east end of the church there is another relic of the old ecclesiastical structure in a good state of preservation. This was the final resting-place of the proud Earls of Glencairn and their families. Among the last tenants who were laid in this dreary tomb was the "Glencairn" of Burns. Every one will remember the beautiful lament written by the Ayrshire bard on the death of this nobleman. There are few finer things in modern poetry than the concluding lines, which we give from memory:—

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
That was his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the babe
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me."

Well, well! all that Glencairn did for thee, Robert Burns, was, in very truth, a very small matter. We have searched the chronicle, and all that we can discover is little more than a simple act or two of gentlemanly courtesy. But the slightest favour from the great is to the poor an affair of life and death. King's chaff is better than other people's corn. The smile of Glencairn was to the ploughman a boon of priceless value. More substantial favours it was doubtless in his power to bestow, but such were never rendered. Few

and far between were the services which Burns ever received from his lordly patrons. Better had it been for him if he had never known the rank and title of the land unless by name. By his intercourse with them his simple tastes were vitiated, and their curiosity once satisfied, they flung him away to neglect and poverty, as a spoiled child does the toy which has yielded it an hour of pleasure. Yet the civilities of such people have been rewarded with immortality. From their contact with Burns, titled nothingnesses have been rescued from the oblivion which was their due. In the churchyard of Kilmalcolm, the only circumstance which distinguishes the noble Earl of Glencairn from the kindred dust around him, is the memory of his urbanity to the inspired peasant of Coila!

By the time we have traversed the curious village, and chatted with a few of its sagacious inhabitants, the gloamin' hour draws near. We are, therefore, per force, induced to shorten our stay. A rich harvest of character might doubtless be gleaned in this queer old community, but time and the last train forbids that it should be gathered into our garner. Re-crossing the hill at a double quick rate of march, we soon reach Port-Glasgow. The locomotive comes to hand immediately on our arrival, and taking our place, we are speedily re-conveyed to the terminus, from which some dozen of hours previously we took our downward start.

## GREENOCK AND ITS ENVIRONS.

SWEET are the influences of the August morning as we plough in foamy furrows our pathway down the Frith. The brown Castle rock is already in our wake, steeped from base to summit in the slant radiance of the early day. Around us, in ripples of light, spreads the ample bosom of the estuary, with the heights of Cardross and Kilmalcolm swelling beautifully on either hand; while far away in our front rises the bold girdle of hills, which seem to bar the channel of the waters, and lend to the river the aspect of a mighty lake. How rich are the effects of light and shade on the everchanging features of the scene! A dreamy haze still lingers on the distant mountains, as if the last faint vestiges of dawn were yet unmelted on their shaggy slopes. As the clouds in snowy masses float in silence through the blue profound of heaven, their shadows travel over land and seavast patches of gloom which come and go like sin and sorrow over the world's fair surface. But wherefore talk of sin and sorrow on this bright autumnal day, when loveliness and joy seem all-pervading and supreme? There is gladness in the breeze which comes from the dancing waves to cool our cheek, and play in our "lifted hair"-gladness in the wilding birds, which sail with glancing pinions around our prow, or swim in snowy clusters like specks of foam upon the rippled waters. And surely it is a joyous sight to mark the multitudinous ships in motion or at rest upon their "native element." Now a huge steamer comes rushing past, with her freight of happy faces, and her lengthened trail of smoke curling duskily along her foamy track; now it is a stately

bark with bellying sails, slow moving on her seaward way; and anon it is some tiny yacht or gentle skiff, tacking as if in dalliance against the breeze. But our steamer, while we gaze upon the "shows and forms" of the bustling channel, is rapidly cleaving her onward course. Port-Glasgow, with its ancient Castle, is passed; and, rounding the low-wooded point of Garvel, we bear right down upon Greenock, the cynosure of its own sunny bay.

In a fine bold curve, the bay upon which we now enter, stretches away from Garvel Point on the east to a promontory which juts out into the water opposite the wellknown anchoring - ground called the Tail-of-the-Bank. Between the margin of the bay and a picturesque range of hills, which runs in a parallel direction to it, there is a lengthened strip of level ground, varying in breadth from about a quarter to half-a-mile. Upon this space, and almost entirely covering it, is the town of Greenock. In various places also the lines of building encroach upon the rising ground, creeping upwards in streets and detached edifices to a considerable height. As we skirt the bay, there are everywhere abundant symptoms of a bustling and industrious population. Large spaces on the shore are enclosed as timber ponds, the dark slab railings of which certainly do not enhance the beauty of the locality; while the smoke from public works, of which there are many in this quarter, gives the surrounding houses a grim and unattractive appearance. As we proceed the town gradually becomes more dense; shipbuilding yards are seen at intervals, while the quay wall is interrupted by the entrances of spacious harbours and docks, which are bristling with the naked spars of ships at rest. Steamers are coming and going incessantly, and small craft of every size and build are ever passing to and fro. Arriving in front of the spacious Custom House, an oblong structure in the Grecian style of architecture with a handsome portico, our steamer comes to a pause, and, amidst the roar of the funnel, and the shouts of the porters on the quay, we

step on terra firma, and at once, in company with a few genial friends, make our way into the bowels of the town.

With regard to the origin, or derivation of the name of Greenock, considerable diversity of opinion prevails among local etymologists. It is generally admitted to be a Celtic compound, but the exact meaning of the component parts is the rock upon which the various authorities have hitherto split. According to popular belief, the name is derived from a green-oak tree which once reared its leafy honours on the spot: but this is far too simple an elucidation of the mystery to be received by any one having a spark of the genuine Olbuckian spirit. Grian, a Gælic word signifying the sun, and cnoc, a term, the signification of which is a hill, are, according to some, the roots of the name, which would therefore mean the hill of the sun, or the sunny hill. Others hold that grian-aig, a sunny bay, is the proper derivation; while certain parties do not scruple to affirm that the radical phrase is the British graen ag, a gravelly or sandy place. Amongst such conflicting readings, it is really difficult for a plain English scholar like ourselves to arrive at anything like the truth. There is some consolation in thinking that the matter is not one of vital consequence. It is amusing, however, to observe how pertinaciously the majority of these local word splitters lug in the sun, as if everybody did not know that the said luminary veils himself oftener in showers at Greenock than anywhere else in "the west countrie." Why do you call such a one "nosie?" queried a stranger at an Irishman. "Oh, bedad!" was the reply, "bekase he has got no nose at all." It cannot surely be on the same principle that the etymological sages of Greenock adhere so inflexibly to the solar adjective.

Greenock, in a certain sense, has little or no history. In another sense she has a very noble story indeed. Of barons bold and chivalrous retainers she has but little to tell; in raids and battles, and deeds of blood and rapine, her chronicles are wondrous scanty. All the more to her credit,

say we, although of such stuff ordinary history is in a great measure composed. The annals of her victories are not inscribed with the red ink of war. Her battles have ever been the battles of industry and commerce; her noblest names have achieved distinction in far other fields than those of the bullet and the sword. In the successive advances of civilization she has kept a forward pace, and she can point to names among those of her children of which the world may well be proud. To take a rapid retrospective glance, however, we may mention that the earliest recorded name in connection with this place, is that of "Hugh de Grenok," which occurs on the infamous "Ragman's Roll," by which, to their lasting disgrace, so many of the Scottish barons, in 1296, consented to sacrifice the independence of their country. The next notice we have of Greenock is in the reign of Robert the Third, when, according to old Crawfurd, the prince of family historians, the barony was divided between the co-heiresses of Malcolm Galbraith, one of whom married Shaw of Sauchie, and the other Crawford of Kilbirnie. From their division at this time until 1669 the lands formed two distinct baronies, which were known respectively as Easter and Wester Greenock—the former being held by the family of Crawford, and the latter by that of Shaw. On either barony was a stately castle or mansion. One of these, that of Easter Greenock, is now among the things that were -not one stone standing upon another to indicate its site. which lies about a mile to the eastward of the town. other, or whatever vestiges of it may still be in existence, is incorporated with the mansion-house, a handsome structure which now occupies an elevated and commanding situation on the heights adjacent to the town. At the date we have alluded to, John Shaw purchased the estate of Easter Greenock from the Crawford of that day, and thus, after the lapse of centuries, again united the baronies. Since that period they have remained in the possession of his descendants, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart being the present representative of the family. The germ of the town of Greenock appears to have been a small cluster or row of houses along the shore, which formed a kind of appendage to the adjoining castle. In process of time, under the fostering patronage of the Shaw family, it gradually increased in size and importance, although even to a comparatively recent date it seems to have been a village of "no particular mark or likelihood." So late as the beginning of the severteenth century it consisted of a single row of thatched cottages, principally inhabited by fishermen and small traders. In these days the exclusive privileges of Dumbarton, Renfrew, and Glasgow, exercised a withering influence on the commercial efforts of the less important communities along the river, and Greenock, in its early attempts at commerce, had to struggle against the invidious opposition of its more favoured burghal neighbours. Ultimately, in 1635, it was erected by Royal Charter into a free burgh of barony, after which it seems to have advanced steadily in wealth and enterprise. The herring fishing was still the principal item in its trade, and towards the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants possessed no fewer than 900 boats, each of which was furnished with twenty-four nets, and carried a crew of four men. Some idea of the produce of the Greenock herring fisheries at this period may be formed from the fact that, in 1674, after the home market had been supplied, 20,000 barrels were exported to Rochelle, besides large quantities which were despatched to other French ports and to various places in the Baltic. A considerable coasting trade was also done by vessels belonging to Greenock, and at times a run was even made to the Continent or to the shores of Ireland.

About the beginning of the last century Greenock had become a town of considerable importance. According to the contemporary history of Crawfurd, it was then the principal town upon the coast, the houses being well built, the harbour large and commodious, while the inhabitants were possessed of numerous vessels engaged in the coasting and

foreign trades. The population was at this period about 2,000. In 1700 the people of Greenock petitioned the Scottish Parliament for a grant to enable them to construct a harbour: but, being refused, they entered into an arrangement with Sir John Shaw, the liberal-minded lord of the manor, who advanced the necessary funds on the security of a voluntary assessment of 1s. 4d. on every sack of malt brewed into ale within the limits of the burgh. In 1707 this important work was commenced, and in three years thereafter it was satisfactorily completed, at a cost of nearly £5,600. The construction of the harbour was productive of the happiest consequences. Trade immediately increased, and the population of the burgh became considerably augmented. The burden of debt incurred was entirely liquidated in 1740, while a surplus of £1,500 remained in the hands of the corporation. Since that period, the prosperity of the town has advanced with astonishing rapidity. Additional quays and harbours have been formed from time to time, according to the requirements of an ever-extending commerce; and although circumstances have occasionally threatened to interrupt the welfare of the town, it has still risen superior to its difficulties, and continued to progress in its industrial resources, its population, and its wealth. The most important branches of manufacturing industry prosecuted in Greenock are shipbuilding, iron-founding, sugar-refining, rope-spinning, sailmaking, and cooperage. In shipbuilding especially, the town has long occupied a prominent position, some of the establishments being of great extent, and producing vessels of the largest size and the most beautiful proportions. A volume, however, would be required to do anything like justice to the history and statistics of this flourishing town. For our purpose, the above rapid and imperfect outline must, in the meantime, suffice.

After resting for a brief space in the James Watt Tavern, the house in which the great improver of the steam-engine was born, we proceed in an easterly direction to visit the

suburb of Cartsdyke. Passing the spacious Victoria Harbour, we soon find ourselves in this most ancient and picturesque part of the town. Cartsdyke was originally a distinct little community, possessing a harbour of its own, and being governed by its own local authorities. Crawfurd, writing in 1710, says, "Cartsdyke is built of one street, with a convenient harbour capable of containing ships of considerable burden. It was erected into a burgh of barony, with the privilege of holding a weekly market and several fairs, in favour of Thomas Crawford of Cartsburn, from a Charter from King Charles II., dated the 16th of July, anno 1669." In the advancement of Greenock, Cartsdyke has been annexed to its more lusty neighbour, and now forms one of its integral parts. It consists principally of one main street, running parallel to the shore, with a number of narrow lanes or closses branching off in lateral directions. Many of the houses are time-worn and rickety, presenting, with their peaked gables and crawsteps, a curious auld world aspect. There is a dreary downcast expression, indeed, in the entire appearance of the locality, all filthy and smoke-begrined as it is, which forcibly suggests the idea that it has seen better days. This is more especially the case in the immediate vicinity of the ancient harbour, which, in a woful state of decay, is still in existence. Here many of the edifices are absolutely ruinous and deserted, the roofs falling in and the windows being shattered and paneless. The old pier itself is weather-worn and crumbling, while the only tenants of the harbour at the time of our visit, are a group of Dutch-looking hulks of no great size, and evidently far past a sea-worthy condition. The glory has in truth departed from the harbour of Cartsdyke. Yet it has seen brave sights in its day. It was from this spot that a considerable number of the vessels engaged in the ill-fated Darien Expedition took their departure in 1699, amidst the blessings of their countrymen, and with the brightest hopes of success. Alas, alas! how different was the result from the anticipations of its too sanguine projectors! Ay, many a sad departure, and many a blithe return, has been witnessed by this old and time-battered quay. It was here, and in the adjacent domiciles, that poor Jean Adams, the humble poetess of Cartsdyke, saw those manifestations of genuine affection which she has embodied in her inimitable lyric, "There's nae Luck about the House."

"Is this a time to think o' wark
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak—I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore."

Many such meetings must the poetess have seen here, and deliciously indeed has she given utterance to the sentiments of the overjoyed wife on the return of her ain gudeman. Burns says truly, "This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language." This is high praise from the prince of singers. And he further observes:—

" 'And will I see his face again? And will I hear him speak?'

as well as the two preceding lines, are unequalled almost by anything I ever heard or read." Jean Adams, the authoress of this exquisite effusion, was a native of Cartsdyke, having been born there about the year 1710. Her father was a shipmaster in the village. Of her early days almost nothing is known. That she received a fair education, according to the standard of the period, is evident from the circumstance that she was afterwards able to earn a subsistence by the teaching of reading, writing, and needlework, in the village of her nativity. In 1734 she published a small volume of poetry by subscription, but the result in a pecuniary sense does not seem to have been very encouraging. In the school she is said to have treated the children placed under her charge with the greatest tenderness and care. Unfortunately for herself, however, she seems to have been of a highly excitable temperament, which led her into certain harmless eccentricities, which tended to her disadvantage as a teacher. Ultimately this blasted her prospects, and she became reduced to a condition of extreme indigence. About the year

1760 she seems, indeed, to have fallen into a state of absolute beggary. Mrs. Fullarton, who was formerly a pupil of the unfortunate poetess, was afterwards in the habit of relating that, on one occasion, she came to her house asking alms; and that although she at first refused, through a lingering feeling of pride, to accept some articles of dress which were kindly offered to her, she afterwards returned and was glad to receive them. Dependent on the cold hand of charity for her livelihood, she wandered from door to door, sometimes repaying her benefactors for their "gowpen of meal" with a screed of her rhyming ware. The end of this unhappy daughter of song was in accordance with her miserable life. It is briefly recorded in the following extracts from the minutes of the Glasgow Poorshouse:—

"Glasgow Town's Hospital, 2d April, 1765.

"Admit Jean Adams, a poor woman, a stranger in distress; for some time she has been wandering about; she came from Greenock; recommended by Bailies Gray and Miller."

"Glasgow Town's Hospital, 9th April, 1765.

"Jean Adams, the stranger admitted on Tuesday, the 2d current, died on the following day, and was buried at the house expense,"

Thus miserably terminated the earthly career of poor Jean Adams. On such a melancholy theme we might easily wax sentimental, but the naked truth, as it is thus briefly stated in the chronicles of poverty, is more impressive than aught that we could say. Peace to the ashes of the friendless pauper, in whatever nameless grave they may be lying! Sorrow and suffering were her companions in life; but her one sweet strain has been a comfort and a joy to many a heart, and her memory must ever be cherished by those who can appreciate the genuine utterances of simple pathos and feeling.

We are aware that the authorship of "There's nae Luck about the House" has been ascribed to William Julius Mickle, the learned translator of the Lusiad of Camoens. The only reason assigned for the supposition that Mickle was the writer, is the fact, that a copy of the song, with emendations in his handwriting was found among his papers after death. On the other hand, Cromek, who investigated the subject

thoroughly, adduced the evidence of Mrs. Fullarton and that of other pupils of Jean Adams in support of her claim. From their statements it appears that they had frequently heard her recite the song, and that she uniformly spoke of it as her own composition. This we are the more inclined to believe from the internal evidence of the song itself. To our mind it appears that only from the heart of a woman could it by possibility have sprung. There are certain strains, such as "Auld Robin Gray," "The Flowers of the Forest," and others that might be mentioned, which could only have issued from "the weeping blood of woman's heart." They are pervaded so completely with the delicacy and tenderness of the feminine nature, that there cannot be the slightest doubt in any discriminating mind with regard to the sex of their writers. In the peculiar characteristics alluded to, the song in question is particularly rich. It is surcharged with the woman. That the cold classical scholar, Mickle, whose every effusion is of purest English, "all compact," should have burst for once into the most genial Doric, and poured forth such an inimitable gush of womanly affection and minute domestic detail, we shall believe when men "gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles," but certainly not a moment sooner. Either Jean Adams or one of her sex, we are firmly persuaded, must have produced the song. We have never either heard or seen it ascribed to any other woman; and as the evidence of Mrs. Fullarton and her schoolmates is sufficiently satisfactory to our mind, we shall continue to give the honour of its authorship to whom we conceive the honour is due, and that assuredly is to the humble poetess of Cartsdyke.

There are other names deserving of notice besides that of Jean Adams, however, associated with the now dingy suburb of Cartsdyke. The grandfather of James Watt, as we find duly recorded on his tombstone, was "Professor of the Mathematicks" in the village, which in his day must have been somewhat diminutive in its proportions. As we can learn nothing of a college having ever existed in the locality,

we suspect the honest man, whose title is thus pompously recorded, must, in plain language, have been the dominie of the place. Who can say how much of his illustrious grandson's mechanical genius may have descended to him from the good old teacher! It was in Cartsdyke that James Macrae, afterwards Governor of Madras, was born, about the beginning of the last century. This individual, who left his native village a poor friendless boy, gradually elevated himself by his industry, perseverance, and enterprise, to the dignity we have mentioned, while he realised at the same time a princely fortune. On retiring from his public position, he took up his residence in Glasgow, and it was to his munificence that our city is indebted for the equestrian statue of King William, at the Cross. The story of his life, to which we can only thus briefly allude, is indeed a striking illustration of the saying, that "truth is stranger than fiction." -

On the night of Saturday, the 21st of November, 1835, Cartsdyke was the scene of an awful catastrophe, by which about forty individuals lost their lives, and an immense destruction of property took place. Among the hills above the village, the waters of Cartsburn, a small rivulet which flows into the bay at this place, are reserved for the supply of the town. On the melancholy occasion alluded to, the dam gave way, in consequence of some defect in its construction, and the water, amounting in all to about three millions of cubic feet, was precipitated on the devoted village. The occurrence was all the more appalling that it happened at a late hour, when the inhabitants for the most part had retired to rest. Many were drowned in the raging torrent. Some were saved in an almost miraculous manner. In one case an individual volunteered to brave the perils of the flood, when at its height, for the purpose of saving two children. On making his way into the apartment where they were, he found them both lying sound asleep, while the bed upon which they lay was floating on the water that almost filled the room. Numerous other incidents of an interesting nature occurred

on the night in question, which is still remembered with the most lively horror in the locality. Traces of the devastation occasioned by the destructive deluge are still pointed out to the inquiring visitor.

There is, it must be admitted, but little temptation to linger at Cartsdyke. After a cursory inspection of the vicinity of the old quay, which, in its connection with Jean Adams, may well be regarded as hallowed ground, we proceed, in a south-westerly direction, to the venerable and somewhat picturesque mansion of Crawfurdsburn, which is situated on a gentle slope of the adjacent hills. Crossing the line of the railway, and threading our way among edifices of recent erection, principally occupied by operatives engaged in the neighbouring public works, we soon arrive at the entrance of the beautiful grounds, and, without let or hindrance, at once make our way into their shadowy precincts. The environs of Greenock are somewhat deficient in sylvan accessories. Whatever charms may be possessed by the landscape in this neighbourhood-and few localities can boast such a rich variety of scenery-it is, in truth, sadly in want of stately and timehonoured trees. Young plantations, we are happy to observe, adorn the hills and girdle the mansions in every direction: but time is required for the production of the "leafy senators," and as yet the woods of Greenock are comparatively in their infancy. Crawfurdsburn is an exception to the rule. Here there is a choice congregation of fine old sylvan giants. Nowhere, unless in the policies of some hoary ancestral mansion, do we meet with such impressive bosky attendants as now fling their shadows over our path. We have heard. with somewhat of scepticism, of "the divinity that doth hedge about a king," but there is certainly a majesty in a grand old tree, which almost compels us to the doffing of our hat. That umbrageous plane, for instance, with its sturdy trunk and its lofty masses of green, is a sight to inspire awe. Things of a day, we pass beneath its outspread arms. From the sun and the rain it shelters us, as it has sheltered the

generations of the past, and when the home which knows us now shall know us no more for ever, there it will stand in its "pride of place," unfolding its leaves in the smile of spring, and bidding defiance with its naked boughs to the blasts of many a winter.

"In the days of old, when the spring with gold
Had brightened its branches gray;
Through the grass at its feet crept the maiden swect,
To gather the flowers of May;
She is gone, she is dead, in the church-yard laid,
But the old tree still remains."

We are the most treacherous of quoters, but the lines, all incorrect as they may be, come bubbling from our memory as we gaze upon the hoary forestling, and dream of the sights it may have seen. But there are many trees around the house of Crawfurdsburn, which would have delighted the soul of an Evelyn or a Gilpin. To us they are a joy unspeakable; for be it known, that with all our reverence for these sages of the rugged stem and the whispering bough, we hold ourselves to be as devoted worshippers of the sylvan deities as they for their lives could have been. We have indeed a perfect adoration of trees. Their various features are familiar to us as those of our intimate friends; and their voices—for every tree has an utterance of its own—are to our ears even as "household words." You doubt the assertion, gentle reader! then come with us into the bosom of the wood at midnight's mirkest hour, and let but the winds do their musical duty, and we shall convince thee of our lore. We shall read for thy edification every tone and cadence (and haply even reveal their hidden meanings) from the soft whispering rustle of the saugh, as it dips in the gurgling stream, to the deep dreary moan of the Scottish fir, as it stands apart in gloom, upon the cloud-cleaving summit of the hill.

The antique mansion of Crawfurdsburn is still in an excellent state of preservation, although it has now braved the storms of nearly three centuries. It is a fine specimen of the old baronial residence, and from various points of view would

furnish abundant material for pictorial study. The edifice is situated on the summit of a gentle aclivity, round the base of which meanders the small streamlet of Cartsburn. which gives its name to the locality. It consists of two principal sections, of venerable aspect, which are connected by intervening walls of considerable height and strength, enclosing a courtyard of somewhat limited extent. The entrance to this is by a handsome doorway in one of the walls alluded to, which is surmounted by the armorial bearings of the family of Crawford, carved in stone, and coloured. The carving is as perfect and well defined as if it had just passed from the hands of the craftsman by whom it was executed. Our knowledge of heraldry, we are sorry to say, is not sufficiently extensive to enable us to describe in appropriate terms the symbols which it embodies. To borrow from old Crawfurd, however, and he is an authority on such matters, the arms of the family consist of-"Gules; a Fess, ermine; betwixt a crescent in chief, and two swords saltyreways, hilted and pomelled; or, in Base: for crest, a sword with a balance, with this motto, 'Quod tibi hoc alteri.'" We spend some time right pleasantly inspecting the various features of this picturesque old dwelling, and musing upon the scenes of joy and sorrow which it may have witnessed in the past. Of its history we know but little, and that little is almost solely derived from the pages of Crawfurd: "A short distance to the south of Crawfurdsdyke," says the good old historian of the shire, "stands the house of Cartsburn, well planted, the principal messuage of that barony, and the seat of Thomas Crawford of Cartsburn, which lands were anciently a part of the Barony of Kilbirnie, and became the patrimony of a younger brother of that ancient family (in the reign of Queen Mary), whose posterity ended in the person of David Crawford of Cartsburn, in the reign of King Charles I." Malcolm Crawford of Newton, the nearest heir, then succeeded to the barony, and the historian proceeds to trace the subsequent genealogical links in the family chain, with a degree of minuteness which may be sufficiently interesting to the antiquary, but which in the repetition would become tiresome, we are afraid, to the general reader. We may mention, however, that George Crawfurd, author of the *History of Renfrewshire*, was himself a scion of the Cartsburn family, and that he first saw the light within these time-honoured walls. According to tradition, Jean Adams, the sweet singer of Cartsdyke, was a frequent visitor at Cartsburn House, and it is also said that the Ayrshire ploughman spent at least one night beneath its hospitable roof. Such associations are worthy of remembrance, and lend an additional charm to the locality.

Making our descent into the channel of the burn, which is here shaded in many places by the foliage of overhanging trees, and threading its mazes to the vicinity of "Kennedy's Mill," a lonely and a song-hallowed spot, we turn to the west, and after a brief walk along the hill-side, soon find ourselves in the Wellington Park of Greenock. This spacious and most beautiful enclosure, the gift of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart to the inhabitants, is situated on a gentle but commanding slope immediately adjacent to the outskirts of the town. In extent, we should say, judging by the eye, it it about ten or a dozen acres. The authorities have shown their appreciation of the liberal donation so handsomely bestowed upon the community, by a lavish expenditure on the improvement of the grounds. A fine gravel walk has been formed round their entire extent, bordered externally with a belt of planting, while the wide expanse of the internal area has been levelled and covered with a smooth laver of turf. Seats for the accommodation of walkers have been erected at intervals along the pathway, while a handsome bowling-green has been constructed at the lower extremity of the park. Everything requisite, indeed, has been done to beautify the spot, and to adapt it to the purposes for which it was designed, as a place of popular recreation and leisurely

resort. From the more elevated portion of the esplanade, a series of most delightful prospects are obtained. At the spectator's feet, as it were, lies the town in its canopy of smoke, with all its quays and harbours, its spires and stately edifices. Beyond, a bright expanse of the Frith stretches away to the distant hills of Dumbarton, Cardross, and Cowal; while the placid waters are fretted with ships and steamers, ever coming and going upon their various missions of usefulness.

After lingering for some time within the green precincts of the Wellington Park, we return to the bustle of the crowded streets. The "West End" is yet unvisited, and we must now crave the company of our readers in a brief stroll of inspection through the better parts of the town. The portions we have hitherto traversed may well be called the worst, although, as we have seen, they are not altogether devoid of interest.

Our own Briggate, all-odorous and repulsively tenanted as it is, will at any time bear favourable comparison with many of the nasty thoroughfares which the stranger in Greenock is called upon to navigate. There, for instance, is the "Minchcollop-close," which our cicerone insists upon showing us, as the scene of Highland Mary's death. It looks the very home of typhus and other nameless pestilences. No wonder the poor girl, all fresh and blooming from the green braes of Campbelton as she was, should have fallen a sacrifice to her brief residence here. Many have been the deaths of the young and the beautiful which have taken place in such vile localities under similar circumstances. The poor Highlanders of our own land, and the Celts of the sister isle, have too often been driven from the homes of their fathers, and compelled by their undeserved necessities to burrow in such unwholesome dens, amidst disease and death. Many a poor nameless Highland Mary has thus been pushed into an untimely grave, and thus has many a stalwart chiel been laid prostrate in the very pride of his

manhood. Alas! for the children of the mountain and the glen, who are driven unwillingly to an abidance in the vennel and the close, 'mongst "sights and sounds unholy." That such things have been, is assuredly both a sin and shame to many a proud family.

Having accomplished the somewhat irksome task of threading the mazes of the more ancient and unattractive parts of the town, we pass the handsome terminus of the railway, and passing the theatre, which was erected by one of the Kemble family, ascend to the venerable mansion of the Shaw Stewarts. This spacious structure is situated on an elevated terrace quite adjacent to the town, and on the very spot where, in former times, stood the Castle of Wester Greenock. The site is one of the finest imaginable, commanding an extensive view of the town, with a splendid prospect of the Frith and the mountains beyond. There it stands with an appearance of offended dignity, while the common race of edifices are treading close upon its privacy. And a stately edifice it is, albeit a little weather-worn and disjaskit. It is evidently a product of various periods. The more ancient portions, with their peaked gables and crawsteps, their angular projections and their narrow windows. approximate even to the picturesque; while the more modern additions, part of which are said to have been designed by the celebrated James Watt, are erected with greater attention to comfort and convenience. Over one of the entrances is the date 1637. In former times the hospitality of the Shaw family was, from generation to generation, dispensed within these hoary walls. It was here the loyal Sir John assembled his tenantry, and marched to the assistance of the second Charles, who was then engaged in a fierce struggle with Cromwell for the crown. At the bloody fight of Worcester, on September 3, 1651, the Greenock lads did veomen's service in the royal cause, although at length, with the whole army, they were compelled to flee. In after times, and probably in consequence of the ingratitude of the said

Charles, a change came over the spirit of the Greenock laird and that of his retainers. About 100 men from Greenock and Cartsdyke joined the Duke of Argyle in 1715, when he resisted the friends of the Stuart family in their attempts to overthrow the reigning dynasty. At the same time a large body of the townspeople were under arms, keeping watch on the movements of the cateran Rob Roy, who threatened to make a descent from the Cardross shore, for the purpose of plundering the district. It appears, indeed, that the bold outlaw alluded to was in the habit, both before and after this period, of crossing the Frith with his gillies, and helping himself to whatever suited his fancy in the shape of gudes and gear. It is satisfactory to learn, however, that the reiving scoundrel occasionally met with a warm reception from the townsfolk, and was glad to make his escape toom-handed. The old mansion of Greenock continued to be the residence of the family of Shaw, and latterly of their lineal descendants, the Shaw Stewarts, until 1754, when the family removed to Ardgowan, which still continues their favourite seat.

Adjacent to the mansion, and on the same elevated level, but a little to the westward, is Wellpark, a spacious and beautiful area for exercise and recreation, which has also been handsomely gifted to the townspeople by Sir Michael Shaw Stewart. This noble esplanade anciently formed part of the policies attached to the baronial residence immediately adjoining. Around the sides it is adorned in several places by rows of fine old trees, while a profusion of shrubbery has recently been planted over the grounds. In extent the park may be, guessing in a rough way, about from six to eight acres. It is covered with the most luxuriant green sward, and is intersected in every direction with fine gravel walks, having seats at convenient distances for the accommodation of promenaders. In one corner there is a quaint-looking old well, having the armorial bearings of the Shaw family carved upon its sides, with the letters "H. H. S." curiously blent together, and the date of 1629. The authorities of Greenock, with a praiseworthy appreciation of the princely liberality displayed by the donor of the grounds, have expended considerable sums in their improvement and decoration. Everything about them is arranged with the greatest taste, while it is evident, from the aspect of neatness which pervades every nook and corner, that the greatest attention is paid to such operations as are necessary for the preservation of the amenities. Several fine prospects of the town, we may also mention, and of the neighbouring Frith, are obtained from various parts of the park, which altogether must be regarded as a privilege of no ordinary value by the denizens of the town. Few communities of equal size, indeed, are so fortunate in regard to places of recreation as Greenock is at the present time. For this, as we have already stated, she is primarily indebted to the generosity and public spirit of the Baronet of Ardgowan.

After making a brief inspection of the Park, we descend the brae, and at once proceed along the main thoroughfare of the town, in a westerly direction. Passing the Middle Kirk, a handsome edifice, with an elegant spire, occupying one side of a spacious square, the aspect of the locality gradually improves. The West End in Greenock, as elsewhere, asserts a decided superiority. The streets are more cleanly and agreeable in appearance—the buildings being generally of a superior description; while there is a marked improvement in the sanitary condition of the atmosphere. The smoke with which Cartsdyke is begrimed, and the dubious odours by which "the heart of the town" is so grievously haunted, are unknown at the "West End." which, with its snug cottages along the shore and its regular lines of architecture creeping up the adjacent braes, is really a very pleasant place of abode. Some of the more recent streets, indeed, present most beautiful vistas of the Gourock shore, and of the broad Frith, with its magnificent boundaries of mountain and glen. It is unfortunate for Greenock

that strangers who make their approach to it by the railway, or who merely pass through its streets from the terminus to the quay, are apt to be prejudiced to its disadvantage by the unprepossessing appearance of its eastern and central portions. Yet to those who linger in its precincts as we have done, and who visit its fairer quarters, Greenock presents many aspects of loveliness. It also possesses many attractions in the shape of creature comforts and intellectual appliances, which are unknown at the more fashionable summer resorts of our saut-water citizens.

Turning aside to the right of the thoroughfare along which we have been pursuing our westerly way, a walk of a hundred yards or so brings us to the gateway of the West Churchyard. The key is deposited in an adjacent house, and we readily obtain admission to "the field of graves," which is of considerable extent, and thickly studded with headstones, monuments, and other records of departed mortality. The old church (the original place of worship of the people of Greenock, when Greenock formed but one parish) is situated at the eastern extremity of the enclosure. It is a plain edifice, apparently about a century and a-half old, irregular in outline, and surmounted by a small belfry. Of late it has been deserted, by preacher and congregation, for a more spacious and fashionably constructed house of prayer. Already it begins to wear a desolate and ruinous appearance. The windows are shivered and paneless, permitting free ingress to the winds and the rain. We hear the sparrows chattering among the empty pews as we pass; and on peeping into the interior, which we do for a minute or two, everything wears a dank and gousty look, which contrasts painfully with the spectacle which the place presented when we were last under the roof of the venerable building. At that time it was filled with an attentive congregation, the music of psalms resounded within its walls, and the voice of the minister was heard giving utterance to the glad tidings. We were then a little boy, and our attention was attracted by a

mimic ship suspended from the roof, which we were told, in a solemn whisper from one we loved, was to remind the worshipping throng that their prayers were requested for those "who had gone down to the sea in ships." Many a heart was doubtless there which needed not the remembrancer: but to our mind the circumstance was peculiarly affecting. and we have never forgotten the lesson which it conveyed. How different is the scene which now meets our gaze! how different the sounds which now fall upon our ear! The walls are damp and weather-stained, the thick dust lies heavy on pulpit and pew, and the murmur of the winds, as they play unchecked in the crevices, seems to mourn over a glory which has departed. We think of those who were then by our side, but who have now entered upon their rest; and our heart, like "a muffled drum," beats thick as we recross the threshold, and enter the sunshine which brightens the auld kirkvard.

The West Church burying-ground is enclosed by a high stone wall, which gives it a half-secluded aspect, although it is nearly surrounded by houses and workshops of various kinds. The area, unless where covered with monumental erections, is mantled with rank verdure, and around the margin it is adorned in various places with recently planted shrubbery and trees. It is deficient, however, in those rugged old specimens of ash and elm which seem so appropriate to the home of the dead, and which lend so grateful a shade to those who, like ourselves, delight to meditate among the tombs. For people of such doleful taste there is abundant food for reflection in the space before us. The dead of all ages and conditions are here. These parallel stones mark the place of sepulture where the father and grandfather of James Watt are laid, with their wives and many of their kindred. The more ancient of the two informs us, that the grandsire of the great engineer was "professor of the mathematicks in Cartsdyke." The other, as the legend imports, was placed here by James Watt himself, to

the memory of his parents, and that of a beloved brother. A little distance to the westward of this hallowed spot we are once more brought to a pause beside an honoured grave. It is that of John Wilson, author of "The Clyde," a descriptive poem of genuine excellence, and one to which we are indebted for many an apt quotation. Good old John! thou hast often been our companion in spirit by wood and wild; we have crooned thy lines full oft amongst the very scenes which thy genius best loved to depict; we have sat for long, long hours of summer with thee on the banks of that stream which thy song has rendered sacred, and we have cherished thy memory for its dear sake. Instinctively our hat rises from off our head, as reverently we stoop to scan thy honoured epitaph. We read as follows from the flat stone which roofs thy narrow home:—

"Here are deposited the remains of Mr. John Wilson, Master of the Grammar School in Greenock, who died on the second day of June, 1789, in the 69th year of his age. His life was an example of the superiority of knowledge over wealth; for though comparatively in an obscure station, he enjoyed the friendship of many emment and enlightened characters, whose esteem and converse were to him more than an equivalent for the want of fortune. His colloquial and literary talents, in which unaffected simplicity was united with exquisite humour, and profound learning with elegant poetical genius, rendered him worthy of their society. As an instructor of youth he was equally skilful and kind; in his intercourse with the world he was upright and friendly; in his domestic relations most tender and affectionate."

In the same grave are deposited the remains of his wife, Agnes Brown, who survived him about ten years.

Such is the posthumous tribute, and a high one certainly it is which has been paid to the memory of the poet by the people among whom for so many years he dwelt. One would naturally imagine, on reading such a splendid encomium upon his character and genius that the good folks of Greenock must have been particularly proud of the natural abilities and the educational acquirements of their gifted teacher. The very reverse, however, seems to have been the case. At the time Wilson, who was a native of Lanark, finished his principal poem, "The Clyde," he was a teacher in Rutherglen, and his appointment to the Grammar School of Greenock in 1767, was conferred upon him on the express condition

that he renounced entirely "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." To this bitter humiliation the necessities of the poor poet compelled him to submit, and from that time forth he seems to have cut altogether the acquaintance of the Castalian ladies. The iron entered into his soul indeed, and we find him at a late period of his life still fretting under its pangs. In a letter to his son, written in 1779, he says,-"I once thought to live by the breath of fame; but how miserably was I disappointed, when, instead of having my performance applauded in crowded theatres, and being caressed by the great—for what will not a poetaster, in the intoxicating delirium of possession, dream !-I was condemned to bawl myself to hoarseness among wayward brats, to cultivate sand, and wash Ethiopians for all the dreary days of an obscure life, the contempt of shopkeepers and brutish skippers." This is surely a sufficiently painful glimpse into the feelings of the dependent and down-trodden bard. Dr. Leyden, in narrating this circumstance, waxes exceedingly indignant at the good people of Greenock for thus placing the bushel of bigotry and intolerance on the sacred light of genius. It was in very truth a sorry sight, The Greenock authorities, however, were not one whit less liberal than the great majority of their countrymen at the period. The "rigidly righteous" were then rampant in the land. Only a few years previously Home was driven from his church for writing the beautiful tragedy of "Douglas;" about the same time, the Glasgow Magistrates put Mr. Blackburn in jail for merely taking a Sunday walk; and the records of our kirksessions, if examined, would reveal such doings, over the length and breadth of Scotland, as would keep the Greenock folk abundantly in countenance, although they might well put us all to the blush for the intolerance of our sires. Robert Burns was the first to grapple with the gaunt genius of cant which then prevailed. With a master hand he unveiled the mysteries of hypocrisy and bigotry, while he flashed the lightnings of his scorching satire athwart the fearful hollows of sour-faced sectarian zeal. Thanks unto him, we shall have no more John Wilson's gagged with a crust of bread on the blasphemous pretext of doing God service.

But "soft you now, the fair Ophelia!" We are approaching the grave of Highland Mary. Hall it been possible for the bard of Coila to have accompanied us to this hallowed spot, his big heart would have beaten with fondest recollection, and his black lustrous eyes would have glittered with the salt drops of sorrow. A sweet episode in the troubled life of the poet was his brief intercourse with that simple mountain girl. Shadows have gathered round the narrative of their connection, since both have left the scene, but her name remains without a single stain; and if we may judge of his feelings with regard to her from the songs in which her memory is embalmed, they were of the purest and most ennobling kind:—

"Wi' mony a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender,
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
That wrap my Highland Mary."

In sending the most affecting song from which we extract the above verse, to Thomson, Burns says, "The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity." Recent revelations seem to prove that the poet was not so young when the passage occurred, but there can be no doubt that it was one which affected him deeply, and which he long continued to cherish in his heart of hearts.

The last resting-place of Highland Mary is situated at the western extremity of the burying-ground, within a few feet of the wall by which it is bounded. For many years the spot was all unmarked, save by a diminutive and somewhat quaint-looking headstone, on which was carved the efficies

of a carpenter's tools, with the following inscription:-"This burying-place belongs to Peter M'Pherson, ship-carpenter in Greenock, and Mary Campbell, his spouse, and their children, 1760." It was in the house of the said Peter M'Pherson, whose wife was a cousin of the poet's sweetheart, that the latter died, she having been on a visit to her relatives at the time of the melancholy occurrence. In process of time, as the fame of Burns strengthened and extended, every scene associated with his memory became as hallowed ground to his countrymen. The place of his birth, and the locality where he died and was buried, were crowded from year to year with admiring pilgrims. The grave of his Highland lassie was also visited by many for the sake of him whose love she had reciprocated, and who after her early death had so beautifully sung her tcarful praises. At length it was suggested that a monument should be erected over the spot where her ashes were laid. The scheme was submitted to the public, and ultimately a sufficient sum was subscribed to defray the cost of a neat structure. The workmanship was entrusted to our townsman, Mr. John Mossman, whose excellent artistic productions contribute so materially to the adornment of our local "cities of the dead." The monument, which was formally inaugurated on the 25th of January, 1842, consists of a tall and elegantly formed slab, on which are carved a group representing the parting of the lovers, surmounted by a figure of Grief hanging over a vase, on which is inscribed the simple name of "Mary." Beneath the figures are the two lines .-

## "Oh, Mary, dear departed shade, Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

At the base is the little old-fashioned headstone, with its rude carvings, which originally marked the lair of Peter M'Pherson, and which, with commendable taste, has been permitted to remain uninjured. The plot on which it stands is now, contrary to what it was a few years ago, neatly kept, and is shaded by some recently planted shrubs. A pheno-

menon similar to that observed at the grave of Burns is also visible here. There is actually a beaten footpath from the entrance of the church-yard to the narrow abode of poor Mary Campbell. That brown pathway winding among the tombs is more suggestive than aught that we could say, with regard to the estimation in which the memory of Burns and his Highland Mary is held by the people of Scotland.

But time does not linger, even within the precincts of the auld kirkyard, and as the day is rapidly wearing to its wane we must depart. Adjacent to the West Church is the extensive shipbuilding establishment of the Messrs. Scott. Taking a passing peep into the spacious area, where vessels in every stage of advancement are in busy preparation for their advent on the deep, we are shown an interesting relic of the past, in the shape of a gigantic piece of ordnance (half buried in the earth), which once did service on board one of the stately war-ships of the great Spanish Armada. The story of this time-honoured gun is briefly told in an inscription upon a brass plate, which is attached to one of its sides. It is as follows:-" The famous Spanish Armada sailed to conquer England in the year 1588, under the command of the Duke of Medina. The fleet was scattered in a tempest, and many of the ships were wrecked on the western islands of Scotland. This gun, saved from the wreck of one of these ships, was brought to Greenock, and placed on the West Quay, built in the year 1710, where it remained for one hundred years. Mr. Scott having purchased all the materials of that quay from the magistrates of Greenock, on the improvement of the harbour, the gun was by him placed here; not for the destruction of ships, but as a holdfast to convey them for repairs safely in and out of dock. Building-yard, Greenock, 1810. Calibre of gun, 12-pounder; circumference at breach, 3 feet 6 inches; length of gun, 8 feet 3 inches; circumference at muzzle, 2 feet 31 inches." Notwithstanding the tear and wear which the ancient destroyer must have undergone, both from the tooth of time and from its being used as a "holdfast," it still presents a sturdy trunk, and bids fair to keep its ground for centuries.

Perambulating the labyrinths of the town in various directions, we visit in succession a number of the public establishments, many of which are well deserving of notice. The Mechanics' Institution is a handsome edifice, fitted up with all the means and appliances of popular adult education. The tables of the reading-room are well supplied with newspapers and other periodicals, while the walls are garnished with a valuable collection of phrenological casts, apparatus, and objects illustrative of natural history, &c. An extensive library is attached to the institution, and on glancing at the catalogue we are pleased to observe that the selection of books is in every respect admirable. lecturing-hall is equally elegant and comfortable—the platform, which is at one end of the apartment, being adorned with busts of James Watt and Mr. Wallace of Kelly, while a beautiful model of a full-rigged yacht hangs from the opposite wall. On the whole, the institution, so far as we could judge from a cursory inspection, appears to be exceedingly creditable to the working men of Greenock, and we sincerely trust that a large section of them take advantage of its privileges. If such is really the case, however, it is different, we are sorry to say, from our experience in other quarters. In Union Street, a pleasant, retired thoroughfare in the west end of the town, is situated a handsome structure, known as the Watt Memorial. This building was erected at a cost of £3,000, by the late Mr. Watt of Soho, son of the great improver of the steam-engine, for the reception of a beautiful statue of his father, which was executed by Chantrey -the cost having been raised by a public subscription. The statue is placed in a central compartment on the ground floor. It is of pure white marble, and is an exact counterpart of that with which our readers are already familiar in George Square, Glasgow. On the front of the pedestal is

the following inscription, from the pen of the late Lord Jeffrey:-

"The Inhabitants of Greenock have erected this statue of James Watt, not to extend a fame already identified with the miracles of steam, but to testify the pride and reverence with which he is remembered in the place of his nativity, and their deep sense of the great benefits his genius has conferred on mankind. Born 19th January, 1736. Died at Heathfield, in Staffordshire, August 25, 1819."

On the right of the pedestal is a shield containing the arms of the town, and on the left are carved representations of strength and speed. A likeness of the elephant adorns the back, a figure suggestive of Jeffrey's fine simile of the steam-engine, that, like the trunk of the animal referred to, is equally adapted to lift a pin or to rend an oak. On the walls around are portraits of John Galt, author of the Annals of the Parish, who resided many years in Greenock, and who ultimately died and was buried there, of James Watt, Henry Bell, the pioneer of steam navigation on the Clyde, and others. There is also a manuscript survey of the Clyde by Watt, and a letter by his son announcing his intention of erecting the present edifice. The Watt Memorial is principally devoted, however, to the reception of the Greenock Public Library. Its walls are accordingly so extensively lined with tomes of every size and shape, that the sight of them would have dumfoundered even such a bookworm as Dominie Samson, and compelled him to an audible utterance of his favourite "Pro-di-gi-ous!"

A short distance to the southward of the Watt Memorial is the beautiful new cemetery of Greenock, and thither, after a brief inspection of the institution alluded to, we wend our way. The cemetery spreads over a gentle elevation, which commands a variety of delightful prospects. The grounds are nearly twenty-two acres in extent, and are intersected in every direction by upwards of four miles of carriage-way and walk. Large sums have been expended from time to time by the authorities in the adornment of this lovely place of burial. Trees and shrubs of the richest and rarest species are profusely introduced wherever they are calculated to

produce a happy effect, while there is no end of the herbaceous plants which embellish the parterres and borders. Many of these are in bloom at the period of our visit; and, while we are threading the mazes of this city of the silent, it is with difficulty we can realize the idea that we are treading over the ashes of departed mortality. One is rather tempted, indeed, to the study of botany by the nodding blooms around, than to speculations on those who "sleep the sleep that knows no breaking" in the dark chambers below. Yet there are promptings to solemn musing in the flower of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is gone for ever. The withered leaf and the falling petal are beautiful but striking monitors of doom. They also are preachers, and the lesson they inculcate is that of Israel's wise king, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"We die even as the flowers, And we shall breathe away Our lives upon the chance wind, Even as they."

As we gradually, by many a winding sweep, ascend the hill, it is evident that there are already many tenants in the narrow mansions of the cemetery. Headstones and monumental erections are rising thickly in every direction, each with its own little legend of sorrow. Some of these mementoes of departed friendships are very tasteful and elegant, while others are rather flaunting manifestations of pride than chaste records of bereavement. On the summit, where it is intended, we understand, to raise a gigantic monument in memory of Greenock's greatest son, James Watt, a considerable space is still permitted to remain in all its native wild-The broom and the whin are here seen intermingled with the crimson of the heath-bell, while the lilac blossoms of the eyebright blend exquisitely with the deep blue of the bellflowers and the golden luxuriance of the hawkweeds and the lady's bedstraw. Some of our prettiest wild flowers, indeed, are indigenous to this spot, which altogether presents a not unpleasing contrast to the cultivated flora of the lower

terraces. But let us scan the landscape which is spread before us in the rich vellow radiance of an autumnal afternoon. At our feet the town of Greenock stretches away along the shore, "sleeping in its smoke," as the poet says, "like a monster in its own thick breath." Beautiful is the upward glance of the river, with Dumbarton and Dumbuck in the distance, and Cardross, with all its darkening woods and vellowing slopes intervening on the farther shore. Turning by slow degrees from east to west, we have still the glittering Frith, with its ships and its steamers in motion or asleep, its birds and its shadows, and its long arms thrust far into the hollows of the mountain land beyond. On the shore immediately opposite gleam the snowy lines of Helensburgh cottages and villas Roseneath, Kilcreggan, Cove, Kilmun, and Dunoon, are each but simple features of beauty in the marvellous scene, which like a fairy picture is now spread out in all its loveliness before us. 'Tis a subject for the pencil, however, rather than for the pen, and we turn to the south where the Greenock braes swell rapidly to the horizon. There is ample scope for a long day's rambling amidst these "heighs and howes," and more than one happy day we have spent among their recesses. A bird's-eye "glower" is all we can devote to them at present. Their outlines, however, are familiar to every one who has passed along the Frith, so that there is the less need of anything like a minute description. The most remarkable feature is the course of the Shaws rivulet, by which the town is abundantly supplied with water, and the machinery of numerous mills is impelled with unceasing regularity. From our present position we can trace the channel in all its downward windings, and observe the various industrial establishments with which it is beaded. This is one of the most remarkable efforts of engineering which the country can boast. The Shaws Water, which formerly debouched into the Clyde at Inverkip, is collected into a vast reservoir in the bosom of the hills. From thence it is ingeniously conveyed by an

artificial aqueduct, several miles in length, to the brow of the range before us, from whence it is gradually precipitated to the level of the town below, performing an immense amount of labour at every step, and ultimately contributing to the culinary and lavatory wants of the inhabitants. One of the wheels which is impelled by the descending stream is of gigantic size, and is reckoned one of the sights of the locality. This grand undertaking, which has materially advanced the prosperity and comfort of the community, was designed and executed in 1827, for an association called the Shaws Water Company, by Mr. Robert Thom, at a cost of £52,000. It is indeed a proud monument of mechanical genius and skill.

But, while we sit and gaze, our shadows are lengthening in the declining sun, and the hour of the last train is rapidly approaching. Descending from our lofty position, we retrace our steps into the town, which we reach after a few minutes' leisurely walk. A most hospitable reception awaits us in the domicile of our friend and cicerone. In the enjoyment of his good things, and in the examination of his books, &c., over which we have some genial crack, the little space of time which we can now call our own is soon spent. When we arrive at the spacious and most commodious terminus, the train is on the eve of starting, and we have barely time to shake hands when the final signal is given, and we are careering homeward with the speed of the wind through a delicious autumnal gloaming.

## GOUROCK AND INVERKIP.

It is now the very noon of summer—the season of brightest sunshine in the fields, of deepest shadow in the woods. Every wayside is now a study of scented beauty, every dell a haunt of joyous sounds. The winds, as they play in mimic surges over the green corn, or linger among the purpled meadows, or steal athwart the bloomy ridges of the bean, are redolent of odours that for sweetness might well have come from the spicy vales of "Araby the blest." Soft and low are the murmurs of the shrinking streams, as they creep in lazy and tedious windings beneath the fierce radiance of July, or shelter themselves from his beams among the flickering shadows of some friendly wood, or seek a cooling refuge in the deeper recesses of some sun-defying glen. There is sunshine on the hills, sunshine on the waters, sunshine everywhere, and the landscape, as Tennyson well expresses it, is absolutely "winking through the heat." There is also a golden smile of summer on the city, which, like a panting monster, lies sweltering in its own fetid breath. Blazing shafts of day even pierce the duskiest vennels and closes, where misery and vice have their homes, and where sunshine but seldom finds an entrance. Thanks to our noble river. however, and to the facilities of transit which modern science has provided, there are now comparatively few amongst us who may not go forth to revel in the enjoyment of caller air, and to enrich their minds with memories of the beautiful. A day at the coast is now a cheap luxury, and who that can find a snatch of time, or has a stray shilling or two to spare but would gladly avail themselves of the privilege? The



GOUROCK.



children of toil cannot have their cottages by the shore, it is true, as the wealthier classes have, but their stolen visits to the sunny Frith are probably enjoyed all the more from the rarity with which they occur, and we doubt not they are, at the same time, more vividly remembered.

Let the reader imagine himself by our side, upon a sweet summer morning, making our way across the quay of Greenock to the roaring steamer which impatiently awaits our coming. The train from Glasgow has just arrived, and a blithe, but somewhat motley, stream of "saut water" people are hurrying, helter-skelter, to the blowing monster, whose hour is come, and which is evidently straining upon the leash in eagerness to be off. Soon the last item of the living cargo is safely deposited on board, the cable is thrown loose, the funnel suddenly waxes silent, and its white steamy mane becomes darkened with smoke, a spasmodic plunge is heard on either side, and through the churning waters we are gliding on our way. Leaving Greenock on our lee, with its docks, and its shipping, and its building-yards, and its wilderness of smoking chimneys, we meet the fresh sea-winds, which come as if in kindness to fan our glowing faces. How delicious the sensation to such half-baked townlings as ourselves, who, through these scorching days of highest summer, have been "in populous city pent," and quite exposed to all the pitiless peltings of this truly tropical July! How we yearned, while panting under his hot rule, for the cool rippled Frith, with its balmy breezes and its lazy ships, and its glancing birds, which flit about in the sunshine like snowy things of winter, or breast the dancing waves like shreds of the "saut sea faem!" Memory haunted us then with visions of past delight. And now reality is once again before usbefore us spreads the sunny Frith, with its long lines of cottages gleaming on the shore; with its yawning lochs all agape, and its brown hills rising in majesty to the sky. Vessels with huge bellying sails are coming and going on the watery way; steamers are passing eagerly to and fro; and,

as usual, at the "Tail o' the Bank," that field of many farewells and many a blithe return, a scattered group of shipping is riding at anchor, each tall bark with its tapering and uncanvassed spars,

## "As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean."

But let us glance at the shore along which we are gliding. Greenock, it will be seen, sends down a lengthened line of comfortable houses in this direction. As in other towns, the wealth and the comfort, the rank and the fashion, have here an obvious tendency to the setting sun. To the east, Greenock has her suburb of Cartsdyke, with its useful but smoky and filth-producing industries, but here all is tidy and tasteful in the extreme, while there is an air of beinness over all which sufficiently indicates an abundance of the good things of this life. Verily, they are wise men who come from the east. As we proceed downwards, the range of hills which runs parallel to the shore, approximates more nearly to the water, and at its base we have a large edifice of somewhat peculiar achitecture, and rather morose in its general aspect. This is a charity of recent origin, and designed, as we understand, for the reception of aged and reduced masters of vessels belonging to the ports of Greenock, Dumbarton, and somewhere else. As in other cases of a similar nature, a large proportion of the funds has been swallowed up in the erection of a palatial edifice, and it is whispered-whether truly or not, we shall not undertake to say—that comparatively little remains to carry out the charitable intentions of the founder. It is also said that the privilege of admission is so hedged about with restrictions, that very few, indeed, can ever be entitled to the enjoyment of its benefits, whatever these may be. Its tenants are consequently few, and for a considerable time after its completion it had neither governor nor governess, and was to all intents and purposes "a house to let." It has now been provided with a governor, however, but, from the causes we have mentioned, there

is too much reason to fear that his duties cannot be particularly onerous. Pity it surely is, that an ill-judged extravagance should thus fetter the open hand of charity, and degrade into a monument of folly what must have been designed as a lasting source of practical benevolence. A little farther on, and close to the beach, is the famous Fort Matilda, a plain and rather contemptible-looking erection, which was intended by some military wiseacre as the principal defence of the Clyde in the event of an invasion being attempted. Thanks to our wooden and to our iron walls, we are not likely to be subjected for some time to a hostile visit, but should such unfortunately ever occur, we shall certainly have little faith in the defensive capabilities of such a paltry bulwark. It is well for us that we can still say with Campbell—

"Britannia needs no bulwark—
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave—
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native cak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
While the stormy winds do blow."

But rounding its eastern shoulder, we now enter the beautiful bay of Gourock, which, like a huge half-moon, is spread in one bold yet graceful sweep before our gaze. The tide is at the full, and the lipping billows seem absolutely desirous of kissing the tempting fringe of grass. The water is all alive with boats, and women and children are lounging in idlesse on the shore. The town, which is situated on the western haunch of the bay, has a most pleasing effect from the water, as it is seen with its church and its castellated mansion, and its tower-crested hill swelling proudly beyond. The houses are mostly ranged along the shore, or straggling to slight elevations on the rising ground behind. In a finely wooded recess to the south, and surrounded by gardens and green lawns, is the mansion of General Darroch, the principal local proprietor and grandce par excellence of the neighbourhood. The structure, which is rather plain and unim-

posing, was erected about the middle of last century, near the site of the old Castle of Gourock, which was then entirely demolished. At Kempock Point, the western shoulder of the bay, is the wharf, a commodious and modern erection, which occupies the site of an older structure of the same kind which had existed from time immemorial. Here our steamer comes to a pause, and we make our way to terra firma. As usual at the watering places, where time seems to hang heavily on the hands of the habitues, there is here a pretty numerous muster of idle spectators, to scan the new arrivals, and take cognizance of all that passes. There are, indeed, crowds of ladies, old, young, and middle-aged, with parasols and "uglies," and round masculine hats, on the look-out for expected papas and brothers, and, haply, in some cases, for even more tender connections. What pretty little sentimental welcomes are going on around us, with silver laughters, and badinage, and "blude-red" blushings! There is also a perfect swarm of "bairns-maids," with chubby pledges in their arms, and tawny juveniles holding fast by their gowns, but with all their eyes about them in search of pater familias, and ready to start to assist that blessed individual with their services in carrying the pregnant carpetbag, or some one of the many parcels with which he is loaded like a very porter. There is also a sprinkling of veritable natives, who do not seem to be "very thrang at hame," but who are quite ready to make themselves generally useful, of course in the hope of thereby earning "a consideration." A stray dog or two, and a detachment of indigenous children complete the picture, which, on the whole, is one of considerable bustle and cheerfulness.

Making our way from the quay, we seek a few minutes' rest and a modicum of refreshment in the small change-house of our old friend John Hall, a well known and much respected resident of the village, and a bit of a wag to boot. The landlord's laugh and the landlord's joke ever lend an increased zest to the wee drap. Mr. Hall, speedily and with

a blithe word or two, brings ben the bread and cheese, with a weel-tappit hen, which we shall leave the readers to discuss at their leisure, while we take a brief retrospective glance at the past of Gourock. The history of the locality, however, presents but few features of particular interest. The lands of Gourock, at an early period, formed part of the barony of Finnart, which was then in the possession of the great Douglas family, who, it is well known, held for centuries the lion's share of Scotland. Their vaulting ambition, however, having ultimately "o'erleaped itself," in the fifteenth century, their broad lands were forfeited and conferred upon a variety of hungry favourites of the crown, among whom was Stewart of Castlemilk, who was put in possession of the estate of Gourock. It afterwards continued in the hands of the Stewarts until 1784, when it was sold to Duncan Darroch, Esq., whose son, or grandson, we are not very sure which, still rejoices in the lairdship. The bay of Gourock has been long held in high esteem as a safe and commodious harbour for all kinds of shipping. Long before Greenock or Port-Glasgow had begun to lift their heads in pride, as important commercial communities, the merits of Gourock were known and recognized by the great ones of the land. This will be rendered evident by an extract from the law records of 1494, from which it appears that James, the fourth of that name, engaged to sail from this port on an expedition to the Western Isles, for the purpose of reducing certain wild clans of M'Leans and Macdonalds to order. The document alluded to is in the form of an indenture or bond, which was entered into on the king's side by the redoubted Sir Andrew Wood and others, and on the other side by "Nicholas of Bour, maister under God, of the schip Verdour." In this it was stipulated "that Nicholas sall, God willing, bring the said schip Verdour, with stuff for them as officers, to the Goraike on the west bordour and sey [sea], aucht myles fra Dumbertain or thereby be the first day of the moneth of May nixt to cum, and there the said

Nicholas sall, with grace of God, ressave within the said schip, three hundreth men, bonden for weir [that is to say, accoutred for war], furnist with their vitales, harnes, and artilzery, effeirand to sae mony men, to pass with the King's hienes, at his plessare, and his lieutennentes and deputis, for the space of twa moneths nixt, and immediat followand the said first of May, and put them on land and ressave them again." In all probability, therefore, although tradition is silent on the subject, the hair-brained but most unfortunate monarch, who afterwards fell at Flodden, visited Gourock on this occasion, and embarked in the "Verdour" at its little wharf. The subsequent history of Gourock is a quiet unostentatious record. It has no tales of murder, or battle, or siege. The inhabitants have been for centuries industrious fishermen and artisans, and the red pen of the annalist takes small cognizance of such. In 1694 Gourock was erected into a burgh of barony, with the privilege of holding a market every Tuesday, and two fairs annually. It is also remarkable as the first place in Britain where red herrings were cured; a fact which, we have no doubt, the epicure will appreciate at its proper value Walter Gibson, an enterprising Glasgow merchant, and provost of the city in 1688, was the individual to whom Scotland was indebted for the introduction of this humble, but by no means to be despised. article of diet. The trade, however, has long been discontinued in the locality. Rope-spinning, and the quarrying of Whinstones for pavement, have also been carried on by the inhabitants, as was also, though unsuccessfully, mining for copper ore. For many years the village has been a favourite sea-bathing resort, and for this purpose it is admirably adapted, while the walks in its vicinity are delightfully varied, and command in every direction glimpses of richest scenery. No other place on the coast, indeed, has been so long frequented for saut water purposes as Gourock; and though the modern facilities of transit have tempted many to "fresh fields and pastures new," it still attracts a large proportion

of those money-spending flights which annually leave the precincts of the city, "when summer days are fine."

Last time we were in the domicile of Mr. Hall, we were introduced to an old and intelligent residenter named John Ritchie, who was a kind of living chronicle of the locality, and was familiar with everything that had occurred in it for at least half a century. The old man, alas! has since gone the way of all living, and, we doubt not, has carried with him, into the final bourne, full many a racy anecdote and interesting reminiscence of other days. He had seen the first steamer that ever ploughed the Clyde, and remembered well the excitement which its strange appearance on the bay created among the villagers. Its progress was so slow, he said, that a single rower in a small boat could easily have gone round it. What a contrast to the rapid motions of the modern steamers! At first, the very fly-boats, those prodigies of tardiness, passed the strange creation with jeers and laughter. Improvement trod upon the heels of improvement, however, and the laugh was turned the other way. The fly-boats in the race were "nowhere," and their proprietors began to fear that their occupation was doomed. "A'e day," said old John, "as the 'Comet' was paddling doon the water, she o'ertook a fly that was taigled wi' a cross wind. As the steamer was sliding cannily past, her crew began to jaw the captain o' the fly, and facetiously to order him to come alang wi' his lazy craft." "Get oot o' my sicht," was the indignant answer; "I'm just gaun as it pleases the breath o' God, and I'll never fash my thumb how fast ye gang wi' your blasted deevil's reek!" But old John Ritchie had other and sadder tales of Gourock. He had a most vivid recollection of that awful night when the "Comet" went down, and sixty human beings perished at one fell swoop, within a few yards of the shore. This melancholy occurrence, if our memory serves us right, took place either in 1825 or 1826. The "Comet" was on her return from the Highlands, and while about to round Kempock Point in the dark, was run

into by another steamer, and almost immediately thereafter went to the bottom. Mr. Ritchie, along with others, was engaged in recovering the bodies for several days, and the pictures of death which he could draw in his own homely way were sufficiently appalling. Showing us the spot, which is just round the Point, he remarked-"Lod, I never look into that blue water yet, and it's lang, lang bye now, but I think I see their cauld, purply faces an' their stark staring e'en, coming surging to the tap. Oh, it's perfectly gruesome!" He also spoke of another disastrous collision which occurred a little farther down the coast. The ill-fated vessel on that occasion was the "Catherine," of Iona, which was run down by a steamer in 1822, when forty-two persons, out of fortysix who were on board, were lost. A considerable number of the bodies were recovered, and, along with those taken from the "Comet," they now rest in the burying-ground of Gourock, a small enclosure which is situated at the south end of the village. John Ritchie also sleeps there, in silent communion with those whose ashes he rescued from the waves. There are many who will miss his "old familiar face" in the locality where he was so long known and respected.

There is little of a noticeable nature in the village of Gourock. The older portions, extending round the western side of the bay, are, for the most part, of the plainest architecture, and consist of two-storeyed houses of the most homely aspect. There are also a few villas, of recent erection, and of greater pretensions to taste. The drainage in this quarter is said to be defective, and, whether justly or not, we have heard the lord of the manor bitterly blamed for neglecting the sanitary requirements of the feuars. It is at the west end of Gourock, however, that its finer features are to be seen, and where the rank and fashion of its migratory population most do congregate. In former times, Kempock Point was a bare and sterile promontory, free from buildings, and forming, as it were, the boundary of the

village in that direction. It is very different now. Gradually the houses have crept over the Point, and extended downward in one long and beautiful row to Ashton, where Sir M. Shaw Stewart has said to the builder, "hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." Stopped thus in their downward march by an adverse landlord's fiat, the seekers for sites are looking up-hill, and a number of fine cottages are already perched in commanding situations on the bosom of the brae.

On our way to Inverkip we shall have a passing glance at Ashton; but, in the meantime, we must introduce our readers to old "Granny Kempock." This is the local designation of an upright slab of rock which from time immemorial has occupied a prominent position on the ridge of the Point. The houses have interfered with the old lady's "look-out," however, and, unless sought for, she is not unlikely to remain invisible. Indeed, Mr. Robert Chambers, in his Picture of Scotland, published in 1826, specifically mentioned that old "Granny" was then no more. She is still here for all that, and any one who wishes to make her acquaintance may find her, as we do, perched upon an elevation in the rear of one of the houses, taking a sly peep at the Frith, which she has so long overlooked, and ("if a' tales be true") on which she once exerted considerable influence. There is neither inscription nor device on the stone, and the legend which tradition attaches to it is not very well defined. According to one authority, a monk of the olden time earned a good living by giving his blessing on the spot to departing navigators; while others hold that a certain witch, a kind of Norna of the Fitfulhead, set up shop here for the sale of winds to the mariners who frequented the adjoining bay. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that for centuries the "Kempock stone" was believed to exercise a mysterious influence over the winds and the waves. Melancholy evidence of this fact is to be found in the legal records of Scotland; for in 1662 a young

woman named Mary Lamont was actually burnt to death as a witch, for conspiring with others to throw the stone into the sea. According to the confession of the poor creature, which is still extant, and which was in all probability wrung from her by torture, she and some other women, in compact with the devil, "held a meeting at Kempock, where they intended to roll the long stone into the sea, and thereby to destroy boats and ships." For this imaginary offence, as we have said, she was actually put to death at the stake in the eighteenth year of her age. Alas, alas! for poor human nature, when such things were possible; and yet, even in this Scotland of ours, there have been thousands of such sacrifices. Bah! the very thought of it puts us out of temper with old Granny Kempock, and makes us give her an indignant and curt good-bye. Yet there are still witches on Kempock, and dangerous witches too, as our young readers may find to their cost, if they venture hither. Witches with rosy cheeks, and ruby lips, and eyes at which a conflagration might easily be kindled. Said witches may not tumble old stones into the sea for the purpose of sinking our gallant steamers, but they have charms which, unless due caution is exercised, may sink unhappy wretches over head and ears in a sea which shall be nameless. The locality, we are afraid, is still uncanny, so we shall at once be off, nor stand upon the order of our going. So once more, old Granny, good-bye! and if you really have a good wind to spare, let it by all means waft us on our way to Inverkip.

Having taken leave of "Granny Kempock," that lingering relic of an older day, we now enter on our sea-side pilgrimage to the sweet and shadowy seclusion of Inverkip. Ashton, one long line of architectural loveliness, lies before us. This is the fashionable and sea-bathing suburb of Gourock. Gradually it has crept out from the old village on the shoulder of the bay until it is now about a mile in length, and, in summer at least, has a population of greater numerical strength than the parent community. The houses are

generally of the most elegant proportions, and of the most tasteful design, with flower-plots in front, and narrow patches of garden in the rear. Here and there are handsome shops for the sale of those creature-comforts which your well-to-do citizen, whether at home or abroad, knows so well how to appreciate. Bailie Nicol Jarvie always minds the "fleshpots" of his native Saltmarket. There is also something like a kirk, but whether really a kirk or only a school, we cannot tell, and close upon the shore a kind of battlemented terrace, which rejoices in the somewhat ominous name of "Bentley's Folly," and which is said to have owed its existence to an individual who subsequently dropped from affluence into the direct poverty, dying miserably in that last sad refuge of pauperism, the poorhouse. The individual who has thus earned an unenvious posthumous fame is not the first, alas! who has built himself out of house and home; nor is he likely, we are afraid, to be the last. There are many who have still this hunger for stone and lime, and who will yet sacrifice all to its gratification. Wise men, witness poor Scott and Abbotsford, have been guilty of this folly. We know not whether to bless or ban our stars that our wisdom is not likely to be tempted to error in this direction. The want of means to do wrong often preserves people in the paths of rectitude, and enables them to thank Heaven that they "are not as other men." Let this consideration prevent us from flinging a reproach at the memory of poor Bentley, or looking with a too self-complacent pride upon his "Folly."

A pleasant lounge, on such a summer noon as this, is the beach at Ashton. The snowy Frith is before us, with ships, and steamers, and little fairy boats passing to and fro upon its glittering ripple; and sea-birds are flashing in the radiance, as they hover in air or sweep in airy circles over its blue depths. On the farther shore are the white straggling lines that indicate Kilcreggan, and Strone, and the Kirn, with the huge mouth of Lochlong yawning between, and

the brown old mountain ranges rising in stormy grandeur beyond. Around us on the shore are gladsome groups of women and children; some at rest, and some in lazy or in playful motion. Bright eyes are peeping from the open casements of that prettily christened cottage (for the cottages have all pretty poetical names here), and occasionally a merry laugh is heard, or a gush of music comes pouring forth and makes richer the air of noon. There are shadows also in the picture. Pale faces come across our path at times; young faces in which there is no summer; old faces on which the coming winter of death has plainly set its seal. That thin, and wan, and tremulous young man, leaning upon his woeworn mother's arm, is actually shivering in the smile of July; and what a deep, dark meaning there is in that halfsuppressed cough—half-suppressed because of weakness and of pain! Poor broken reed, thy brief tale will soon be told! Ere the first vellow leaf has fallen, thy mother's mission of weary watching will be over, and only the hope which stretcheth beyond time shall be hers. "Mother, I am weak, weak, and want home," he whispers as we pass; and carefully, and tenderly, and slowly, and with such kind offices as only a mother can bestow, she leads him gently back. His home is not far distant.

We must, however, leave these lights and shades behind us. Our way is downward, but (laugh if thou wilt, most suspicious reader) it is the breadth rather than the length of the way which generally troubles us on our travels. We have a special aptitude for digression; and to prove it, ere we have passed Ashton a few hundred yards, and before we have passed "M'Inroy's Point," we propose to turn aside to the left for a short space. Our purpose? A very foolish one, you may think; but neither more nor less than to pay a passing visit to a pretty little dell on the brow of that wooded ridge, and to do devout homage to the queen of the ferns, who every summer holds her court therein. Well, passing this old kiln, and leisurely scaling the heights, a five

minutes' walk brings us to the ante-chamber of her majesty. See how the wild red roses are clustered around the spot, and sweetening the air with their odorous breathings! The foxglove is also here, bending its purpled head, as if doing honour to the cryptogamic queen; while the St. John's wort, and the thistle, and the meadow-sweet, and a very crowd of scented summer things are congregated like a body-guard around the regal presence. We are privileged, however, to enter; and stepping through the blushing throng, we make our way into the balmy dell. How refreshing the shadows of the lady birch, and the hazel, and the alder, while the low sweet trickle of the burnie, "as ower a rocky scaur it strays," falls gratefully on the ear as we approach, and the yeldrin's plaintive song comes fitfully on the breeze! But, hats off gentlemen! here we are in the very presence of the lovely and stately plant of which we were in search 'The osmunda regalis, or flowering fern, is very rare in Scotland. We have never seen it, indeed, unless in this little dell, although our acquaintance with the bracken family is pretty extensive. In many a glen and by many a stream it has been our lot to wander, but the regal fern we never saw until our steps were led hither by one of the most devoted botanists and one of the warmest-hearted men that ever trod the "west countrie," or-to use a bigger phrase, and that in no irreverent sense -"that ever God made." We love the plant and we love the man all the better for their association in our heart one with another. We are only sorry that he isn't a Scotchman, and that the plant has a greater regard for his country (the "nate little isle") than it has for ours. We are compelled in candour to admit, however-although we cannot on any rational theory account for the fact—that there are actually good plants and good men in other parts of the world than Scotland. But to the osmunda. It is popularly called the flowering fern, but as none of the ferns have any flowers, of course it hasn't. On the summit of the plant, which varies in height in various localities from four to ten feet, are

masses of spores or seed-vessels of a rich yellow or bronze colour, which have all the effect of floral richness, while the fronds or leaf-blades are broad, massy, and deliciously verdant. It is, in truth, a most beautiful plant; and by the lakes of Killarney, where it attains its full altitude, we have no doubt it presents a most imposing appearance. In our fair dell it rises from four to five feet above the surface of the green plateau upon which it has its throne. One poet at least does honour to its beauty, and that poet is Wordsworth. With his words on our lips, we shall take leave of her golden-crowned majesty. They are as follows:—

"Plant lovelier in its own recess Than Grecian Naiad, seen at earliest dawn Tending her fount, or Lady of the Lake, Sole sitting by the shores of old romance."

But wherefore should we take leave of our favourite fern, and of the fairy dell where she holds her court, in the pompous language of the Rydale bard? Is there no familiar Scottish muse to sing her praises in our own sweet doric? In such a spot the veriest worldling might well find a muse; why, then, shouldn't we, who lay the flattering unction to our souls that we are not altogether "of the earth, earthy?" Let us try, by all means, for the amusement of the thing:—

Oh ken ye the dell where the hazel and birk,
Like twa winsome lovers, lean couthic together,
Where the red lippit rose scents the bonnie green mirk,
And the violet blinks sweet as the e'e o' a mither;
Where the burn draps in faem ower the brown-breistit steep,
Where the shifta litts blithe ower his slee-nested eleckin,
Where the winds fauld their wings an 'fa' gently asleep?
'Tis the lane leafy dell o' the yellow-plumed brecken.

Oh ken ye the dell where the first breath o' spring Gars the slaebuss bloom braw in his mantle o' siller, Where the summer loves best a' her treasures to fling, While the wee mirly birds a' are thrang pipin till her y where the sweet laden'd hairst aft in pride sits her doon, A' her sheaves and her red eheckit apples to reckon, While the ripe berries purple her rich yellow goon?

"Tis the lane leafy dell o' the yellow-plumed brecken.

Gae fawn as ye will on the wealthy and great, We ne'er kent the gate o' the palace or castle, Stieve-hearted, unbonding, we'll close wi' our fate, And gie the auld carlin a dainty bit wrastle; But here we will kneel to the wild forest Queen, On this green grassy dais that the sunbeams are flecking, For the fond serf o'n ature our heart aye has been, And nature seems proud o' her yellow-plumed brecken.

Returning to the shore road, we now pursue our westerly course. There is a fine cool breeze from the water, which seems to tempt us gradually onward, while the ripple of the beach falls gratefully upon the ear. There are wanderers also passing listlessly to and fro, as if they knew not what to do with themselves, and who are too evidently tasting the bitter curse of idleness. Alas, for those who come forth to enjoy a few weeks of relaxation from business, but who know nothing of the wonders which nature has so plenteously unfolded by sea and shore! We are very apt to envy the inhabitants of these cozy little cottages, and to say, How happy the individuals must be who can command such pleasant places of abode! But we think not of the demon ennui-the evil spirit of do-nothingness, which too often haunts these sunny spots. There the butterflies are, lounging about in utter listlessness, and counting in sickness of heart the weary hours, and the thrice-weary days, as they pass with tedious steps along. Yet in these shadowy woods, and on that pebbled shore, there are materials sufficient for the study of many years. "M'Inroy's Point," which now lies before us, is a rocky promontory of no great elevation, but demanding attention from the peculiarities of its geological structure, and the strange fantastic forms which the wild waves have worn on its rocky surface. A soft sandstone and a sturdy whin have here been heaved up in dikes together, in some strange convulsion of nature. The sandstone has subsequently been worn away by the ceaseless washing of the waters, while the harder whin has obstinately kept its ground. The result is, that perpendicular walls of the one formation remain, while the other has in a great measure disappeared. The tide has now retired, however, and we can descend below the watermark and scan the diluvial operations of the rising and the falling waters of many ages.

Even the hard rocks of the primitive eras are honeycombed, leaving holes and pots where the lovers of the algae, and of marine zoology, may find abundant specimens of their favourite plants and animals. Each of these little shells is a natural vivarium, where vegetable and animal life may be seen in all the strange varieties which characterize the margin of the great deep On some future day we shall linger over the living wonders of the "littoral zone," as the pathway of the rising and the falling tides is called; but, in the meantime, we must keep within the precincts of terra firma. Passing the "point" we have named, a few hundred vards brings us in front of Leven Castle; and here once more, with the reader's permission, we shall turn for a short space aside. We have a passion for "auld howlet-haunted biggins," and here is one of the prettiest specimens which an antiquary could wish to inspect. It is hidden from the road, however, partly by masses of foliage, and partly by the elegant modern residence of Mrs. Crooks, a lady who generously permits such wayward wanderers as ourselves to spend a passing hour or two in the tower of other days.

Leven Castle is situated on a gentle but commanding site, within a few hundred feet of the Clyde. It must have been a place of considerable strength, in the days when the voice of the cannon was unknown in the land, and such things as mortars and shells were among the improbabilities of human invention The structure consists of two sturdy quadrangular towers, which united, form, as it were, two sides of a hollow square. One of these is ten yards in breadth by twelve in length; the other is only eight yards in either direction. The walls, in some places, are from six to seven feet in thickness, and perhaps from twenty-five to thirty feet in height. Around the summit is a finely finished cornice, which is still in excellent preservation; while the structure generally shows but few symptoms of yielding to the "rains and the winds" of time. The finger of ruin is more observable in the interior. Roofless chambers, and time-worn stairs tell a sad tale of the encroaching elements; while the nettle domesticated on the silent hearth, and the wall-flower nodding in the yawning crevices, are emblems of the utter desolation which reigns in the silent halls of other years. Yet there is a stern beauty even in death. Around this lonely edifice the great mother has wrapped her own green mantle, as if to veil the harsher features of decay.

"Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the ivy green."

Whoever would see the ivy in all its glory must visit Leven Castle. Like a great massy shroud it hangs over the walls, and creeps into each loophole and casement. Without, it is green and glossy, but behind the scenes within, the brown stems are to be seen twisting, and twining, and crawling like the coils and the convolutions of some mighty snake. In at doors, and out at windows, and returning through the gaps and the crevices of decay, are the dark cord-like ligatures of the never-dying ivy.

Standing in the shadow of the rent and crumbling wall, let us ask, who were the inhabitants of this dreary pile before the glory had departed? Who? who? is the question; and echo answers, "who?" Canning's knifegrinder was but a mortal type of Leven Castle. It has no tale to tell, or, at least, only a tale of which a modern gravestone might well be ashamed. From Crawfurd and Semple's History of Renfrewshire, we learn that Leven Castle was anciently a possession of "a family surnamed Morton," which failed in the person of Adam Morton in 1547. It afterwards, with the adjoining lands, passed into the hands of William, Lord Semple, and ultimately became the property of the "Shaw-Stewart" family, which, by fair means or foul (God knows which), has taken unto itself a share of bonnie Scotland which is perfectly "prodigious." Old Semple, writing in 1782, gives the following description of the spot, written in a style which, as our readers will doubtless observe, is somewhat akin to the famous "Groves of Blarney." "The lands," he

says, "are now the property of Sir Michael Stewart of Blackhall, and have been the property of that family for many years. Part of the ruinous old castle is still standing. The land adjoining thereto is of light mould, but fertile and well enclosed between the river Clyde and the mountains; from the top of said mountains is a fine view of Lochlong and the Helie [Holy] Loch, as being opposite thereto. Betwixt the two lochs are all the possible variety of Alpine scenery exhibited; with all the horror of precipice, broken craig, or overhanging rock; or insolated pyramidal hills, contrasted with others whose smooth and verdant sides. swelling into immense aërial heights, particularly what is called Argyle's Bowling-Green, at once please and surprise the eve. The boundary of the tremendous precipitous rocks, with heath vegetating from the numerous fissures, seems to take part with the extremities of the said lochs, clothing their bases even to the water's edge, where small cataracts trickle down thereto. Mountains (the resort of shepherds) close the prospect of these beautiful lochs, and form an amphitheatre almost matchless, with downy fronts and lofty summits." Now, gentle reader, is not that a most pretty picture? Never say, after this, that fine writing is confined to the present age. Our fathers, it appears (at least when a subscriber was to be secured), could do a bit of the grandiloquent as well even as ourselves. Yet the old buffer was, in the main, exceedingly near the truth. Just come and see the prospect from the spot where now we stand, and you will at once forgive the good old historian for his heterogeneous raptures. In recent times Leven Castle, with a number of adjoining acres, has come into the possession of a family named Crooks, who, as we understand, are of Glasgow origin. In their hands everything is preserved in the most tasteful and elegant manner. The old castle, while it is now secured from mischievous dilapidation, is open at all times (Sunday excepted) to the inspection of the passing stranger.

Leaving the old castle behind, we continue our downward

course, and soon reach the Cloch. At this point, which is a landmark on the Frith, there is a stately lighthouse, in the shape of a tall white tower, eighty feet in height, and showing in the night a stationary light of star-like appearance. This elegant structure was erected in 1791, and in clear weather it acts as a beacon to the mariner for a distance of twelve miles. The Cloch is somewhere about four miles north-east from the point of Wemyss, and six miles northeast by east from the point of Toward, where another light sends its radiance over the Frith. The Clyde Trustees have no further jurisdiction on this coast than the Cloch, although the Cumbrae light, which is much farther "out at sea," still owns their surveillance. From the Cloch the coast trends away in a southerly direction, and a fine broad view of the expanding Frith bursts upon the gaze. On the opposite shore, Dunoon, in all its length, with its steeple and its Castle Hill, and its far-spreading cottages, rises pleasantly above the waters, while the brown heights of Cowal swell picturesquely beyond. Seaward is a vast stretch of water, with the isles of Cumbrae, and Bute, and Arran clustering on the horizon, and apparently intercepting the further progress of the swelling Clyde. On the Renfrewshire side, along which we are now journeying, there is a lengthened and dense range of wood approaching close to the beach, and for miles and miles barring the landward prospect. Immediately behind this, as we observe from occasional gaps in the planting, the surface sweeps rapidly upwards into a bare and continuous ridge of trap hills. There are farms also along the slope, with fresh green fields, and cattle-crowded pastures, and comfortable looking homes, scattered here and there each with its own group of old trees leaning kindly over it, and its own wreath of blue smoke curling quietly towards the sky. Along our path, as we pass, the wild red roses are plenteously blooming, while the foxglove peeps at us over the wall, and the tall silken grasses, those lovely though neglected children of the forest and the field, nod gracefully

unto us as we pass, as if in silent recognition of a friendship which owns no recent date. A more enchanting walk than that which we are now threading it is impossible to imagine. Earth, and sea, and sky, indeed, seem each to have contributed their choicest features for its adornment, and the worshipper of the beautiful finds at every step some new combination to excite his gratitude and love. Nor is the eye alone pleased. The cool breezes come with a rich marine aroma from the waters, which are murmuring softly on the fretted beach; and the merry chant of summer birds rings ever in the green recesses of the adjacent wood. A trickling runlet here and there steals across our path, with its own faint lullaby, hastening to the sea; or a tiny spring rises sparkling in the sun, and invites us to a refreshing libation.

Passing Lunderston Bay, a gently curved indentation of the coast, the country opens out into a broad and fertile expanse of woods, and lawns, and fertile fields. The hills retire and separate, forming as it were a spacious amphitheatre, down which the river Kip finds its way to the Frith. Another rivulet, named the Shaws Water, once intersected the same fertile and most beautiful arena, but it has been diverted from its natural channel, and now finds its way into the Clyde at Cartsdyke, after doing an immense amount of drudgery for the Greenock people on the heights above their town. On a fine terrace, in the centre of the spacious amphitheatre we have alluded to, is couched the lordly mansion of Ardgowan. This spacious edifice is completely screened from the view by woods of stately growth, unless in front, where the house looks out upon the Frith, and commands an extensive sweep of its surface and the mountain lands beyond. The grounds around Ardgowan are of great extent and beauty, comprising the most pleasing combination of woods, and lawns, and tree-dotted parks. Many of the individual trees, indeed, are perfect sylvan studies, and of themselves would repay a visit to the locality. In the vicinity of the mansion are the remains of an ancient quadrangular

tower, formerly the residence of the lords of the soil. The date of this sturdy old keep, which promises to bid defiance for a long space yet to the tooth of time, is now unknown. In the troubled times of the Bruce, the fort of Ardgowan was held for some time by the southern invaders—how long we cannot tell, but probably not very long after Bannockburn. The result of that day must have been many an English flitting, and perhaps the unrighteous tenants of Ardgowan were wise enough to take timely advantage of such a red notice to quit. Old Barbour, the poet, tells us expressly that Sir Philip Moubray, after being vanquished by Sir James Douglas, fled to Ardgowan for refuge among his countrymen. The English fugitive, as the old minstrel plainly indicates, came by Kilmarnock and Kilwinning to Ardrossan, and

## "Syne throu the Largis, him alane, 'Till Ennerkyp,"

which, as we are further informed, was "stuffyt all with Inglessmen," who received him "in daynte." We know not that Ardgowan tower is further associated with tradition or history, nor when it was consigned to the bats and the owls by the progenitors of its present lord. It now forms a pleasing and not insuggestive feature in the landscape of which it was once the central object, but which has now been invested with a vastly increased degree of dignity and importance.

Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, the lord of these broad lands, and of several fine estates in other quarters, is lineally descended from Sir John Stewart of Ardgowan, a natural son of Robert the Third, King of Scotland. The royal father was specially bountiful to the ancestor of Sir Michael. On the 20th of May, 1390, he bestowed on him the lands of Achingown; in 1396 he conferred upon him the lairdship of Blackhall, near Paisley; and in 1404 he crowned his regal favours by the lordship of Ardgowan, with its castle and other valuable appurtenances. It was something to have a

king for father in these days, even though the parentage happened to be on the wrong side of the blanket. Nor have the Stewarts of Ardgowan been in any way prodigal of the gifts thus easily obtained. The original lands are still safe in the possession of the family, while by judicious intermarriages, and by no less judicious purchases, the estates have been largely extended. Many of the adjoining lairdships have been from time to time incorporated with the original Ardgowan heritage, and the present fortunate proprietor can, perhaps, boast as handsome a rent-roll as any in the West of Scotland.

Let us now turn to the sweet little village of Inverkip, or Auldkirk as it was long called, and still may be, for aught we know, in the adjacent country. This name it received in consequence of its church having been for centuries the parish place of worship for a large district, which includes within its boundaries the now important town of Greenock, with Gourock and the adjacent farms and villages. Inverkip owes its name to the nature of its site. Kip is a pretty little stream, which here falls into the Frith, and Inver signifies the outlet, or issue of a river. The village is of no great extent, and consists principally of two parallel rows of plain looking edifices, with a few of rather elegant appearance. It has a handsome church of modern erection, the old edifice having been removed some years ago. At a short distance from the church is an old and sequestered church-yard, surrounded by trees, and studded with old and lichen-crusted grayestones. Here also is the mausoleum of the Shaw Stewart family, rising proudly among the humbler houses of the dead, and revelling in a profusion of funereal foliage. A more levely place of rest it is not easy to imagine. most striking peculiarity of Inverkip is its extreme leafiness. Seen from the passing steamer it appears perfectly embowered in woods, and sheltered by hills of the most bosky magnificence. On a closer acquaintance, it loses nothing of its lovely sylvan character. There are trees, and hedgerows,

and gardens everywhere, while the most delicious and varied walks may be enjoyed in its immediate neighbourhood. On the one hand are the glories of the Frith, with its ships and steamers ever coming and going; on the other, a perfect congregation of landscape beauties. A most delightful, and withal somewhat intricate, little glen invites the lounger, in the immediate neighbourhood, to hours of solitary and undisturbed musing. Down this picturesque defile the Kip flows rapidly to the sea, dashing in its course over rocks, and stones, and beautiful cascades, which a painter would love to make his own. Fine walks have been formed along the rugged and leaf-covered banks, and seats are formed for the accommodation of visitors, wherever any feature of peculiar attractiveness may bring them to a pause. Hours and hours have we spent in this sweet secluded vale, and still we felt that its beauties were not half exhausted.

The village of Inverkip has little or no history. It seems, indeed, to have been always very much of a pendicle to the adjoining lordship. It was made a Burgh of Barony before the Union, and obtained the privilege of holding three fairs annually. In former times Inverkip had an unenviable notoriety for its witches. According to an old rhyme,—

"In Inverkip the witches rid thick, And in Dunrod they dwell; The grittest warlock amang them a' Is auld Dunrod himsel."

So bad, indeed, were the witches of Inverkip in 1662, that they caused extreme annoyance to old Ardgowan, and, worthy man, to his reverence the minister. An application was consequently made to the Privy Council, and a Commission was issued to inquire into the matter. The result was, that a large number of cases were brought to light, and several offenders were consigned to the tar-barrel and the stake. A number of the witches made open confession, it appears; but we are not told whether the thumbscrews were used to sharpen their recollections. Most probably they were; at least, it is difficult to believe that any sane being

would voluntarily emit such absurd statements as appears in the published confessions of the poor creatures alluded to. One of them, for instance, Marie Lamont by name, and only eighteen years of age, depones in presence of Archibald Stewart of Blackhall and J. Hamilton, minister at Inverkip, "That she had lived long in the devil's service; and that she and Katrein Scot had taken milk from their neibours' kine by some develish cantrip. She continued further to mention several meetings which she had with the arch-enemy, sometimes in the shape of a black man, and at others in that of a large brown dog." But we must quote the very words of the document, which is still in existence. "She confesses that she was at a meeting in the Bridylinne with Jean King, Kettie Scot, Margrat M'Kenzie, and several others, where the devil was with them in the shape of a brown dog. The end of their meeting was to raise stormy weather and hinder the boats from fishing. She confessed that she and the same party went out to sea, betwixt the land and Arran, to do skaith to boats and ships that sould com alongs. They caused the storm to increase greatly, and did rive the saills of Colin Campbell's ship." The poor creature also confessed to other meetings of the weird sisters and the devil, who occasionally kissed them in the most gallant manner, and even treated them at times to a specimen of his vocal powers. How pitifully absurd is all this; and yet for such ravings hundreds of poor wretches were put to death in a manner which, even to imagine, makes one shudder in perfect horror! Poor Marie Lamont met with no mercy, although she was only eighteen years of age when she accused herself of these impossible crimes. What a sad thing it is to think that such dreadful doings should ever have occurred in so sweet a spot as Inverkip!

## WEMYSS BAY AND LARGS.

Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a warrlor's wish. Right from their native land, the stormy North, May the wind blow, till every keel is fixed Immovably in Caledonia's strand! Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion, And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

HOME'S "DOUGLAS."

In one of his most beautiful and patriotic letters, Robert Burns gives expression to a wish that he might be enabled to make one long and loving pilgrimage to the song-haunted streams and principal battle-fields of his native land. This desire of the bard was only partially gratified. Neither the time nor the means necessary to its accomplishment were allotted to him during his brief but eventful life. By many a "howlet-haunted biggin'," where "the wa' flower scents the dewy air," it was happily his, however, to muse in pensive solitude. By many of the song-hallowed waters of Scotia he was privileged to stray, and on at least one field where freedom was won in blood, that of Bannockburn, he was permitted to muse on the brave days of old, and to revel in the inspiration which such scenes are calculated to excite. The result of that visit was the heart-stirring "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," a strain which has for ever associated the memories of Bruce and of Burns—the patriot hero and the patriot bard. When such was the golden fruit which sprung from one visit to a locality where the battle of liberty was fought and won, who would not wish that other spots of kindred interest had rejoiced in the presence of the ploughman peet? Who would not wish, for instance, that the green

slopes of Largs, where the Norwegian invaders were driven into the sea by our heroic fathers, had been hallowed by the song of his genius? The meed of poetic immortality, indeed, was never better earned than on this elder Bannockburn, where the fierce sea kings of the North were so effectually humbled. The red lesson of that day has never, through all the intervening centuries, required a repetition. Previously to that important epoch in the history of Scotland's independence, our shores were perpetually infested by these fair-headed marauders, but from that time forth they and their descendants have wisely stayed at home. Surely such a subject was in every respect entitled to the recognition of old Coila's muse. Unfortunately, however, Burns never spent a day on that levely and most interesting portion of our coast over which we now proceed in pursuance of our devious pilgrimage.

We have just passed Inverkip-sweet sylvan Inverkip -embosomed in hills, and beautifully enveloped in a farspread and high-swelling surge of foliage. The old castle of Ardgowan is utterly drowned in leaves, while the modern mansion, like a bold swimmer, lifts its head and shoulders for a brief space above the green waves, and then, almost "ere ye can point its place," it dips again from sight. As for the village, it is as completely lost in verdure as a fair girl when she "is low down amang the broom" with her lover ("evil to him that evil thinks"), or playing at hide and seek with her merry mates in a fairy forest of brackens. The Kip, that rich brown wanderer from the moorlands, which "maketh sweet music to the enamelled stones" of many a summer dell, is all unseen in his shadowy course, save that we catch one transient glimpse of his waters just as they are slipping quietly into the bosom of the Frith-"a moment seen, then lost for ever." A delicious picture of sylvan quietude and loveliness, indeed, is that which Inverkip presents to the passing steamer! and surely no one with even a spark of taste in his composition can gaze upon it

without desiring in his heart of hearts to cultivate a closer acquaintance with its beauties. But the Lady Kelburne seems to have no sympathy with our musings upon Inverkip, and while we are thus casting "one longing, lingering look behind," she is pushing on with all her wonted speed and vigour. How gallantly she breasts the whitened ripple, leaving woods, and fields, and headlands, and bays, with all due rapidity, in her rear! The good Lady, be it understood, is bound to kiss the foot of Goatfell before the sun commences his descent, and, therefore, she cannot brook delay. For our accommodation, however, she condescends to pause for a few moments at the neat little wharf of Wemyss Bay, where we bid her for a time good-bye, and make our way to terra firma.

This is a watering-place of modern origin, and as yet of moderate population. The bay upon which the new saut water settlement has been founded, is a lengthened and gentle curve, bounded at either extremity by an old red sandstone promontory of no great elevation, but weather-worn and honeycombed by the action of the waters. A considerable extent of the beach is also composed of the same ruddy formation, intermingled with a coarse conglomerate and dikes of trap, but in several places it relaxes into a kind of rough gravel or shingle, which forms a convenient footing for the bather, and affords an easy launching-place for small fishing boats and other kindred craft. The houses, of which there are little more than a score in all, are principally situated on a level strip of land adjacent to the shore, and closely girt on the landward side by a range of well-wooded heights. There is probably some "method" in the laying out of the infant village, but as yet it has not very clearly manifested itself. The edifices are dropped here and there, with but little apparent attention to regularity, while each is in itself a distinct architectural study. There is no end of cottage designs now-a-days, and every particular laird seems resolved to have something decidedly original in the construction of

his own domicile. Some of the specimens at Wemyss Bay are sufficiently pretty and tasteful, others are abundantly fantastical, while in several instances there is plainness even to a fault. The latter, we may mention, however, are not of the most recent origin, and seem to have been erected before the prevailing mania for quaintness had commenced. On the eastern shoulder of the bay a castellated mansion of some pretensions has just been erected. It is in the old baronial style of Scotland, and is really a study of considerable beauty, with its pepper-box turrets, its crawsteps, and its other peculiar and picturesque features. The site, also, is very commanding, and embraces many of the choicest prospects on the Frith of Clyde. This edifice, like the majority of those in the vicinity, is built of the indigenous red sandstone of the locality. Altogether there is an aspect of repose and comfort around Wemyss Bay which is exceedingly pleasant to contemplate; and had we not, with our usual sagacity, reflected that care and the other "ills that flesh is heir to" will intrude themselves into the fairest homes of earth, we should certainly have been in danger of breaking the tenth article of the decalogue, and coveting the possession of some one or other of these flower-environed cottages. But, after all that we have seen, and all that we have heard, we are too much of the coward to envy any brother in the bonds of clay. He was a philosopher, take our word for it, as well as a poet, who said,-

"If every man's internal care
Was written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now!
The fatal secret once revealed
Of every mortal breast,
Would prove 'twas only while concealed
Their fate could seem the best."

Around Wemyss Bay there are many delightful walks. The lover of nature can here range at pleasure by the sounding shore, or plunge at will into the shadowy recesses of some sequestered wood, or thread, as fancy dictates, the mazes of

the dinsome burn, as it steals down from the green hills, amidst banks of beauty, to the wide blue Frith below. If the visitor to the spot, however, cares for none of these things, then we can at least promise him delectation of another kind, in a prettily situated and blossom-girt hotel, where may be found in plenty such "creature-comforts" as might well awaken a gustatory spirit, even under the ribs of death. What wondrous feats of knife-and-forkship, of cupping and horning, we, our unworthy selves, have performed in that beautiful sanctuary of good cheer, it becometh not us to say (our companion could "a tale unfold" an he would), but let it suffice for us to hint, as in all modesty we do, that on leaving the hospitable shade of "mine inn," we went upon our way rejoicing.

Wemyss forms part of the fine estate of Kelly, now, we believe, the property of James Scott, Esq., of Glasgow, and we have scarcely passed from the hotel, on the Largs road, when we find ourselves on the verge of the extensive and beautiful policies attached to the mansion of the laird. At this point an impetuous streamlet comes brawling down a precipitous channel, and makes its way with a refreshing murmur to the neighbouring beach. The name of this little water we cannot well make out, a circumstance which we regret very much, as we love all living waters, and always endeavour, as a mark of respect, to address them by their proper names. A decent "sunburnt" countryman, who chances to pass, cannot give us the name for certain, but scratches his head, and says he "thinks it is Finnock or Fingle, or something geyan like that." On consulting our pocket-map, we suspect it may be the Daff, a suspicion which our companion (who has his besetting sin) thinks likely enough to be correct, "as the bit burnie before us," he remarks, "seems unco fond o' daffin." Pretending not to observe the puny attempt at word-wit, we pass through a little gateway into the enclosures of Mr. Scott, with the intention of stealing a sly glimpse of their beauties. On our

entrance, however, we are somewhat staggered by seeing a detachment of gigantic foxgloves drawn up in our front, and apparently prepared to dispute our passage. There may be a score or two of these giants, each at the very least from five to six feet in height, and purpled to the very crown. We can scarcely believe our eyes, yet there the tall strapping fellows are, towering like a troop of guardsmen in her Majesty's service. Standing beside them we feel ourselves exceedingly crestfallen. Only to think that our old friends of the "deid man's bells," whom we have known no taller than our knee, should thus presume to outgrow us. Everything here, however, seems beyond measure luxuriant. The trees are tall and stately; the ivy deliciously green and glossy; while the honevsuckle climbs with its scented blossoms to an unusual altitude; and the very ferns are beyond compare umbrageous. The burn, the sweet nameless burn, knows little of the sun here, but sports among its pretty linns and pools in almost unbroken shadow. Then what a picture of an old bridge we have here! It is literally clad in verdure. There is the wild thyme, and the speedwell, and the gowan, creeping over its divot-clad ledges, and, as we live, the ripe red fruit of the wilding strawberry. How delicious is the prince of berries, even in his native condition! "Doubtless," said old Isaak Walton, "doubtless God could have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless He never did." We quite agree with the rare old fellow, on this as on many another point, and while we regale ourselves with a handful of the blushing fruit, we find ourselves unconsciously reechoing his words in our heart.

About an hundred yards farther down the Clyde is the mansion-house of Kelly. It is situated on a natural terrace of no great elevation, but commanding a beautiful look-out upon the Frith. The house, although spacious, has but little pretensions to architectural elegance, and has been erected apparently with a greater regard to comfort and convenience within than to external show. The estate

of Kelly was conferred by James the Third upon a family of the surname of Bannatyne, for services which are not recorded. In their hands it continued until the close of the last century, when it was purchased from the representatives of that day by John Wallace of Neilstonside and Cessnock. This gentleman commenced the erection of the present mansion in 1793. His son, the late Robert Wallace, Esq. of Kelly, and for many years M.P. for Greenock, completed the structure and greatly improved the estate, by means of timber-planting and the reclaiming of waste lands. Ultimately Mr. Wallace, it is well known, became embarrassed in his circumstances, and was under the necessity of parting with his beautiful patrimony. Mr. Scott, the present proprietor, is a self-made man-one of that class which is in a great measure peculiar to our own day, who have raised themselves from the ranks by industry, perseverance, and enterprise. The spinning-jenny, the steam-loom, and the forge, indeed, are gradually but surely winning back the broad acres which were formerly appropriated almost exclusively by the red right hand of a titled rapacity.

The southern extremity of the Kelly estate is bounded by Kellyburn, a small rivulet, which also forms the line of division between the counties of Ayr and Renfrew. The streamlet flows from the bleak hills beyond, through a beautifully wooded glen, to the sea. Had time been at our command we should certainly have spent a few hours in threading the mazes of this inviting watercourse; but, as it is, Kellyburn must remain in the meantime unvisited. Some of our readers may have heard of an old Scottish song of which "Kellyburn braes" is the scene, but the greater number of them, we dare say, are in happy ignorance of this most wicked effusion. It is, in very truth, a sad libel upon matrimony, but as it has sufficient wit to redeem its wickedness, we have no hesitation in chanting it for the delectation of our bachelor friends; so here goes:—

## THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

I.

THERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes, (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), And he had a wife was the plague o' his days; (And the thyme it is wither d, and rue is in prime)

TT.

Ae day as the earle gade up the lang glen, (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), He met wi' the devil; says, "How do ye fen'?" (And the thyme it is witherd, and rue is in prime).

\_

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;" (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), "For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;" (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

T37

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave," (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), "But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have," (And the thyme it is witherd, and rue is in prime).

v

"O welcome, most kindly," the blithe carle said, (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), "But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye're ca'd." (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

VI.

The devil has got the auld wife on his back; (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack; (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

WIT

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door; (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), Syne bade her gue in, for a bitch and a whore, (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

VIII.

Then straight he makes fifty the pick of his band, (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand; (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prine).

TX.

The earlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear, (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair: (And the thyme it is witherd, and rue is in prime).

v

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa'; (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), "Oh, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a'," (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime). XI.

The devil he swore by the edge o his knife, (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), He pitied the man that was tied to a wife; (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

XII.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell, (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme), He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but in hell (And the thyme it is witherd, and rue is in prime).

XIII.

Then Satan has travelled again wi'his pack; (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'thyme) And to her auld husband he's carried her back; (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime).

XIV

"I ha'e been a devil the feck o' my life;"
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife;''
(And the thyme it is withered, and rue is in prime).

A more bitter satire than this upon the state of double blessedness was surely never penned; yet our single friends—those cowards who have not the pluck to pass the Hymeneal Rubicon—need not plume themselves too much upon their happy condition. "Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell," as a certain well-known poet truly observes, and a good wife in the "het hame" of the old gentleman alluded to would no doubt be found quite out of her native element. A decent woman, indeed, would be an encumbrance on his hands; but there are few "single gentlemen," we suspect, who once pass that awful bourne who need entertain any hope of meeting with such a scaithless discharge. In spite of her faults, the "crabbit auld carle" would, doubtless, after her brief absence, be very glad to see his help-mate restored to him.

The shore walk from Wemyss Bay to Largs, a distance of some six miles, is one long line of beauty. On the one hand is the wide-spreading Frith, with the Cowal Hills swelling beyond, and the islands of Bute, Cumbrae, and Arran, stretched out in their loveliness upon the bosom of the waters. The landward view is "cabined, cribbed, confined," by a range of wooded heights, which run nearly

parallel with the road; forming a perfect wall of verdure, and only retiring where some playful streamlet seeks a passage to the main. In such gaps there is generally a tract of arable land, with a mansion, and a few scattered farms and villas, embowered among trees, and redolent of gardens and flowers. The most noticeable of these loopholes in the embattled heights which skirt the shore is that in which is situated the venerable castle of Skelmorly; an ancient seat of the Montgomeries, and now in the possession of the Eglinton branch of the family. Seen from the road, or from the passing steamer, this relie of other days has an extremely imposing appearance. As it is only about half-amile or so from the line of our march, we turn, of course, aside to indulge ourselves with a closer inspection of its features. The castle is girt with sylvan magnificence. All round it is a grove of stately trees, among which our attention is particularly attracted by a number of handsome old planes, the thick brown stems and dense foliage of which indicate a lengthened span of existence, and fling a shadow across our path, that seems to speak of the days of other years. There is also an air of tangled wildness around the spot, which but too surely tells that the lord of the manor is a stranger here. A fine old hedge of holly is left to hang as it grows; and, consequently, presents a wild and unkempt appearance; while the walks are rough and untrimmed, and the straggling weeds are left to flourish at their own sweet will. Skelmorly Castle was built partly in 1502 and partly in 1636. Originally it belonged to a family of Montgomeries, who took their title from the locality. Afterwards, on the failure of the line, it fell into the hands of the Montgomeries of Coylsfield; and latterly it has become, as we have mentioned, a possession of the Earls of Eglinton. The castle is a stately but unadorned example of the architecture prevalent at the time of its erection. It has the crawstepped gables and small irregular windows of the period, with a projecting doorway, over which is a carving of the Montgomerie arms, in as excellent a state of preservation almost as if it had but yesterday left the hands of the artist. The initials R. M. would seem to indicate the name of Robert Montgomerie, the founder of the castle.

Returning to the road, we pursue our way to Largs. The day is what in common parlance is called a "broken day." It is neither wet nor dry. Sometimes we are in sunshine, sometimes a shadow comes over us. At one moment half the Frith is glittering with a golden ripple, while the other is "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" at another all is sparkle and brilliancy, and anon there is a solemn frown upon the far-spreading waters, which brings the white sails of the passing ships prominently out, and lends an added lustre to the flash of the sea-bird's wing. Then there are huge spots of gloom passing slowly and silently over the distant hills-those dreary, dreary shadows, which in their quiet progress so vividly suggest the passage of sin and sorrow over the fair face of nature. Anything like sickly sentimentality we detest, but in the "shows and forms" of the external world there are surely sights and sounds which harmonize, and as it were sympathize, with the world which lieth within. Shifting shadows upon a shifting sea, and shifting shadows upon the unshifting hills, what are they both but emblems of the heart of man, and of man's progress over a stage which, in comparison with his life, is eternal in its duration? Like the broad blue deep, our spirits have their moments of brightness and of gloom; while on earth, we "come like the shadows of the summer-cloud, and even so we depart, leaving not even a wrack behind."

Pshaw! we are forgetting our mission! As we approach Largs we pass the ancient Castle of Knock—which is no longer, however, an ancient castle. Close to the site of this "time-honoured" edifice, a bran new castle, and a pretty one, too, has just been erected. This is all right enough. Why should our contemporaries not erect castles as well as their forefathers? We have quite as good a taste in such

matters as they had, and, thanks to our greater industry, we have more means. Yet it does seem somewhat ridiculous to erect edifices in our quiet times with "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." What mean those battlements, and turrets, and embrasures? those loop-holes, and winding stairs, and narrow windows? All show and mockery. Let one Russian frigate come up the Frith (which, God and our good tars willing, it never shall), and this castle of cards would very soon be numbered among the castles that were. But there was a genuine old castle—a castle meant for real work here at one time. The skeleton of it we have seen ourselves. Where is it now? Why, transformed into something else, by the new laird! We scarcely knew our old acquaintance, indeed, with his new roof and his glazed windows. Yet there he is "amaist as gude as new," fulfilling the office, we suppose, of a smoking saloon to the modern proprietor. Alas! for our venerable friends the bats and the owls!

But onward, onward! is the cry of our most wise and hungry companion. "There are good things in Largs," he says, "and why should we tarry by the way to glower on a rickle o' auld stanes?" An inward monitor, we regret to say, most heartily seconds the motion; and as we always give in to a majority, we are compelled to "move on." And now the beautiful amphitheatre of Largs bursts at one sweet swoop upon our gaze. The wall of hills along which we have hitherto been travelling, suddenly recedes, and permits us to grasp in our "mind's eye, Horatio," as lovely a prospect as bonnie Scotland can present. There is the Bay of Largs, a beautiful half-moon, with the town in its bosom and the braes rising in gentle slopes all around—the pretty green braes, with their patches of wood and their deep shadowy glens, and their pasture-lands stretching away up to where the blue sky seems to come lovingly down to kiss the dark-brown earth. "Out of the world and into Largs," seems an appropriate expression, as the gathering hills

cluster on every landward side, and form as it were a wall of partition between it and the strange lands beyond. We could fancy a Largs boy imagining this spacious enclosure, and the adjacent Cumbraes, to be the whole world. Largs men, and we suspect Largs women, know something different; at least we have heard of Largs lassies, in the shape of wives, finding their way into other localities.

Before entering the town of Largs, we have to cross a pretty little streamlet, which, we are sorry to say, does not rejoice in a very poetical name. Indeed, we are utterly ashamed of the names conferred upon their waters by the good people of Largs. This beautiful wanderer from the hills they have actually dubbed the "Noddle;" and another at the other end of the town, which is equally lovely, they have nicknamed (for we cannot call it anything else) the "Gogo." Just think of that! It is really no wonder there are no poets in Largs. An individual born on the banks of the Tweed, or the Yarrow, or the Lugar, or the Doon could hardly help rhyming about such musical streams; but to think of putting two lines together with regard to the streams of Largs is altogether out of the question. Let us try:—

"I courted sweet Girzle for many a day, But I found after all it was 'no go;' So I packed up my traps and I took to the way, And for aye said farewell to the Gogo."

Dreadful! dreadful! even Burns could have made nothing of it, and the chances are, that if the said ploughman had been born in Largs, he would never have left the stilts. Then there's the "Noddle:"—

"If fortune or fame I wad win in the game,
Afar from this spot I maun toddle;
For the bard that lives here, he maun tak' to the beer,
As the only thing fit for the Noddle."

Now, just think of that! Why, the thing's utterly preposterous, and the sooner the Largs people take to a rechristening of their streams the better will it be for all concerned! We had intended, as in duty bound, to do all honour to the burns of Largs, but really, after hearing their names, our enthusiasm, like the courage of Bob Acres, oozed out at our finger-ends.

But once more to assume the serious (which in reality is our true character), we must make our descent upon the town of Largs. Well, then, the said town is a pretty little thing, stretching along the shore, in the shape of a fairish street, with a kirk and a steeple somewhere about the centre, and a series of most enviable villas, running away among trees and flowers, on either hand. The town also extends backwards in irregular streets and lancs, all of which, as we learn, have names, but the cue to which we cannot by any means discover. There are also abundance of hotels and lodging-houses staring you in the face, and inviting you to come in and partake of their good cheer. In fact, Largs is just the very place where a stranger could take his "ease in his inn," and make himself at home. Even on a Sunday there must be no lack of the "manna," as we count in our perambulations no fewer than four places of worship, viz., the Parish Kirk, a kirk that we take for a "Free," with a U. P.; and, judging from the cross upon its gable, a chapel The indigenous inhabitants, devoted to the old faith. amounting in all to about 3,000, are partly weavers, partly fishermen, and partly agricultural labourers of various kinds. House-letting to the saut water folk, however, is very commonly added to the ordinary sources of income by the good people of Largs. Between the shore and the lengthened front of the town, there is a spacious esplanade, where visitors may recreate themselves, and which, as we pass, is all alive with walkers, young, old, and middle-aged, who for the most part are apparently strangers, and determined to make the most of their money and their time by inhaling the largest possible draughts of the "caller air," and by "douking" at every available opportunity in the brine.

Largs is historically famous as the scene of a great battle between the Scots and the Danes, or Norwegians, in the

thirteenth century. Previously to that time, the coasts of Scotland seem to have been periodically visited by the marauding Norsemen, who, so far as we can learn, made their descents upon the devoted inhabitants with the greatest possible coolness, carrying off their flocks and herds, and too frequently leaving a bloody trail behind them. The battle of Largs, however, terminated this reiving work. It originated in a claim made by Haco of Norway upon the sovereignty of the Hebrides, including the islands of the Clyde. Alexander, the third of that name who bore sway in Scotland, resisted the demands of the Norwegian monarch, and prepared to defend the integrity of his dominions. Haco, with the view of enforcing his ambitious projects, sailed in the autumn of 1263 from Norway with a large fleet, and, entering the Frith of Clyde, anchored between Largs and the Cumbraes. The Scottish king, who had been in expectation of such a visit, collected a force of, it is said, some 1,500 cavalry, and a large body of infantry, with which he took up a position upon the high grounds overlooking Largs. Negotiations took place between the parties, and every endeavour was made to induce the indomitable Haco to resign his iniquitous pretensions. He was not to be moved, however, and both sides prepared for the deadly conflict. On the evening of October the 1st, there came on a great storm, which blew right up the Frith, and drove a large number of the enemy's vessels upon the shore. Under these circumstances Haco attempted a landing, which, with great difficulty and loss, he ultimately effected. While the Norwegian invaders were mustering, cold and dispirited, upon the shore, the Scots, who had been eagerly watching their movements, swept like another tempest down upon their devoted ranks, driving at the first attack a large portion of them into the sea. The Norsemen, however, fought with the greatest bravery; and even when vanquished, the survivors retired sword in hand, fighting for every inch of ground. The contest indeed was not terminated until darkness separated the combatants, when a shattered remnant of the invading force withdrew to their ships. Next day Haco obtained leave to bury his dead, and having performed this last sad ceremony of battle, he sailed with the relics of his fleet to the Orkneys, where he shortly afterwards died of a broken heart. To borrow from the beautiful old ballad of "Hardyknute," which is founded upon this sanguinary fray,—

"In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik, All panting on the plain, The fainting corps of warriors lay, Neir to aryis again.

"Neir to return to native land; Nae mair with blithesome sounds To boist the glories of the day, And schow their shyning wounds.

"On Norway's coast, the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with tears—
May lang look ower the schiples seis
Befoir her mate appears.

"Ceise, lady, ceise to hope in vain— Thy lord lyis in the clay; The valyiant Scots nae reivers thole To carry life away."

A little to the south of Largs is a large plain, whereon, it is said, the deadliest of the struggle took place. The writer of Hardyknute says,—

"There on the lea, quhair stands a cross, Set up for monument, Thousands full fierce that summer day, Filled kene waris black intent."

The "cross" is no longer on the spot; but we understand that one of the stones of which it was composed is still religiously preserved in the garden of Curling Hall, which is in the immediate vicinity of the old battle-field. The huge graves of the buried Norwegians were also to be seen for centuries on the spot, but they have now, in the march of local improvement, altogether disappeared, or are only distinguishable by the keen eye of the antiquary. We seek them; but, alas! they are not to be found, and one or two of the Largs people, of whom we ask information regarding their "whereabouts," do not seem to have ever heard either

of the battle or the burial mounds. In the cairns and tumuli of the Largs, however, there have been found many fragments of bones and weapons, old bridles, and other relics, to remind us of the "glorious victory" which was here achieved, and which delivered Scotland for ever from the annovance and rapacity of the Northern kings. Most of these interesting memorials have been dispersed through private channels, and are therefore lost to the public; but, fortunately, there is at least one interesting relic of Haco's defeat preserved in the museum of the Scottish Antiquaries. This is a bridlebit, which, with the remains of a horse and his rider, were found several feet below the surface in 1822, while they were levelling May Street, in what is called the new town of Largs. This specimen of "auld-warld horsegear" consists of two plain bronze rings, three and three-quarter inches in diameter, and united by a double link of iron.

The old kirkyard of Largs was specially commended to our notice by our good friend the author of the Buryinggrounds of Ayrshire, but unfortunately we cannot effect an entrance into its precincts. On ordinary occasions we can manage to scramble over a dike, when we are inclined for meditation among the tombs, but in Largs we find this to be an utter impossibility. The field of graves is closely girt round by houses, and is besides effectually defended from intrusion by a high wall. We try gate after gate in succession, but find them all fast, and on inquiring for the key, are informed that it is quite safe in the possession of the bedral, who lives at the other end of the town. Of course we have nothing for it but to indulge ourselves with a quiet peep through the bars of the "firm-fixed yett," and take our departure from the spot. We regret this, because the burial vault of the Montgomeries of Skelmorly is described as a memento mori of a peculiarly quaint and interesting description. It is the only remaining aisle of the old church, and was built in 1636 by Sir Robert Montgomery of Skelmorly, who, with his good lady, Margaret Douglas, is deposited

therein. It is richly carved (as we learn from the kirkyard work we have mentioned), and adorned with emblematic devices. Around the aisle are eighteen pillars of the Corinthian order, surmounted by the figures of cherubim. On the roof are the twelve signs of the zodiac, several views of Skelmorly Castle, and a group representing a lady receiving a deadly kick from her horse. Thereby hangs a tale, to which we shall have occasion to allude some other day. In various parts of the structure also, there are scutcheons and texts of Scripture referring to the transitoriness of mortal life. It is said, by tradition, that Sir Robert, while living, was in the habit of spending whole nights in this doleful vault, a circumstance which is countenanced by a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:-"I predeceased myself; I anticipated my destined funeral; alone among all mortals, following the example of Cæsar."

About two miles to the north of Largs, in a narrow little valley, and near the banks of the Noddle, is a grave of a peculiarly interesting description. All strangers, indeed, visit the lonely grave of the plague-stricken minister. The Rev. William Smith, whose ashes repose in this quiet spot, was minister of Largs in 1647, at which period the plague was raging in Scotland. The reverend gentleman, in the exercise of his professional duties, was laid low by the fatal distemper, and, according to his own request, was interred at this place. Two holly bushes grow close by the grave, and, according to local tradition, it is said that the minister, before his death, had prophesied that so long as these hollies were kept from meeting over his grave, the plague should never again visit the parish. To prevent the return of the pestilence, the bushes have been repeatedly subjected to a severe trimming, but whether the visitations of the destroying angel have been thereby averted, is more than we shall undertake to ayouch.

But now our "Day" is far advanced, and the "Lady Kelburne" is seen advancing between the Cumbraes with a

long trail of smoke darkening the atmosphere in her wake. We take a farewell glance at the neat little town, and at the spacious amphitheatre by which it is so delightfully surrounded. We gaze once more, also, at the lovely Frith as it glitters in the declining sun, and on the islands that sleep upon its breast, and upon the old brown hills which overhang its farther side. The spectacle is indeed sublime; and as sublimity is somewhat difficult to digest, we step on board our steamer, and at once proceed to the steward's department for something to allay our emotions.

## BRODICK AND LAMLASH.

"Far lone among the Highland hills, Midst Nature's wildest grandeur By rocky dens and woody glens, With weary steps I wander."

WHERE the Frith of Clyde expands into a sea, and just as it is on the eve of mingling its waters with the limitless deep, the beautiful and most picturesque island of Arran starts proudly and precipitously from the bosom of the channel. It almost seems as if Nature, at her own sweet will and of set purpose, had here congregated a stately mountain band to overlook and to grace with their presence the august nuptials of ocean and stream. All that is lovely of earth, or sea, or sky, are indeed assembled here, in romantic communion with all that is grand, or impressive, or terrible. In a geological sense, Arran is said to be an epitome of the British isles, comprising, within its comparatively narrow boundaries, the heads and texts of nearly all the "sermons in stones" which are to be gleaned from the Land's End to John o'Groats. Whether this be true or not (and it must be admitted that we cannot see far enough into a millstone to speak with authority on the subject), one thing at least is certain, and that is, that it would be difficult to point out, within the girdle of the British seas, any style of landscape which has not its "counterfeit presentment" in Arran. Small as this island is, it has its own Highlands and its own Lowlands distinctly marked. Rugged mountain peaks and shadowy glens strike the pilgrim with profoundest awe in



BRODICK CASTLE.



one direction, while in another, sunny bays and gentle beaches, fertile slopes of green, and quiet, level moors, produce a pleasant and a soothing influence on the spirit. Within the compass of a few hours' walk, the wanderer may see, in swift succession, the hoar and dizzy cliff, and the fiercely dashing cataract; the wave-lashed headland, and the far-sounding shore; the dark mountain tarn which ever seems to frown, and the merry winding streamlet that ceaseth not to play. Now the dark woodland shade invites us to solemn musing; anon the flower-fretted meadow, and the smiling corn-field, waving green and yellow, are wooing us with their sunniest smiles; and again the wide-stretching pasture-lands, with their countless groups of scattered sheep and kine, spread their sweet pastoral pictures before us, and win us to many an admiring pause. The very home of rich and varied beauty, indeed, is this said island of Arran, and dim, and dull, and dead, must be the soul which could gaze unmoved upon its ever-changing features.

So much for the poetical, and now for a brief prose description of Arran. The island, as we have said, is situated in the opening jaws of the Clyde. Its southern extremity is in latitude 55 deg. 29 min. 30 sec., and in longitude 4 deg. In length it is variously stated to be from twentyfour to thirty miles, by ten or twelve in breadth. On the west, it is about six miles from the shores of Kintyre, the spacious sound of Kilbrannan intervening; and on the east it is separated from the Ayrshire coast by the Frith of Clyde proper, which is here of about an average breadth of thirteen miles. From the side of Bute on the north it is about five miles distant. In form the island is a kind of irregular ellipse, the general outline not being materially affected by the various bays and indentations by which the shores are so delightfully fretted. Lamlash and Brodick are the principal bays; Lochranza, at the northern extremity, or Cock of Arran, is a small inlet of about a mile in depth. Including the little islet of Pladda on the south, and the Holy Isle in

the mouth of Lamlash Bay, the total area of Arran has been estimated at about 100,000 acres Scots, of which, it was calculated a few years ago, that 11,179 were arable, and 613 under plantation and natural coppice. Of late, however, considerable improvements have been effected on the more tractable portions of the surface, and it is therefore probable that a much larger proportion of the entire acreage is now either under crop or timber. Etymologists are of course divided in opinion with regard to the origin of the name Arran, as they are with regard to almost every other local name with which we are acquainted. Strange fellows these said etymologists must be, with their eternal "riving of words to gar them clink;" their fierce disputes about jaw-breaking terms, which generally signify nothing to the purpose, and their aptitude for turning obscurity into utter darkness. According to one of these worthies, the name of Arran is from two Gaelic words-ard, high; and inch, an island; literally "high island." This meaning is pretty near the descriptive truth; but mark how the sly rogue clips the alleged roots to give an air of probability to his theory; ard he docks unscrupulously of its final d, and inch is quietly compelled to render up its two final letters. Dr. M'Leod of this city (an excellent Celtic scholar), on the other hand, will have it that the name is from "ar, a land or country; and rinn, sharp points;" a country, namely, of abrupt peaks and pinnacles, which Arran is in an emphatic degree. One writer ascribes the name to aran, a Gaelic word, signifying bread; another to arfhin, the land of Fingal; and a third to an ancient British phrase, signifying "a land of mountains." Out of this etymological "confusion worse confounded," we must leave our sagacious readers to select their own derivation. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and we shall find Arran to be equally lovely, whatever construction we choose to put upon its name.

And now, gentle reader (for, of course, all our readers are gentle in walk, speech, and behaviour), vouchsafe us thy

presence in spirit upon the deck of our steamer as she pushes gallantly out from the harbour of Ardrossan into the swelling breast of the Frith. The day has been gloomy, and somewhat addicted to tears. Had we trusted the weatherglass we should have stayed supinely at home, for it continued doggedly to point to rain. Fernandez Pinto was but a type of that false instrument, however, and we have long ceased to have any faith in the mercurial prophet. So here we are; and see how the opening heavens are giving the lie to the presumptous weather-glass, in glorious bursts of sunshine. It is true, there is still a wavering conflict between the lights and the shadows, but is not nature all the more beautiful for the struggle? To our right are the two Cumbraes, and their fair sister Bute, outstretched upon the waters. The smaller islet of the three is under a cloud, and frowning darkly as Erebus, or as one of those grim landscapes which Thompson of Duddingstone loved so well to paint. How vivid are small silver breaks which the snowy sea-bird makes as it dashes athwart the gloom! The larger islands, all befreckled with radiance and shadow, form a pleasing contrast to their gruff little neighbour. Adown the channel, and blue with the haze of distance, is the conical Craig of Ailsa, that "lonely watcher of the deep," which tongues profane have christened "Paddy's Milestone," and which forms so welcome a landmark to the homeward-bound mariner-so sad a memorial to those who are leaving for ever behind them the home and the friends of their youth. Even now there are vessels passing to and fro by the Craig. and who can tell what various emotions its presence may be at this very moment exciting in those who come and go upon the watery waste What heeds the stern old Craig? Men come and go by its gaunt sides "like shadows, and even so depart," while the old brown peak remains to do battle with the storms of ages. But Arran, the grandest feature by far and away in the scene, and the bourne for which we are now rapidly steering, lies right before us, and claims

our undivided attention. We are bearing right down upon Brodick, which is situated somewhere about midway between the extremes of the island. Right and left the land stretches away, with its glorious garniture of bays and headlands, rude swelling heights, and wide yawning glens. To the south is the Holy Isle, with Lamlash hiding in its rear; to the north the Corrie and the towering walls of Glen Sannox. Goatfell, the giant of the isle, however, has wrapped his head and shoulders in a snowy cloud, and seems to be shorn of half his fair proportions. A stranger would never have fancied, indeed, that such a tall and grizzly monster was shrouded in that wreath of glittering vapour, which, like a glory, has dropped from the summer sky, and hangs upon the higher ranges of the mountain. What a fine play of light and shadow there is also around his huge sides, and about his feet, down even to the margin of the water, which appears to be quivering in a luminous ecstacy! In one vast glen there is an atmosphere of bronze; another sleeps in a quiet and sober gloaming, while a third seems actually to have anticipated night, and invested itself with kindred glooms. Talk of unbroken sunshine as you may, but give us the wild communion of the elements—give us the light and shadow in beauteous chase over land and sea-give us the tears and the smiles together in the sky, and the rainbow blending them into one sweet form of beauty; give us the sun-bursts breaking in slants from the blue above, and binding unto each other as with golden cords the heaven which is over all, and the earth which is beneath, and the waters which are under the earth.

Our steamer now makes her way into the quiet and calm bay of Brodick, and after a gentle sweep athwart its bosom, comes to a pause in the vicinity of the wharf, which is situated on its northern shoulder, immediately adjacent to the castle, which is seen peeping from a gentle elevation over its stately girdle of trees. Making our way on shore, by the aid of a small boat, we find ourselves as we land among a group of weather-beaten natives, interspersed with a pretty numerous sprinkling of those fair salt water residents who annually spend the sunny season at this favourite watering-place. Among our fellow-passengers are fathers, and brothers, and sweethearts, doubtless, of these watchers by the shore, and it is really interesting to watch the varied modes of welcome, and the various manifestations of affection which occur on such occasions, and to speculate upon the characters, relationships, and motives of the several actors. A pretty little drama, indeed, is generally enacted at the salt water wharf upon the arrival or departure of the steamer. A few minutes brings about the execut omnes, and "nae weel-kent face" among the throng having cheered our gaze, we are left at leisure to scan the general features of the bay.

Brodick Bay, then, is a deep and regular curve, of about two miles in length. It is flanked on the north by Merkland Point, and on the south by a kindred projection called Corrie-gill Point, both of which, about the water margin, are principally composed of the old red sandstone. Round the centre of the bay is a fine smooth beach of sand and shingle, which is admirably adapted for bathing purposes. Exterior to the sands, which are of considerable breadth, is an extensive level plain, stretching away into a splendid sloping amphitheatre, opening at various points of its circumference into the spacious valleys of Glen Rosa, Glensheraig, and Glencloy. This beautiful area is deliciously interspersed with little hamlets, rows of cottages, and ornamented villas, surrounded by gardens and fertile fields. There are, also, every here and there over its surface, a comfortable looking farmstead, each with its girdle of timehonoured trees, and its little cloud of blue curling reek rising peacefully through the air. Large belts and clumps of planting straggle, at the same time, irregularly over the adjacent braes and down into the hollows, where the streamlets of Glen Rosa and Glencloy, after their hurried descent from the hills, are peacefully meandering towards the sea.

On the south side of the bay, and on a gentle elevation, a modest little church raises its tiny belfry to the view, and still farther round is a spacious Inn, with a number of neat cottages in its vicinity. It is with the northern side of the bay, however, that we have mainly now to grapple. It is at this point, as we have previously mentioned, that the stately turrets of the ducal castle rise in pride among their beautiful woods, and gardens, and lawns; and it is at this point, as we have not yet hinted, that the neat, little, oldfashioned, weather-stained, and leaf-enveloped Inn of Brodick\* lies snugly nestled in a sweet shady nook of its own. Shenstone it is, we think, who says, in bitterest satire, that the traveller's warmest welcome is ever at the Inn: and in confident expectation of a warm reception, we seek the ever open door of our ancient hostess, Mrs. Jamieson. But alas! and alas!-

> "The best laid schemes of mice and men Gang aft agley, And leave us nocht but grief and pain For promised joy."

The house is crammed from top to bottom, and we cannot find a place, however humble, within the walls, wherein to lay our devoted head. Not a bed, not a shake-down, not a vacant sofa even is to be had for love or money. With the gaberlunzie of old we might say—

"Oh we can lie into the barn, Or yet into the byre, Or in ahint the ha' door, Or doon before the fire;"

—but all this would be of no avail, and we are just on the eve of making up our mind to pass the night after the fashion of our old friends the birds of the air, when the cloud turns up its silver lining, and an opening for us is found in a neat little cottage about a quarter of a mile off. There it is settled we are to sleep, while our creature comforts are to be

<sup>\*</sup> This comfortable and picturesque old hostel is now deserted. The "Duke," annoyed, it seems, by the presence of plebeian summer visitants, has erected a new Inn at a greater distance from his aristocratic abode, so that ordinary folks may not "come between the wind and his nobility."

provided in the populous mansion of Mrs. Jamieson. And now that our mind is at rest on this all-important score. "come into the garden, Maud," and take an outside glance of our most venerable hostelry. Is it not a pleasant looking old edifice this same Inn of Brodick, with its craw-stepped gables, and the rich vellow lichens crawling in picturesque patches over its roof? Up its snowy front, to the very eaves where the swallows hang their "procreant cradles," climbs a fine healthy fig-tree, with its broad glossy leaves intermingled with the fresher foliage of a lusty vine. At one side there is a huge rose-tree sprawling up and around the gable with its blushing and odorous bunches, while the other rejoices in a fuschia, resplendent with drooping blossoms of crimson and purple. A stately ash tree throws its vast leafy arms aloft at one end, as if to shield the house from harm. and a girdle of foliage runs round the little garden to screen it from intrusive winds, and to afford a safe leafy shelter to the chaffinches, the wagtails, the redbreasts, and the other warblers which cluster around the spot in greater numbers than we remember to have seen elsewhere. A quaint old sundial lends a suggestive feature to the flower-brightened and well-fruited enclosure; and in one corner there is a chained eagle, which startles you with a bark, almost like that of a dog, as you unconsciously approach his prison-house. This descendant of the ancient cloud-cleavers of the isle has been a captive, we are informed, for about twenty-nine years, yet still he is lusty and well feathered, and retains a large portion of his native ferocity and courage. His principal food seems to be fish, but this we suppose is more from necessity than choice, as he lately made short work with a poor chicken which incautiously ventured within the scope of his tether. Poor fellow! he is probably the "Last of the Mohicans," the sole remnant of his clan, as the Duke a few years ago issued an order for the extermination of the tribe, and since then the eagle has ceased to be "lord above" in his ancient home of Arran.

Upon a beautiful green terrace, on the northern shoulder of the bay, stands Brodick Castle, the insular residence of the Duke of Hamilton, the sole proprietor (bating a few detatched farms) of the island of Arran. The structure. which is principally of modern erection, is in the old baronial style of architecture, with battlemented roofs, and in front is surmounted by a lofty tower, flanked with small turrets, and capt with abrupt and crawstepped gables. Rising considerably above the level of the surrounding woods, this portion of the Castle forms a fine feature in the landscape of the bay, and from the interior must command a prospect of great extent and beauty. From an almost prehistoric period, this spot has been the site of a castellated building. It is believed, indeed, that there was a fort here during the period when the island was under the Norwegian sway; and, subsequently, it is known that the Macdonalds of the Isles held the Castle of Brodick as one of their princely residences. During the wars of Bruce and Baliol, when the ambitious Edward of England laid a lawless hand upon the sceptre of Caledonia, the island of Arran fell into the possession of the southern invaders, who, in 1306, held the Castle of Brodick under the governorship of Sir J. Hastings. Their tenantcy, however, seems to have been of short dura-James Lord Douglas, who had accompanied the Bruce into exile at Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, soon got tired of the kind of life which his royal master was living there, and returned with Sir Robert Boyd and a few friends privately to Arran. Taking up his residence in a spacious cave, which is still to be seen on the sequestered shore at Drumidoon, he remained for several months in concealment, watching an opportunity of pouncing upon the unsuspicious Englishers. At one time they succeeded in intercepting a supply of arms and provisions for the garrison, and by a stratagem nearly effected an entrance into the Castle itself. Wearied of his obscure existence at Rachrin, Bruce also joined the party a few months afterwards. His visit was not anticipated, and the outlaws were alarmed for their safety when they saw him approach with his followers. A few notes from the king's horn set their minds at rest, however, as we learn from the poem of old Barbour, who has so lustily sung the praises of his royal master. We borrow the passage:—

"The king then blew his horn inbye,
And gart his men that were him by
Hold them still in privitie;
And syne again his horn blew he,
James of Douglas heard him blow,
And well the blast soon can he know;
And said, 'Surely yon is the king,
I ken him well by his blowing.'
Third time therewith also he blew,
And then Sir Robert Boyd him knew,
And said, 'Yon is the king bot dreed;
Come, we will forth to him, good speed.."

For months the Bruce remained a denizen at the "King's Cave," which is the name the place has borne ever since. Our own leisure will not permit us, in the meantime, to visit this hallowed spot, but our readers will be obliged to us, we have no doubt, for the following description of it, from the pen of the late Dr. Landsborough, minister of the parish of Stevenston, in Ayrshire, a gentleman who was familiar with every mountain, glen, and bay in Arran, and who in his day did more to elucidate its natural phenomena, animate and inanimate, than any other writer. The good old clergyman, in his Excursions to Arran, says, "The King Cove was not only the refuge and residence of Robert the Bruce when a price was set upon his head by the ambitious King of England, but tradition tells, with what truth I wot not, that it was often the residence of Fingal, with his heroic followers, when they resorted to the island of Arran, their favourite hunting-ground. The cave is scooped out of fine-grained white sandstone. It is 114 feet long, 44 broad, and nearly 50 in height. The strata dipping down on each side, give the roof the appearance of a gothic arch. They who are very clear-sighted, tell us of broadswords and hunting scenes engraven on the walls by the arrow or spear-point, it may be, of a Fingalian or Brucian lithographer; but as it

required more imagination than I possessed to decipher these antique engravings, I shall not attempt to describe them. Trap-dikes pierce the sandstone cliffs around the cave, and they are also intermingled with masses of claystone porphyry. and of green-coloured pitchstone. Besides this one, there are several adjoining caves, about as large, but of less interest, as they are only the king's kitchen, the king's cellar, and the king's stable. Everything is interesting in the history of a patriotic king, whether in prosperity or adversity; and it was not without some emotion that I entered the cave that had often been trodden by Robert the Bruce." "On the cliffs of the cave may be found, as a very appropriate adornment of a royal residence, osmunda regalis, the royal fern: and in some places of Arran it may well be called a royalplant, for it has been found eleven and a-half feet in length."

The osmunda regalis may be a very fine study for the modern botanist, and the trap-dikes, &c., for an enthusiastic student of stratification, but we have no doubt that Bruce and his mates in misfortune found very little consolation in scanning the scientific features of their dreary subterranean abode. The good old king, however, may be considered an entomologist in a certain sense. It was about this time, we are told, that he watched with eager interest the motions of a spider, and learned, from its success, a lesson of hope and Trying to fix its tiny rope-ladder upon a perseverance. beam, the little insect attracted the attention of the king, who was, at the moment, in a state of despondency. Many times he had failed in his endeavours, and at last he began to think that all was lost. The spider, as he observed its proceedings, tried again and again to achieve its object, and again and again its efforts were in vain. Still it persevered, and at length its industry was crowned with sucesss. touched "the conscience of the king." To his mind the success of the pertinacious spider seemed an omen of his own ultimate success, and, with renewed energy and vigour, he resolved to

grapple once more with what seemed an adverse destiny. His first known achievement afterwards was the taking of Brodick Castle. In what manner this was accomplished we can neither learn from history nor tradition; but that he actually became possessed of Brodick is a well-known fact. It was here that he definitely formed the design of making another attempt to regain his crown, and to re-establish the independence of his country. Rumours of popular discontent under the sway of the ambitious Edward and his myrmidons came to his ear from time to time, and ultimately he resolved to send a trusty messenger across the Frith to learn how the tide of feeling went. If there was any hope, a beacon was to be lighted on the Carrick shore; if Scotland had really succumbed to foreign sway, then all was to reman in darkness. Let us follow the messenger of Bruce in a ballad that has just fallen into our hands, and which, we believe, has hitherto escaped the notice of those who have gleaned the fields of ancient minstrelsy. It is, we understand, "entitled and called"

#### THE SIGNAL OF THE BRUCE.

- "What news, what news, thou Carrick earle, Sae lyart, leal, and true? For weel I like thy hameart face, Thy kindly e'e o' blue.
- "A wand'rer lang frae freens and hame, I seek my faither's ha', And fain wad ken gin weel or wae, Has been auld Seotia's fa'."
- "There's dool and wae o'er Seotland wide" (The earle said, sighing sair); "Brave men in sorrow hang their heads, "And maidens smile nae mair."
- 4. The vera bairns upon the green Hae tint their daffin' glee, And mithers look on sweet wee babes, Wi' dim and drumly e'e.
- "For the wecht o' Southern tyranny Lies heavy on the land; While Freedom's fire has paled its licht, And Hope's red cheek has wann'd.
- "Oh that the Bruce once mair wad rise, Our ain true hearted king! Aye foremost in the face o' death, Aye last to leave the ring.

"We a' hae dree'd the tyrant's weird, We a' hae pree'd its ga'; And yearn to steep our wrangs in bluid, Or for the richt to fa:

"Ae glance but of his eagle e'e, Ae flash but of his sword, And babes unborn wad leap for joy O'er liberty restored.

"Yestreen I dreamed a blessed dream— I thought the Bruce was here, Wi twice ten thousand gallant blades, Stern glittering round his spear.

"I thought the soul o' Wallace wight Burned in ten thousand eyes, While quivering banners heaved and fell In a storm of battle cries.

"I thought I saw the bristling front Of hostile armies met, The clash of conflict wild and keen, The greensward reeking wet.

"The bluidy gaps of death I saw, The pallid rush of fear, And 'Scotland, Scotland, has the day!' Rang in my wak'ning ear."

"Thanks for thy dream, thou leal auld man, God's help, it shall be true; Lend me thy honest hand while I My message tell to you.

"This morn at dawn, the Bruce I left On Arran's stormy shore, A lion fretting in the toils, And all athirst for gore.

"Go forth, my trusty Boyd, he said, Try thou thy country's heart; If true its beat, my rusted blade Soon from its sheath shall start.

"And if, as by the rood I hope,
Thou learnest aught of cheer,
One blazing faggot on the cliff
Shall send thy message here."

When day gaed doon ower Goatfell grim, And darkness mantled a', A kingly form strode to and fro, On Brodick's Castle wa',

And aye he gazed ayont the Frith, Where blasts were roarin' snell, And aft he leaned upon his sword, Sad, muttering to himsel'.

"In vain, in vain," at length he cried,
And hung his head in woe—
When, streaming far through storm and gloom,
He saw the beacon glow.

O'er many a wave the red light glanced, O'er many a crest of foam,— The sea-bird's wing seem'd stained wi' bluid Above its ocean home.

With faulded hands the monarch knelt Unto a mightier King One moment, and the next his horn Gart a' the echoes ring.

Swift, at the call, a gallant band Of Scotland's exiled brave Came rushing, eager, to the tryst Beside the lashing wave.

'For weal or woe," outspoke the Bruce,
"I sail for Scotia's shore;
With God's good aid, and yours, brave hearts,
To win my crown once more.

"Here, in the face of Heaven, I draw The sword that knows no sheath Till Scotland stands erect and free, Or I'm laid low in death."

Oh! weel micht England rue that nicht, Sair cause had she to mourn, For the licht that gleamed o'er the Frith sac red Was the dawn of Bannockburn.

During the subsequent war of Scottish independence, Bruce was assisted in his endeavours by many of the Arran people; and when he ultimately regained the crown, he bestowed in gratitude considerable grants of land and other privileges upon those who had thus served him, or who had previously helped him in his adversity. Most of the little heritages thus obtained have passed in the lapse of time from the descendants of those upon whom they were conferred; but in one instance, at least, the reverse is the case. Mr. Fullarton of Kilmichael (a beautiful little estate in Glencloy), is the lineal descendant of Fergus MacLouis, or Fullarton, who originally received the lands of Kilmichael for services rendered to Bruce when he was concealed in the island. The original charter, which is still extant, is of date, Arnele, Nov. 26th, 1307. For upwards of five hundred years the reward of Bruce has thus remained in the possession of the Fullartons.

The principal portion of Arran for many years remained in the possession of the crown. In 1455, when Donald Balloch brought an expedition of Highlanders to assist the rebellious Earl of Douglas against his sovereign, the island of Arran, as a royal property, was attacked and plundered by the freebooters. After storming the Castle of Brodick, and levelling its walls with the ground, they went away with a vast quantity of plunder. During the minority of James the Third a certain Lord Boyd was the ruling favourite at court. Taking advantage of his influence with the boy king, his lordship succeeded in wheedling him into a scheme cf marriage between the Princess Margaret and Sir Thomas Boyd. The said Sir Thomas was a son of his lordship, and the wedding brought a splendid dowry into the family, in the shape of an earldom and the entire royal possessions in Arran. Court favour has been the making of many a family, but court favour is, after all, a precarious thing. He that depends upon the smile of a monarch builds his house upon the sand. Lord Boyd, after a time, fell into disgrace with the King, and Lord Boyd's son does not seem ever to have secured the affections of his royal spouse. The consequence was that Sir Thomas was divorced at one fell swoop from his august lady, from his earldom, and, what was probably of more consequence, from his Arran territories. With such a "tocher" in her possession, it is not very likely that the lovely Margaret was permitted to languish for lack of suitors. From among the number, whatever it was, her royal brother selected the Lord Hamilton, ancestor of the present Duke, who thus became possessed of his broad lands in Arran. Not by the sword or the spear, the bow or the battle-axe, but simply by the favour of a foolish king, and the instrumentality of Hymen, did the Hamilton family achieve the conquest of this little insular kingdom, which they have ever since most religiously preserved. The Castle, or at least a portion of it, must have been erected at this time. It recently bore marks, however, of successive addings and ekeings. These have been now nearly obliterated by the recent improvements, which have entirely altered the appearance of the edifice. One portion of the old Castle

was said to have been erected by Cromwell, who visited the island during his Scottish campaign, and who placed here a garrison of some eighty men. The fate of these puritan soldiers, if we may believe tradition, was somewhat tragical. Notwithstanding their assumed sanctity, the roundheads of the Commonwealth, it is well known, could take their liquor like unto the unregenerate, and when in their cups were occasionally guilty of taking undue freedoms with the girls. This seems to have been the case at all events with the Cromwellian garrison of Brodick. They swaggered about as conquerors, and, like the jolly old monks of Melrose—

## "They wanted neither beef nor ale While other people's lasted."

But, worse than all, they would insist upon laying hands on the wives and daughters of the natives. This at once roused the blood of the Gael, and brought down vengeance upon the intruders. The garrison was surprised, and not a soul within it escaped alive. Root and branch they were cut down. One poor wretch succeeded in getting away for a time, but ultimately he was discovered lurking under a huge stone near the mouth of Glen Sannox, and being dragged out, was at once put to the sword. This was the last time that Arran suffered invasion. Since then its history has been one of unbroken peace. That portion of Brodick Castle which was erected by Cromwell is still preserved, and now forms almost the sole memorial of his presence in the island.

But the shades of evening are gathering over mountain and glen, over lake and over sea—the stars are out, and the bat is on the wing. To morrow we ascend the mighty Goatfell, and will have to traverse moors and mosses many; so at an early hour we say, with Lady Macbeth, "To bed, to bed, to bed!"

Goatfell, the giant peak of Arran, has been ascertained by the trigonometrical survey, to be 2,877 feet in altitude. As it rises almost directly, however, from the water level, it

presents a more imposing and picturesque appearance than mountains which might be named of considerably greater In Gaelic the name of Goatfell signifies the elevation. "mountain of the winds"-"the abiding place of tempest and of storm." Every one who is familiar with the character of Goatfell will at once recognize the appropriateness of the appellation. Even in sunshine it has a grim, haggard, and tempestuous aspect; but when it becomes invested with darkness and cloud, its scowl is positively awful. On such occasions it requires no great stretch of the imagination to figure unto the mind's eye the spirits of air congregated in terrible conclave upon the grizzly scalp of the mountain, and "nursing their wrath to keep it warm." On our first visit to the summit of Goatfell, a few years ago, we were suddenly surprised at noonday by a whirl of wind, and rain, and thick darkness. One moment we had the bay of Brodick sleeping far down in sunshine and calm; and the next we were enveloped in a deep, deep gloaming, while the winds blew and the rains fell with the bitterest violence of a hurricane. Strange voices were heard hissing and moaning among the rifted rocks, while misty forms assumed a definiteness of outline in the gloom which was perfectly startling. Even the old familiar faces of our companions seemed weird and unearthly, and we were fain to close our eyes upon them. For a brief space it continued thus, and then, just as suddenly as it had appeared, the tempest passed away, and we were once more in a summer atmosphere. The strange effect of the rapid transition from light to darkness, and from storm to calm, we can never forget, and it has ever since continued to impress us deeply with a sense of the descriptive propriety of the Celtic name of Goatfell-"the mountain of the winds,"

Our place of rest for the night is a pleasantly situated little white cottage among the woods of Brodick, which is known as the Cnocan among the people of the locality. The bedroom is elegantly furnished, and has a fine, cosic

aspect within, while the look-out from the little window is peculiarly rich and refreshing, with its glimpses of green lawn and woodland glade, and its sounds of rustling leaves and gushing waters. Soon as Dan Phœbus

"Speels the Olympian brae, Wi' a cart lade o' bleezin' day,

we are out scanning the countenance of Goatfell, preparatory to attempting to place our foot upon his grizzly forehead. The clouds of last night have passed entirely away, and the brown, ragged outline of the mountain is clearly and sharply defined against the deep blue of the morning sky. We accordingly prepare for the ascent. Breakfast having been duly discussed, and a slight modicum of the "creature" having been safely deposited in a corner of a quiet pocket, for the sole purpose of killing the animalculæ of the mountain springs, we set off, staff in hand, from Brodick. The distance from the Inn to the top is set down by certain authorities as being six miles, and it is reckoned pretty clever "speeling" when the summit is reached in two hours after the start. We could accomplish the feat in considerably less time than this, but we don't intend to do anything so foolish. We shall take it leisurely: now paddling in some moorland rill, anon dipping our cup into some lonely well, and again enjoying ourselves in a glorious tumble among the heather. Around the base of the mountain is a pretty extensive belt of wood, and our way at first meanders in streamlike fashion through its recesses. Flashing among the lights and shadows, see how the red cock pheasant starts from our path, and with a wild cry vanishes from our sight; adown the distant lanes of green the wild rabbit also pricks up its ears with a sweet surprise as we pass, and bolts away with break-neck fury to hide among the sheltering brackens. The woodland choir, with the departure of summer, is now in a great measure stilled, but the yorlin, which sings into the very heart of autumn, may be heard piping its brief but pathetic strain in the hush of noon; while the cushat,

from the bosom of the evergreen pine, tells a soft tale to his brooding mate. In sweet sheltered nooks, also, the wild strawberry, the rasp or hindberry, and the beautiful little blaeberry, may be gleaned in handfuls by the omnivorous wanderer.

Getting out of the wood, however, we begin to experience the difficulties of the ascent. The gradients become more abrupt, and the path more rough and uneven. The character of the vegetation also undergoes a marked change. We have now a profusion of heaths, with the little tormentil pervading the crimson clumps with its frequent starlets of gold. The juniper also clings in dense tufts to the mountain's breast, and every here and there the eye is attracted by plants of a distinctly Alpine character. Grim and more grim as we ascend becomes the aspect of Goatfell. Now we are panting slowly and silently up a wild rocky steep, anon we are leaping from one firm spot in a marsh to another. and again we are toiling cautiously along the margin of a deep ravine, wherein a foaming streamlet is seen far below dashing fiercely amongst the boulders and immense rocky fragments of the resounding channel. At length, with hearts fluttering like as many grasshoppers, we attain a kind of level plateau, which was once partly used as a mill-dam, and from which, in the shape of a vast hoary cone, the summit of Goatfell rises proudly up. From this point the appearance of the mountain is strikingly bleak and grim. It seems so abrupt and precipitous at the same time, that one almost fancies it must be inaccessible. The difficulties vanish in a great measure, however, when they are fairly grappled with, and the ascent, although sufficiently laborious, is by no means very ill to accomplish. The usual way taken from the mill-dam to the summit is by the right shoulder, which extends gradually upwards in a moderate and lengthencd curve. We decide on taking the monster in front, which is a more precipitous and rugged route than the usual course, but one which presents a more commanding prospect

of the surrounding peaks and glens, and is, perhaps, on the whole, not more laborious than the other. Scrambling with considerable effort upon a kind of elevated central ridge, running parallel with Glen Rosa, and scaling certain gigantic natural walls, which almost seem as if they had been the work of human hands, we slowly approach the summit. Our thirst is excessive, and water is not to be had. "Oh for a waught o' something cool!" is the exclamation on our parched lips, when fortunately our eye is attracted by a small springlet oozing slowly from the base of a cliff. To scoop out a basin in the gravel, and to edge it round with a circlet of stones, is the work but of a few moments, and there we have formed a precious little well in the desert. After a few minutes' waiting at the brink of our spring we have a cup of most delicious cold water, as every other pilgrim on that dreary pathway may now have for the stooping. Rather pleased with the good work which we have thus done, we christen our tiny font by the appellation of "Sanct Patrick's Well," in honour of our companion's patron saint, and resume our upward progress, which reminds us particularly of Christian's ascent of the Hill of Difficulty in Bunyan's famous allegory. A brief but toilsome interval after leaving the well suffices to place us on the crown of Goatfell, and brings before us such a wild storm of mountains and glens, that we are almost tempted to re-echo the Paislev weaver's exclamation on Benlomond, "Man, Jock, are the works o' God no devilish!" In the immediate vicinity of Goatfell there is indeed a terrible congregation of jagged mountain ridges and fantastic peaks, with tremendous yawning glens and shadowy corries, the vast sides of which are streaked in the strangest manner with a confusion of watercourses and Everything is bleak, bare, and barren in the extreme. On the arid rocks and precipices vegetation has taken but a comparatively slight hold, so that one could almost imagine that the volcano and the earthquake had been here at their awful work at a comparatively recent

period. The distant points of the prospect obtained from Goatfell are at the same time exceedingly beautiful, and on a clear day are said to include not only the Frith of Clyde and its beautiful shores and islands, but the western isles of Argyleshire, the rock of Ailsa, and even the shores of Ireland. Owing to the prevalence of a blue summer haze, our view is not quite so comprehensive, but the atmospherical effects are certainly very fine, and compensate for the limited range of vision by a suggestive indistinctness which would have pleased the eye of a Turner. So delicately blent are sea and sky, that the eye actually fails to discover where they kiss each other.

After spending about half-an-hour on the summit, we descend upon the shoulder of Glen Rosa, and pass along its side to the head of Glen Sannox. These two magnificent glens run almost at right angles from each other, their respective heads coming quite close to each other at the foot of the Cir Vohr, or large comb, a mountain of peculiarly gruesome aspect, which forms a striking feature in the landscape of both. From the serrated appearance presented by the crest of this mountain, being supposed to resemble the comb of a cock, it has received its Celtic name. The Cir Vohr is undoubtedly the best point of view for obtaining an adequate idea of either Glen Rosa or Glen Sannox. We accordingly resolve to scale its rifted peak. The task is one of great difficulty, but the ascent well repays the labour. Anything more intensely wild, dreary, and desolate we have never seen than several passages of this mountain. Something akin to absolute terror takes possession of our mind as we pass up its abrupt watercourses and crooked sheep tracks, where one false step would be instant destruction. A strange sort of propensity to the discovery of horrid animate forms in the dead rocks and stones develops itself at the same time in our imagination. Saurians, lizards, adders, and other wild fantasies, are seen embodied in the rude rocky masses by which we are environed, and seem to be crawling

out upon us from their adamantine prisons. One long white stone, beside a lizard of frightful size and aspect, suggests with a hateful degree of vividness the figure of a woman in her shroud. Turn where we will we find our eves still turning back to the form which in that lonely place is sleeping in its shroud of stone. Still we persevere, and, after a tough struggle, at length reach the crest of the cock. A terrific peak it is, and surrounded by the most sublime of mountain scenery. On every side it is girt with the most fantastic mountain masses, heaved into every conceivable form of irregularity and eccentricity of outline. Then Glen Sannox, that most spacious and beautiful valley, extends at one glance before the eye, from its head high pillowed among the crags to its very junction with the sea. Every turn and winding of its stream, indeed, is indicated as in a map. Glen Rosa, also, is seen throughout the greater portion of its length, with all its corries and dells, and watercourses; while in another direction we have a bleak expanse of moorland, dotted with sheep and kine, and containing in its bosom a dark mountain tarn of the most melancholy aspect imaginable. It would take us too long, however, even to enumerate the landscape features overlooked by the mighty Cir Vohr. Any one who wishes to form a proper conception of savage Highland scenery, in its rudest and most picturesque aspects, could not do better, however, than to follow in our track, and place his foot upon the comb of the giant cock which keeps watch and ward over the two great glens of Arran. Leaving behind us the cloud-kissing summit of Cir Vohr, with the rude

## "Record of commotion Which a thousand ridges yield,"

we descend into the shadowy bosom of Glen Rosa. It is here that the huge and rugged mountain chasm impresses the mind with a full sense of its grandeur and magnificence. On either side the lofty boundaries tower upward in their brown and sterile majesty, and terminate against the sky in a wildly fretted outline. Huge corries and dells sweep away at irregular distances in the mountain walls, and pour down in foaming din a countless succession of raging torrents to swell the central streamlet of the glen. How paltry and little seems the creature man, with all his hopes and fears, in the presence of these overwhelming mountain masses, and these fearfully yawning ravines! Gazing upon them, we can say with Byron,—

"Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude when we are least alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self; it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty."

All is bleak and barren near the well-heads of the Rosa. Not a shrub or a tree is to be seen, nor is the voice of any bird heard in the oppressive solitude, save, perchance, the hoarse croak of the raven as he rests on some inaccessible cliff, or the eerie scream of the curlew, as it circles over the brown and barren heath. As we proceed downwards, however, the glen gradually relaxes. Here and there a siller saugh crops out from the banks, or a solitary birch droops over a fairy linn, or a group of mountain ashes crown some rocky scar with their scarlet bunches of rowans reflected in the neighbouring pool. The channel of the Rosa is itself a study of great interest, both to the geologist and the mere lover of landscape beauty. It is fretted throughout the greater portion of its course by a kind of creamy-coloured granite in the form of boulders and gravel. Seen through the clear water the enamelled bed of the stream has a peculiar and highly pleasing effect, which reminds us vividly of the "yellow sands" of poetry. Old Dr. M'Culloch, in his generally accurate account of the Western Isles, says, that "near the entrance of glen Rossie many wild and romantic scenes occur, as well as on the acclivities of the hills in various directions, and, indeed, from almost every point about or in this bay. But beyond the entrance of Gles

Rossie all beauty ceases, being replaced by wildness without magnificence." This deliverance, however, only proves that the worthy Doctor was never in the deeper recesses of the glen, nor had gazed upon its huge length, as we have done, from the grizzly Cir Vohr. Had he been so privileged, he would assuredly have had a very different tale to tell of the ever stately and ever romantic Glen Rosa. It is true, however, that a softer beauty prevails at the entrance of the valley. The hills on either shoulder are there clad in wood, over a great extent of surface, while there is a fresher green diffused over the lower slopes and reaches of the stream.

Issuing with a feeling of regret from this wild and most picturesque mountain gorge, we find ourselves, somewhat tired and jaded, once more at Brodick. A brief visit to the inn, and a few cups of excellent tea, with the least possible infusion of something else, restores us to our wonted vigour, and without unnecessary delay we betake ourselves to the Lamlash road. The distance is between five and six miles. Passing Invercloy, with its handsome new inn, we turn inland, and proceed for several miles by a wild moorland track, which is sufficiently pleasant to traverse, but which presents few objects of especial interest to the wanderer. A couple of hours leisurely walking brings us to Lamlash.

The Bay of Lamlash is of considerable extent and beauty. It extends in a fine crescent from Clachland Point on the north to King's Cross Point on the south, a distance of three miles in a right line. Its grandest and most peculiar feature, however, is the Holy Isle, which stretches directly across the mouth of the bay, leaving only a comparatively narrow inlet at either end for the admission of shipping. The Isle alluded to is about two miles distant from the shore curve, around which the village of Lamlash extends. It is nearly 1,000 feet in height, and forms a perfect natural screen for the protection of the vessels which may be anchored within its embrace. Full many a time and oft has the storm-tossed

mariner had reason to bless the gigantic breakwater of Lamlash bay.

The scenery around Lamlash, although of a decidedly tamer character than that of Brodick, is still eminently pleasant. Along the curvature of the shore the houses of the village are scattered principally in one lengthened row of somewhat irregular aspect as regards size and architecture. but nearly all of which are scrupulously whitewashed and cleanly. Seen from the water, indeed, Lamlash has a very sweet appearance, with its background of gardens and fields and green slopes, rising gradually up into the old brown hills. The village has no architectural features of the least mark or likelihood. At one end is the parish kirk, which is just about as plain-looking an old structure as the most rigid Cameronian could wish to see; then there is the inn, a neat modern erection; a commodious wharf, which is also of recent construction; and really we do not know of anything else requiring note, unless it be the quaint old kirk of Kilbride, which is situated about half a mile to the northward of the village, in a quiet and sequestered kirk-vard of its own. We shall devote a brief space to the inspection of this most interesting relic of other days. The date of the structure we cannot precisely learn, but there can be no doubt that it is of considerable antiquity. In the brief account of Arran written by Donald Monro, Dean of the Isles, in 1594, the writer mentions that at that time there were in the island "two paroch kirks, the one callit Kilbride, the other callit Kylmure." That the structure alluded to is the former of these, is in the highest degree probable. Be that as it may, however, the edifice before us is unquestionably of a date long prior to the Reformation. The style of its architecture is of an earlier day, and its holy water fonts, which are still intact, indicate with sufficient clearness the form of Christianity to which the building was originally devoted. It is now a shattered ruin. The roof has fallen in many years ago, and the long grass and the nettles grow rank

within its crumbling walls. A stately ash tree also rises to a considerable altitude from the interior, while a rowan tree has impudently taken up a position on the summit of one of the sides, and the ivy climbs luxuriantly round the mouldering gable. Altogether, it is a lovely little kirk, even in its decay, and we certainly feel some little astonishment that efficient means are not at once taken to preserve it from further and unnecessary dilapidation. The sacrilegious rowan tree alluded to should, for instance, be removed immediately from its unholy elevation on the wall, as its sturdy roots, in their passage to the earth, are actually tearing the masonwork asunder. Rowan trees, for all so pretty and lady-like as they look, with their rich red beads, are great destructives of stone walls, when the roots are once introduced into the interstices. We have known a set of these mischievous mountain ashes positively knocking down a dike; we have seen a single specimen rending an ancient turret in twain: and those who would learn the mode in which the mischief is done, have only to visit the old kirk of Kilbride at present, and see how effectively the customer who has taken up his seat there is doing his work. Let the right tree by all means be put in its right place. A considerable portion of the interior of the church, we may also mention, is railed off, and enclosed as private burying-places, a practice which we are afraid must tend to hasten materially the destruction of this venerable place of worship. The auld kirkyard is also an exceedingly pretty one. It is studded with memorial stones, and girt all round with stately and luxuriant trees, which lend an air of quietness and seclusion to the spot, which must harmonize with the feelings of those who love to meditate among the tombs.

Returning to Lamlash, we had intended to pay a visit per boat to the Holy Isle. But the hour of our steamer's departure is now, we find, so close at hand that we must, in the meantime, forego the pleasure. Before leaving the locality, however, we shall again borrow from the good old naturalist

of Stevenston. Many a happy day Dr. Landsborough seems to have spent in dredging the bay of Lamlash for its shells and other natural treasures, and numerous are the lists of rare and curious specimens which he has left behind. It is not our intention in the meantime, however, to meddle with the worthy doctor's zoophytes, star-fishes, or algæ. What we want is his brief description of the curious little isle which we are compelled in the meantime to leave unvisited.

Slightly abridged, the passage is as follows:-

"Having reached Lamlash Bay, we landed on the Holy Isle. Mr. Smith, junior, and Mr. Story, ascended the hill, which is about 1,000 feet in height. As I had been repeatedly on the top of it, Mr. Smith, senior, and I went to examine a post-tertiary deposit, corresponding with one on the opposite shore, to the south of the village of Lamlash, where a bed of shells is found about thirty feet above the present sea level. Being afterwards joined by our friends from the top of the hill, we proceeded to St. Molios' Cave, which I had not seen for twenty years; so that I had forgotten its appearance. Though about twenty-five feet above the level of the sea, it is evidently a water-worn recess under the sandstone rock, which has all the appearance of having been formed by the beating of the waves, when the sea was at a higher level. We looked for the Runic inscription which I had heard was engraven on the rock, and as I had been rather incredulous on that point, I was a good deal gratified by finding an inscription which had a very antique appearance, and which not one of us could decipher. But though we could not read the writing, we could drink of the crystal well, and judge of its excellence; and we are safe in concluding, from what we saw and tasted, that the streams of living water which the fountain sends forth are as sweet and exuberant as when they yielded daily refreshment to the venerable saint, and the crowds who came to listen to his instructions. This island took its name at an early period from this holy man. We are told in the Norwegian account

of Haco's expedition, that after the battle of Largs, 'the king sailed past Cumbra to Melansey, where he lay some nights.' In the original it is Melanzeyiar, or in the Flateyan MS., 'Melansey,'-evidently the island of Melos or Molos, ey or eyiar in the Islandic meaning 'island.' Pennant tells us that 'Buchanan gives this island the Latin name Molas and Molassa, from its having been the retreat of St. Maol-jos,' 'St. Maol-jos's Cave, the residence of that holy man; -his well of most salubrious water; a place for bathing; his chair; and the ruins of his chapel, are shown to strangers; but the walk is far from agreeable, as the island is greatly infested with vipers.' To us the walk was very delightful. The evening was one of the finest of the season; the vipers, though not quite extirpated, had gone to rest; some birds among the rocks and brakes were raising their evening song; and it was scarcely possible not to look back to the time when the departed saint had, from his rocky cave, raised his song of praise as incense, and when the lifting up of his hands, and heart, and voice, in prayer, had been as the evening sacrifice.

"We were also much pleased with the geological features of the island. The columnar cliffs, though far inferior in grandeur to those of Staffa, are nevertheless strikingly picturesque. If they have not the regularity of more celebrated geological colonnades, they are at least free from stiffness, as they consist of various stages or terraces of columns, intermingled with amorphous masses of other rocks, and a sprinkling here and there of herbaceous plants, stinted shrubs, and dwarfish trees, springing from the interstices of the cliffs."

Such is the account of Dr. Landsborough, and with it we, in the meantime, bid Arran and our Arran companions a kind "good-bye." In truth, it is the very home of stern and romantic beauty this island in which we have been making our sojourn of a day; and it would require weeks and months of loving study to render us familiar with even a tithe of its treasures. Time and opportunity have only permitted us to glance at a few stray gems.

# ROTHESAY, AND A RAID IN BUTE.

LIKE Macbeth, we have fallen "into the sear and yellow leaf;" we are now among the golden acres and the blushing orchards of autumn. The woodland choir is silent; the lark has left the songless sky; and in the green gloamin' of the wood, the merle and the throstle have ceased their musical banter with the echoes. Sole minstrel of the grove, the dear redbreast-the "Robin redbreast" of our childhood, the sear-breasted, black-eyed bird of winter-sings solitary on the old apple tree. God bless that beautiful little bird, that ever, in the "fa' o' the year," in the season of approaching darkness and decay, lends us a sweet voice of consolation and of hope! Yes! the year is wearing to the wane. We see her as a fair woman, past her bloom; the mother of many children, and bedecked with many fruits. In one arm she has a nodding sheaf of golden ears, in the other a glittering sickle, that reminds us of the tanned reaper. Around her broad and open countenance is a wreath of berries-the bluid-red rowan, and the crimsoned haw, and the burning fruit of the sweet-scented rose. But we want thee, gentle reader, to look upon another picture. We want thee, in short, to oblige us by becoming some four or five months younger. To go back with us through the green and yellow fields of autumn-back through the sunny and the odorous meadows of summer-back, back, to renew our acquaintance with that "sweet thing of her teens," the half-smiling, half-weeping spring. Lend us thy arm, kind Memory, and guide us to the budding dell, where April sleeps amid half-opened flowers.\* Pshaw! this is a shade too poetical; but really we cannot help ourselves when we venture to throw a leg over Pegasus. We have then no command of our steed; and until our foot is again upon the heather, we know not what we do. To be brief, however, and at the same time to be prosy, we must inform our readers that our present excursion was performed in spring, and that our pictures must, consequently, be executed in the tears and smiles of that most sensitive of all the seasons.

The island of Bute, or the "isle of beauty," as a friend of ours felicitously called it, is one of a group which lies in the opening jaws of the Clyde, just where that long meandering serpent yawns itself into the ocean. We have already glanced at Arran, that thing of peaks and crags which rises master of the position at the wedding of river and sea. Arran is the "best man" at the aquatic nuptials—a stalwart, buirdly, and somewhat gruesome chiel; Bute is the bridesmaid, with

"A very shower Of beauty for her earthly dower."

We admire Arran, and regard him with a mingled feeling of respect and awe. Bute we love with that perfect affection which casteth out all fear. For days, and weeks, and months, we could hang over her fair bosom, and revel in the luxury of her charms. She is not too large for loving either. "She is just as high as our heart," as somebody says in the world of Shakspeare. Standing on Barone Hill, we have her altogether in the embrace of our eye. According to the trigonometrical people, Bute is about fifteen miles in length, with an average breadth of about three miles and a-half. Like Puck, we could put a girdle upon her in forty minutes. But if we followed the wayward humours of her shores—if we traced her bays and headlands; her shelvy cliffs and her sandy beaches; her rugged promontories and her bouldered

<sup>\*</sup> This chapter, although originally published in autumn, was written after a spring excursion.

slopes, we might spend long years of dalliance with the tidy little island. She is, in short, "a thing of beauty," and a thing of beauty, as Keats has truly informed us, is a joy for ever.

Well, then, suppose yourself, reader (be it observed we purposely omit the gentle and other stereotyped adjectives of courtesy), on the deck of the Rothesay steamer. We have passed Toward Point, and are bearing right down upon the island of our admiration. The bay, the beautiful bay, opens before us, with "Ballybote" (as the Highlanders call Rothesay) nestling in its bosom. There are fishing smacks passing to and fro on the rippled water; boys and girls, too, by our troth, are rowing here and there, or dropping their lines in the placid depths. Lazily the white sea-mew goes undulating through the air, or alights like a living flake of foam upon the blue breast of the bay. On the shore we can see the forms but not the faces, of fair ladies sauntering in search of "caller air," or, it may be, of sweathearts. Little children are ploutering on the margin, or "doukin" in the wholesome brine; while anxious mammas are poking their heads out of windows and warning their "olive branches" against the dangers of the great deep.

Rothesay Bay is a beautiful semi-ellipse, extending between Ardbeg and Bogany Points, a distance of nearly a mile and a-half. The indentation of the bay is considerable, and just at the deepest portion of the curve stands the royal burgh of Rothesay, the pretty little capital of Bute. The town stretches along the shore and creeps up the adjacent heights in the most pleasant style. About the centre is the wharf and the business parts of the town, while on either wing a long line of villas straggles round the margin of the water. Being built of a darkish coloured stone, Rothesay has a less gay appearance than some of the other towns of the coast. It has a clean, tidy, and regular aspect, however, which is exceedingly inviting, while its snug and well-sheltered situation suggests an agreeable feeling of cosieness and comfort.

Save the county buildings and a few churches, Rothesay possesses few edifices of note. In the very heart of the town, however, she has a noble relic of antiquity. A grim old ruin, standing sternly alone amidst the houses of yesterday, as if it scorned to be their associate. Girt with a narrow belt of green sward, and a few straggling trees, it seems utterly solitary amidst the reeking houses that have arisen in its vicinity. The eastle of Rothesay is of unknown age. Some writers suppose it to have been founded in 1098 by Magnus Barefoot of Norway, when that ambitious potentate took possession of the Western Isles. This is but supposition, however, and there is nothing in the architecture of the structure to indicate the era of its erection. The building consists of a vast circular court, about 140 feet in diameter. The walls are eight feet in thickness, and about seventeen feet high, with battlemented summits. There are also the remains of four sturdy round towers; and between two of these on the north-east is a projecting edifice, which is said to have owed its existence to Robert the Second of Scotland. Quietly nestled in the interior of the court are the remains of a pretty little chapel. It is now roofless and peopled with rank nettles; but the fonts for holy water, and the niches for sculptured saints, are still to be seen in the walls. A dense matting of ivy is flung over the shattered castle, and in the spacious court is a hawthorn of the most majestic proportions. This fine tree has been laid prostrate for many years, but its roots still retain their connection with the soil, and manage to extract from it the means of life. The trunk is not less than six feet in circumference, while there is a mass of green branches above the prostrate giant, which it is difficult to believe can have sprung from one stem. It is indeed a kingly old thorn; and it is with a feeling of regret that we see it thus laid low.

Rothesay Castle has a long tale to tell. As we have mentioned, it is supposed to be of Norwegian origin, and there is an authentic record that it was besieged in 1228 by a king of

Norway who wished to extend his sway over the Western Isles. The garrison, on this occasion, was under the command of the Steward of Scotland, and made a most determined resistance. According to the Norwegian historian, "boiling pitch and lead" were poured down upon the assailants. a protection, the latter formed a kind of portable roof, under which they advanced, and, according to the chronicler, "hewed down the walls, for the stone was soft, and the ramparts fell with them." For three days the fight continued, but ultimately the invaders were successful, and compelled the garrison to surrender. The Norwegians found much wealth, it is said, in the castle, and one Scottish knight is specially mentioned as having paid for his ransom 300 merks of refined silver. The victory, however, cost the Norwegians a loss of 300 men. The castle was subsequently taken by the Scots, retaken by the Norwegians, and again recovered by the Scots, in whose possession it finally remained. After the battle of Largs the Norse rovers ceased to molest the Scottish coasts, and the Castle of Rothesay became the property of a fierce native chief, named Rudric. By intermarriage with a daughter of this individual, who was a kind of pirate, the castle passed into the hands of the Stuarts, who subsequently became heirs to the Scottish crown. During the usurpation of Edward of England, the castle fell into the hands of the English; but, after Bannockburn, the invaders were driven out by the indomitable Bruce. Robert the Second erected a palace, it is said, near the eastle, and lived here between 1376 and 1398. He also created for his eldest son the title of Duke of Rothesay, which still continues to be a designation of the heir-apparent to the British crown. In 1489 Patrick Lindsay, a brother of Lord Lindsay, was dungeoned in Rothesay Castle by order of James IV. The offence was over-energy in pleading for a brother, and the enraged monarch sentenced him to confinement where "he would not see his feet for a year." Rothesay was the place selected, and the opening to the dungeon may be seen by the

shuddering visitor to this day. The castle was burned by a brother of the Earl of Argyle in 1685, and has ever since remained a deserted ruin.

We have mentioned the little chapel in the court-yard of the castle, and would now direct our readers' attention to an old well which is situated in the same spacious arena. Here the garrison found an abundant supply of the pure element while the din of war was raging around the walls. On the destruction of the castle the well was filled up with stones and other rubbish, in which condition it continued till 1816, when it was cleared out by order of the Marquis of Bute. It was supposed that something valuable might have been deposited in the well; but the search was in a great measure fruitless. A number of old coins were turned up, however, among which were a few Scots pennies and groats of the reign of James VI. There were also coins of Charles I. and Charles II., a copper piece of Louis XIII. of France, and a brass farthing token of "The Bull Head Tavern, in Este Smithfield," probably dropped by one of Cromwell's veterans while the castle was in the hands of the Protector.

With solemn steps and slow we tread the mazes of this gloomy old structure—now lingering in the shadow of some dreary doorway, and anon threading some labyrinthine passage, with spiders clinging to its sides, and a damp, mouldy odour pervading it like that of the charnel. In those dungeons we can picture to our mind's eye the poor prisoner sitting in darkness and alone; while that windowed recess seems to fancy's ken to be still tenanted by the lady of the tower, sitting in pride to watch her lord's return. There is an abiding stain of blood upon the old castle also; and if tradition may be credited, it is actually haunted by presences which are not of this earth. This narrow stair behind the ruined chapel, and up which we climb to the battlements, is called "the bluidy stair," from a deed of horror of which it was the scene in bygone years. The legend we have heard in

prose; but it is better told in a ballad which appeared, a goodly number of years ago, in a clever local publication, called the Salt Water Gazette. We committed the verses to memory at the time; and, reader, if thou wilt sit with us on the green castle wa' for a brief space, we shall even chaunt them for thy delectation:—

#### THE BLUIDY STAIR.

Oh, Rothesay's tower is round about, And Rothesay's tower is strang; And loud within its merrie wa's The noise o' wassail rang.

A scald o' Norway struck the harp, And a good harper was he; For hearts beat mad, and looks grew wild Wi' his sang o' victory.

A dark-eyed Chief has left the board Where he sat as lord and liege; And he call'd aloud amidst the crowd For Thorfinn, his little foot-page.

"Go tell the stranger Isabell,
That she stir not from the bower,
Till darkness dons her blackest drcss,
And midnicht marks the hour.

"And tell the Ladye Isabell
To come when the feast is o'er,
And meet upon the Chapel stair
The Chieftain Rory Mhor."

When the feast was o'er, and a' was hush'd In midnicht and in mirk, A Ladye was seen, like a spirit at een, To pass by the Holy Kirk.

She stood at the foot o' the chapel stair, And she heard a footstep's tread; For the wild Norse warrior was there, Who thus to the Ladye said;—

"I'm Rory Mhor, the Island Chief, I'm Roderic, Lord of Bute; For the Raven o' Norway flies above, And the Lion of Scotland is mute.

"I hate your kith, fair Ladye," he said,
I hate your kith and kin;
And I am sworn to be their foe
Till life be dried within.

"Yet kiss me, luvelle Isabell, And lay your cheek to mine; Tho' ye bear the bluid o' the High Steward, I'll woo nae hand but thine."

"Awa, awa! ye rank butcher!"
Said the Ladye Isabell,
"For beneath your hand my father dear
And my three brave brothers fell."

"It's I hae conquered them," he said,
"And I will conquer thee;
For if in love ye winna wed,
My leman ye shall be."

"The stars will dreip out their beds o' blue Ere you in love I wed; I rather wad fly to the grave and lie In the mouldy embrace o' the dead.

"I canna love, I winna love A murderer for my lord; For even yet my faither's bluid Lies lapper'd on your sword.

"And I never will be your base leman,
While death to my darger is true;
For I hate you, Chief, as the foe of my kin,
And the foe of my country too."

An eye micht be seen wi' revenge to gleam, Like a shot star in a storm; And a heart was felt to writhe, as if bit By the never-dying worm.

A struggle was heard on the chapel stair, And a smother'd shriek of pain— A deaden'd groan, and a fall on the stone— And all was silent again.

The morning woke on the Ladye's bower, But no Isabell was there; The morning woke on Rothesay tower, And bluid was on the stair.

And rain may fa' and time may ca'
Its lazy wheels about;
But the steps are red, and the stains o' bluid
Will never be washen out.

And oft in the mirk and midnicht hour, When a' is silent there, A shriek is heard, and a Ladye is seen On the steps o' the Bluidy Stair.

The grand old Castle of Rothesay, in which we have been lingering,

"Lone musing on days that are gone,"

was the predecessor, and, so to speak, sire of the town. Under its wing the infant village was born and nurtured, until, in process of time, it attained sufficient size and importance to be constituted a royal burgh. In its earliest days, of course, the village of Rothesay shared the fluctuating fortunes of its sheltering stronghold. At one period it was the prey of the marauding sea-rovers of Norway; at another it was rescued by the Scots; again it owned the sway of England, and thus, in the lapse of centuries, as one

power or another prevailed, it continued to change masters. The usurper Edward, the liberator Bruce, and the stern Protector Cromwell, have successively trodden as conquerors on the devoted soil of Rothesay. They came like shadows, and even so they have departed, while the stern old ruin for which they struggled remains a melancholy memorial of vanished ambitions; and the sea-side hamlet, which then they scorned, has grown in these better days into a beautiful and a wealthy little town. In the year 1400 Rothesay was erected into a royal burgh by charter from Robert III., who seems, as a man of taste, to have entertained a special affection for the locality. James VI. afterwards granted in 1584 a regal confirmation of the privileges conferred upon the burgh by his ancestor. From this period it seems for many years to have progressed steadily in prosperity. Being happily situated between the Highlands and the Lowlands (the natives of which then regarded each other with somewhat like hostile feelings), Rothesay appears to have been recognized as a neutral spot; and here accordingly the Sassenach and the Gael assembled for the transaction of mercantile business. The kilted Celt came here with his cattle, his sheep, and his wool, to exchange them for the linens and the hosiery, the bickers and the edgetools of the more sagacious and canny people of the laigh countrie. was here alone that the Rob Roys and the Bailie Nicol Jarvies met in peace; and strange, indeed, must have been the scenes which were then enacted within the market-place of Rothesay. We can almost fancy that we still hear the pawkie murmurs of the braid Scotch dialect, mingled with the wild mountain gusts of Gaelic, and the fierce bellowings of the multitudinous kine. But all these

> "Are silent now; or only heard Like mellowed murmurs of the distant sea."

A death-blow was aimed at the prosperity of Rothesay by the Argyle family in the year 1700, when the village of Campbelton was, through their interest, erected into a royal

burgh, with the view of attracting to that quarter the trade of the Highlands and Isles. Great advantages were held out by the Argyle, in his own burgh, to settlers and traders, and the result was that Rothesay lost a great portion not only of its trade but of its population. The shadow of decay fell upon the town, and several of the more deserted streets began to wax ruinous. In 1765 the dawn of better days broke upon the dreary capital of Bute. It was at that period made a custom-house station, and subsequently a licensed herringfishery, both of which events contributed largely to restore its prosperity. The mouldering gaps which formerly prevailed in its streets were gradually supplemented by tidy edifices, while the town began to spread and throw out feelers, until it far exceeded its previous dimensions, and assumed an aspect of greater elegance and comfort. In 1778 an English company, attracted by the overflowings of Loch Fad, established a cotton factory above the town (the first of the kind north of the Tweed), and thus contributed to augment in a material degree the population and the wealth of the community. This establishment, and another which has been since erected, continue in active operation, and furnish employment to a goodly number of the inhabitants. Rothesay also became famous at a comparatively early period as a sea-bathing locality, and it is still visited annually by large flights of those "saut water people," who sojourn for a few months in summer at the coast, and who generally leave behind them a pretty fair reward in the shape of £ s. D. for the benefits, real or imaginary, which they enjoy. This has, indeed, been a great source of wealth to the town of late years, and it has consequently progressed rapidly in size and importance. Long lines of elegant cottages have arisen, and are still rising, in every direction, around the bay and up the adjoining heights. Rothesay has more kirks also, and more denominations than we care to enumerate. Then the shops along the principal promenade are of the most elegant and spacious description, supplying every necessary want,

and placing within the reach of the city visitor all the "comforts of the Saltmarket." It has its banks and its public offices; its libraries and its reading-rooms; its hotels and its coffee-houses; in short, all that is desirable for the gratification of any ordinary taste may be found, "for a consideration," on the shores of that most sunny and sweetly sheltered bay.

The town of Rothesay is situated in a spacious hollow, formed by an environment of gentle heights; and is consequently sheltered on three sides from the visitations of the angry blast. Among "a' the airts the wind can blaw" it is only exposed on the side next the water; and even in that direction the lusty breathings of Boreas are mitigated by the mountains of Cowal. Its atmosphere is in consequence exceedingly mild and equable, even in spring and winter, when less favoured localities are exposed to all the "peltings of the pitiless storm." Consumptive patients, who shudder elsewhere at the approach of the biting equinoctials, here find a haven of comparative quietude and rest. The final blow may not in every case be averted even here, but the poignancy of the wound is always mitigated, and the dread consummation is generally delayed, while, occasionally, the victim is rescued altogether from an impending doom. Rothesay is, therefore, a favourite haunt of the consumptive. "I shall never forget," says Miss Sinclair, "the fervour with which a sick young friend of my own once exclaimed, when suffering severely from the sharp arrow-like winds of Edinburgh, 'Oh! what would I not give for one single gasp of Rothesay air?" Many, many an outcast from health has uttered a similar exclamation, and dreamed that all would be well again if they were but once more privileged to tread the fresh gowany sward of Bute.

A little to the westward of the town, and forming one of the shoulders of the amphitheatre in which it is situated, is an elevation called the Chapel Hill. This was formerly, as its name indicates, the site of a chapel. The sacred edifice, however, has entirely disappeared; there is not one stone even standing upon another to suggest its "whereabouts." We ascend the hill, however, to obtain "a bird's-eye view" of the town and bay, for which the spot is famous. Nor is our labour unrewarded; for certainly a more lovely glimpse of land and sea than it brings into our ken it were difficult to imagine. At our feet, as it were, lies the town—a curious maze of houses, and streets, and churches, and mills, and shipping, with the stern old castle frowning grimly in the midst. Curling overhead are the blue wreaths from a thousand chimneys, while around is a very wilderness of trees and gardens, in which we can distinguish, in the bright sun of May, the rich glossy green of the bursting leaves, and the first faint flush of the apple bloom, as it reddens in countless buds. Looking seawards, the bay and the waters beyond are seen in a ripple of light, dashed here and there, however, with vast patches of gloom, that come and go with the passing clouds. To the left is the opening of the Kyles, the beautiful entrance to that most lovely and romantic strait which separates Bute from "the neighbouring island of Great Britain." How finely wooded is the lofty promontory which rises with one stately shoulder to the Kyles, and the other to the vast valley of Loch Striven, which is seen in the distance stretching its huge length away into the wild region of mountain and glen! To the right are the lands of Toward, so finely variegated and adorned with their woods and lawns, their snowy lighthouse, and their verdant slopes, their stately mansion and their castle of other days. That old tower which we can just discern among the surrounding masses of larch and funereal fir was, in former times, the home of a family named Lamont, and as tradition loves to tell, it had the honour, on one occasion, of affording shelter to the fair and unfortunate Mary of Scotland. Such a reminiscence must hallow the old gray walls in the estimation of those, and they are not a few, who still love to cherish the memory of that ill-fated woman. These broad lands

have now departed from their ancient owners, and are at present in the possession of a Glasgow family, to whose wealth and taste they are indebted for at least half their beauty. Formerly Toward was "a bleak and sterile promontory," now it seems the very home of sylvan loveliness. And for this agreeable change it is indebted to the late Kirkman Finlay, Esq., a gentleman whose name was once a household word in our city, but which, "so runs the world away," is now seldom heard, even where our merchant princes most do congregate. "Ay, it's a bonnie sicht, a bonnie, bonnie sicht," says an old gentleman (who has, in our musing, approached us unobserved), in answer to our unconscious burst of admiration; "an' I thank Gudeness that my auld een ha'e been privileged to look on't ance mair. Often and often in the deid o' the last weary winter. when rowing on a bed o' anguish-

## 'For age has weary days, And nights o' sleepless pain.'

-Often, I say, ha'e I thocht o' the bonnie Chapel Hill o' Rothesay, where I ha'e spent sae mony happy, happy days langsyne! and as often ha'e I thocht that I wad never see't in life again! But it wasna sae ordered! It's near till the twa score an' ten years since I used to rin here, a gay, lichthearted laddie, little thinking that age or infirmity wad ever come my gate. There's sair changes since that time. The toon's no like the same thing ava, and everything about it's altered a' thegither. When I look back on the toon that is, and the toon that was, I could fancy mysel' a stranger in a land o' strangers. But up here, the auld brown hills and the wide waste o' sun-shimmering waters look upon me like auld friends, like the friends o' langsyne, and, auld fule that I am, I canna choose but greet-greet like a bairn-for in their presence I feel mysel' to be indeed a bairn ance mair." While the old man is speaking thus (and it does seem as if he were speaking to us, for, as he leans upon his staff, his eves are on the bay, and on the stern hills beyond), we, of course, preserve a respectful silence. In the pause which follows his last words, however, we attempt, with our usual urbanity, to utter a few kindly and sympathizing words to our venerable and unknown companion. We do not succeed in touching the proper string,—

"He sees a hand we cannot see,
Which beckons him away;
He hears a voice we cannot hear,
Which says he must not stay."

—"Na, na, laddie!" says the gray-haired man, "dinna speak to me o' comfort! I ha'e mony comforts that ye ken naething o', and ane o' them is jist the luxury o' thinking on and greetin' ower auld faces and auld scenes; and anither is, a sure hope that I'll sune be wi' the loved and the lost mysel'. But lend me your arm, lad, while I gang doon the brae I'll never speel again; and dinna ye speak, lad—dinna speak, for d'ye no hear the laverock's in the sky, and I wad fain listen to the last sang he'll ever sing to me." Slowly, and with many a pause, we go down the hill, until we arrive at a flower-girt cottage, where a young woman kindly hails my aged friend as "grandfather," and leads him gently towards the door. "Farewell, young man, and may God bless you," he solemnly says, while we are shaking hands at parting; and touched by the incident, we pensively pass upon our way.\*

Passing from the dying to the dead we make our way through the town, and up a long and handsome avenue of budding beeches to the church-yard of Rothesay. This sequestered "field of graves" is situated on a gentle elevation immediately above the town. It is of considerable extent, and covered with a fresh green sward which is regularly intersected with neatly kept walks, and adorned in many places with shrubbery and flowers. In the midst of the area is the parish church, a spacious, but withal plain looking edifice. In former times there was an ancient Gothic cathedral, dedicated to St. Mary, on the spot; but this was

<sup>\*</sup> The old man, as we afterwards learned, never was again in the sunshine until he was carried out into it in his coffin.

removed some two centuries ago, with the exception of the choir, which still remains in a roofless and ruinous condition. This interesting relic of the past is quite adjacent to the modern church, and, from the style of its architecture, appears to have been erected in the thirteenth century. In an arched recess of the southern wall is the recumbent figure of a knight in armour. The fashion is that of the reign of Robert II. (the king who bestowed the burghal charter upon Rothesay), and the arms are those of royalty; but there is no inscription to indicate who or what the individual was who was designed to be commemorated. The monument has forgotten its mission of memory, and oblivion has long claimed its own. On the opposite side of the structure, also, are the efficies of a mother and child. These are more rudely executed than the former, and the style of the arch indicates a more recent erection. This also has lost its tale. In their day and generation these were doubtless among the great ones of the land; but, save the voiceless image of the forgotten sculptor, there is nothing left to tell that noble dust is here interred.

## "So fades, so perishes, grows dim and dies, All that this world is proud of."

The undistinguishable green mound of common mortality becomes, in the lapse of time, as legible as the marbled mausoleum of pride. Time and death are a couple of sad levellers—decay has no respect of persons. Shudder as we may at the yellow bones and the grinning skull, there is no evading the dread sentence—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." "Go to my lady's chamber," says the Lord Hamlet, while handling the fleshless caput of poor Yorick, "and tell her, though she paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come at last." God help us! poor, frail, fleeting brothers and sisters of the clod as we are—walking shadows on the way to dusty death—wherefore, oh! wherefore should men and women ever puff themselves up with a vain, and unnatural, and ridiculous pride?

Tombstones are notable and impudent liars. He was born and he died is sufficient; all else is nought, or worse than nought. A parade of virtues on a tombstone is as bad as "painting an inch thick" the gaunt and bony cheeks of a death's head. It is a cruel mockery of a poor erring and departed brother. One of the best arguments against the existence of ghosts is the fact that grave-stones retain their legibility for such a length of time. Were it otherwise, ninety-nine out of the hundred epitaphs would be at once obliterated by the thin, cold fingers of disgusted apparitions. How some of the departed can sleep under the load of flattery with which their narrow houses are covered is past our comprehension. There is, for instance, an epitaph in the church-vard of Rothesay which so far "out-Herod's" all that poor human nature could ever possibly have merited, that its perusal becomes absolutely disgusting. This precious composition is placed over the grave of a deceased minister, and embodies such an amount of presumptuous and, we will add, unchristian flattery, that it must throw into the shade the utmost efforts of any previous panegyrist of the dead. All the virtues, natural and Christian, under neaven, are heaped unscrupulously upon the head of the deceased pastor. If this tombstone speaks truth, to err is not necessarily human. No mere man since the fall, however, we may very safely assert, has ever manifested a tithe even of the goodness which is here unblushingly ascribed to the lost shepherd of Rothesay. The deceased, for aught we know, may have been a very good man, probably he was, but certain we are that if he could by possibility revisit for a brief space "the glimpses of the moon," he would shudder at the impious estimate of character engraven upon his own tombstone, and pray to be delivered from the fanatical affection and zeal of his late flock; for it was by them, we presume, that the atrocity was perpetrated. But we are getting into a passion unbecoming the place of graves, and must leave the spot.

Returning to Rothesay as the gloamin' begins to fall, we pass on our way two stately ash trees, one on either side of the road. These are known in the locality as Adam and Eve. They are of considerable age and of truly gigantic proportions. One of them measures 161 feet in circumference three feet above the ground, and the other 11 feet at a similar elevation. These are understood to be the largest sylvan productions in the island, although there is an oak near Kean's cottage, on Loch Fad, which almost rivals them in magnitude. This gnarled old monarch of the wood is nearly 11 feet in girth a little above the ground, and it seems to have won the special admiration of the great tragedian during his residence here. It is even said that he expressed a wish to be interred within the shadow of its wide-spreading branches. After a brief inspection of the vast leafy namesakes of our first parents, we seek the shelter of a friendly and hospitable roof wherein to spend the night.

At an early hour of the morning we are up, and having indulged in a breakfast which only the sea air could have justified, we set out upon our road athwart the island. Proceeding eastward by the garrison shore—a most pleasant promenade-with the rippled bay on one hand, and green pastoral slopes on the other, we soon arrive at Bogany Point, at the distance of a mile or so from the town. The shore here is somewhat rocky and water-worn, while abrupt cliffs of a coarse conglomerate approach to within a short distance of the road, which here turns sharply off towards the south. The principal object of note in the Point is a remarkable sulphuretted spring, which was discovered in 1831, and which is supposed by those who are skilled in such matters to be highly medicinal in its qualities. It is sufficiently nauseous, at all events; and we all know to our cost that medicines are generally very unpalatable. spring used to be much visited by invalids, and a great number of cures are said to have been effected through the agency of its waters. The composition of the fluid, according to the formula of the late Professor Thomson of Glasgow. is as follows:-"In an imperial gallon, or 277,274 cubic inches, there are common salt, 1860.73 grains; sulphate of lime, 125.20; sulphate of soda, 129.77; chloride of magnesium, 32.80; silica, 14.39." And a pretty mess it is for a person with the slightest pretensions to taste. We tried it, and conscientiously we cannot advise any of our friends who are free from cutaneous disease to venture on a similar ordeal. A little urchin, with a couple of knowing companions, comes innocently forward, just as we are making off, and dips his mouth into the basin. One mouthful of the transparent brine, however, suffices, and in a moment he is bolt upright, sputtering with all his might, and making such wry faces as only "senna or some purgative drug" had ever brought previously within our ken. His comrade imps enjoy the joke amazingly, and laugh with unbounded glee.

Our walk for several miles now is in a southerly direction, and parallel with the shore. On the one hand it is circumscribed by a gentle range of heights, partly covered with wood, partly in green pastoral slopes, and partly in a state of cultivation. Every here and there a neat little cottage or pleasant villa greets the eye with its blue curling reek rising gracefully over the trees, and its tastefully kept patch of garden ground resplendent with the flowers of spring. Stealing a glance over the leafy fences, our eye is delighted with the sight of gay parterres and many-tinted borders. What Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale" of Shakspeare, yearns for in vain in the autumn fields, we have here in their glory—

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

One could almost fancy our old friend Autolycus issuing from that cottage gate, and singing, as was his wont,—

"When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year,
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

"The lark that tirra-lirra chants,
With hey! with hey! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay."

Nor is the seaward prospect less pleasing or less beautiful. Over the bounding Frith is the long line of the Ayrshire eoast, while away in the front the Cumbrae Isles are seen peeping round the kirk-crowned promontory of Ascog. Sweet Ascog! with its fairy bay, and its leaf-embowered group of eottages and mansions, all basking in the rich golden radiance of the dewy morning, and ringing with the music of countless birds. Pleasant are its habitations one and all, and to our memory the entire locality is one of sunny associations. It was a pure taste surely that first dreamed of ereeting a church on that green headland where the murmur of the waves might mingle with the voice of psalms, and glimpses of beauty from without might tune the hearts of the worshippers to feelings of gratitude and love. There is a belt of freshest green around the tiny little church, as it stands a thing apart, and we had fancied, ere we approached it at first, that the sward would probably present many an undulation of death, many a peaceful and seeluded grave. It is not so; there is only one sleeper in that solemn place—only one, and he was a stranger in the island. His grave is close to the church-wall, on the side next the sea, and the spot is marked by a humble tablet, which bears his "Montague Stanley," we saw, when a boy, many years ago in the Glasgow Theatre. He was then a promising actor, and had come from the Scottish metropolis with Mr. Murray and others to star it for a few nights on the Glasgow boards. In all the pride and pomp of the stage he played his part that night, and played it well, amidst the blaze of light, and to the appropriate accompaniments of music and painting. What a contrast was that gay scene to the silenee and solemnity of this! After a few years he deserted the stage, from religious scruples, it is said, and endeavoured to earn a living for himself and his wife as an artist. With

what degree of success he practised as a painter we know not, but the shadow of an early doom interrupted his labours, and, like so many others, he came to Rothesay to seek, in change of air, the restoration of his vanished health. It was in vain, however, for after a brief residence in Bute, he was called upon to "shuffle off that mortal coil" which returneth not again. Previous to his decease, he had expressed a wish to be buried by the Church of Ascog, and the boon was kindly granted by the proprietor of the spot. Here, then, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps secure," and far away from the bustle and the din in which so large a portion of his existence was passed. It is the very place, indeed, where poet or painter might well love to rest. All around is the loveliness he delighted to delineate, and the silence is disturbed by no ruder sound than the wailing of the wintry wind, the lonely plashing of the sad sea waves, or the cerie cry of the wildbird, as it sweeps through the gloom of night. Peace to the departed!

But the sun is getting high on the arch of day, and we must be moving on our pilgrimage. A couple of miles or so beyond Ascog we pass the little sandy bay of Scoulag, with its tiny wharf and its row of humble cottages. It is a pleasant little village, or hamlet, or clachan, or we know not what else. It is in truth but a tiny group of cottages. Never mind, it has a tidy enough country hostelry, and the rambler who is not guilty of teetotalism or over-fastidiousness may find within its precincts a cup of something to refresh and invigorate his inner man, and in default of better cheer, may strengthen himself for the road with a dainty daud of oaten cake and a gusty whang of cheese. Leaving Scoulag, or Kerrycroy (for it rejoices in both names), we must now for a time desert the shore and betake ourselves to the bowels of the land. The Marquis of Bute's spacious policies are right before us, and to secure their utter seclusion the very shore has been intruded on and enclosed for miles. This may not be quite legal, as all within the water-mark is public

property; but who shall call a marquis to account for his doings, and especially in an island which is at least two-thirds his own property? But never mind, our inland walk is an agreeable diversity, and every wayside affords us a study of the beautiful. The grounds of Mountstuart are indeed exceedingly lovely, and at every few steps we are greeted with glimpses of woodland and lawn which would rejoice the eve of the painter. These fine policies were laid out and planted about the year 1718, and the woods are now in the finest possible condition. Now they are dense, dark, and solitary; anon they open into fine green glades; and again they break up into clumps and belts, or into broad green expanses, studded with individual trees. Old Evelyn could have spent a life-time here, in his favourite sylvan studies, and not have exhausted the field. Then there is Mountstuart House, the seat of the Marquis of Bute, a large and handsome edifice, but in no way remarkable for architectural beauty. It was erected, however, about the beginning of the last century, before the prevailing mania for "romances in stone and lime" had begun to develop itself. There is an air of aristocratic quietude and reserve about the structure, which says as plainly even as words, "I prythee keep thy distance, friend, for I am above and beyond such plebeian dogs as thee." So we are content to stand afar off and gaze upon it with respectful awe. We can see the peacocks strutting on the lawn, and the favourite spaniel couched upon the doorstep, and the white doves fluttering over the roof, or sunning themselves on the gable ends, and one solitary old man lazily trimming the walks; and our heart whispers to itself how different is their life from thine, in the smoke and the dust and the din of von busy, busy, never-resting town! If the contrast elicits a sigh, where, we pray thee, is the wonder?

But once more let us borrow from that light-hearted Autolycus—

<sup>&</sup>quot;Jog on, jog on, the footpath way
And merrily hent the stile a';
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile a'."

And shall we not be merry in spite of fortune and fame, while so many primroses are strewing our path with gold, when so many blue-eved violets are looking kindly in our face, when so many opening buds are unfolding their greenest plaits for our delectation, and when an hundred little throats are pouring forth their sweetest gushes of wanton woodnotes wild? Go to! go to! we shall not play the churl on such a day and amidst so much that is beautiful, so much that is gladsome and gay. A mile or two farther on we arrive at the bay of Kilchattan-a fine bold sweep of water that indents the southern shore of Bute. It is somewhat tame on one of its sides, however, and sprawls over a slimy flat of stones and sand. On the opposite side from that on which we approach it is girt by a range of finely swelling hills. Under these is the village, which sweeps in a curve round the margin of the bay, and consists for the most part of plain and homely little cottages. There is a church also, but it stands considerably apart, with a few decent houses in its vicinity or scattered immediately around. Our course is to the village proper, and really we do not find it particularly attractive. The amenities of the regular watering-place are in a great measure awanting, and as we pass, our olfactories are occasionally greeted with odours that would discredit the Goosedubs. One little hostelry again we try, but the landlady has a Mrs. M'Larty look, and the chamber into which we are shown is at once redolent of tobacco, and the floor is thickly freckled with the recent saliva of departed smokers. A dram under such circumstances would inevitably raise our gorge, and as for a modicum of bread and cheese from such dirty hands, "Oh no, we never mention them." Bidding this untidy howff an abrupt adieu, we proceed right up the hill in search of St. Blane's Chapel. Inquiring at an old Celt whom we meet as to its whereabouts, he gives us a decidedly evasive answer, and evidently with the view of being engaged as our guide. "Hoo, yes," he says, "she's goot pit awa'; maybe twa nor tree miles, an' hursel' will no

pe sure to fint hur oot. But hursel' will no pe ferry thrang at hame, and she'll tak' you hursel' to tae auld kurk." We decline to avail ourselves, however, of the proffered kindness, as we have ever entertained a proper horror of everything in the shape of a hired guide. The old fellow, as we find immediately afterwards, could have directed us to the spot almost by the lifting of a finger. A shepherd and his collie come athwart us on the heath, and, after we have taken a sneeshin from his freely-offered mull, he sets us right upon the track. At this point the Island of Bute is divided into a sort of isthmus by the indentations of the bays of Stravanan and Kilchattan, the southern portion jutting out into the peninsula of Garroch-head. In the centre of the isthmus the land consists principally of wild heathy hills and barren moorlands, on which a few flocks of sheep find a meagre existence. Among these brown and shaggy heights, however, there is one little green vale, of perhaps about forty acres in extent, and here, in its own sweet solitude, are the ruins of St. Blane's Chapel. A more lovely and secluded spot it is difficult to imagine, but how it should ever have been selected as the site of a church is what excites our special wonder.

Descending into the bosom of the vale, we have behind us and on one side a wall of gray hills and heathy slopes; on the other a dense grove of gloomy trees; and right before us, on a sort of platform, the ruins of the sacred edifice which we have come to visit. It is of small extent, roofless and weather-worn, as it well may be, having battled, it is said, with the wind and the rain of some eight centuries. St. Blanc, the saint whose name it bears, flourished in all the odour of sanctity in the tenth century; and, according to tradition, he was the founder of the edifice before us. That there was a church here at a period not very much posterior to the age of the saint is at least certain; but whether this may have been the identical structure, it is now somewhat difficult to determine. In a charter given in 1204 to the





ST. BLANE'S CHAPEL, BUTE.

Clunian monks of Paisley, by Walter, Great Steward of Scotland, this church is specially mentioned, as the following clause from the document will show:-"Also for the soul of King David, and the soul of King Malcolm, and the souls of Walter, my father, and Eschene, my mother, and for the salvation of our Lord William, King of Scotland, and his heirs, and the salvation of myself and my heirs, I give, grant, and by this my deed convey to the said monastery at Paisley, and the monks serving God therein, the church of Kingaif (Kingarth, the name of the parish), in the island of Bute, with all the chapels and the whole parish of that island, together with the whole of those lands of which the boundaries, said to have been fixed by St. Blane, are still apparent from sea to sea." This, it must be admitted, was a right royal gift; and it is only to be hoped that the good monks may have been enabled to perform their part of the bargain as handsomely as the donor did his. The grant, however, has long passed from the church, and is now for the most part in the hands of the Bute family. The ruins indicate a very early style of Gothic, and, all things considered, are wondrously entire. A snug little chapel it would be in its better days, but the congregation it could accommodate must of necessity have been more select than numerous. Now the wild-flowers are the only worshippers who assemble within its dreary precincts, and in summer they are there in crowds, offering up incense; while the winds are the sole choristers whose voices are ever heard now around the sacred fane; and in winter, we need not doubt, they also are there giving utterance in the crevices to many a doleful dirge.\*

We have said that the church was built upon a raised platform or dais. This is partly used as a burying-ground, and has been from time immemorial. This space is said to be arched underneath, and that the soil with which it is

<sup>\*</sup> Since our visit we understand the old chapel has been considerably renovated, a circumstance which may certainly tend to its preservation, but which, in the meantime, has detracted from its picturesqueness of aspect,

covered was consecrated earth, brought all the way from Rome by the saint himself. While the earth was in process of being transported from the ship to its destination the females of the isles refused to take part in the labour, and the offended St. Blane deereed that no females should ever be interred within the sanctified enclosure. Until the Reformation, accordingly, no females were ever buried on the raised portion of the church-yard, but a place apart was allotted for their reception Indeed, it was believed that if the rule had been violated the very earth would have opened and resented the sacrilege by spewing forth the bodies. In 1661, however, the presbytery heard of this ungallant practice, and, reversing the saint's decree, gave orders that the sexes should thereafter be buried promiscuously as in other places of interment. Since then many women have been laid to rest in the forbidden ground, and so far as we have yet heard, without any unnatural resurrection. The lower church-yard, however, is still to be seen, with a wall of partition separating it from the other, as in days of vore. In both sections there are a number of quaint old head-stones and other memorials of the dead. Amongst them we observe a number of those peculiar oblong stones which mark the graves of the long-departed order of Templars. Catholic and Protestant, Templar and civilian, male and female, sleep as soundly together in this quiet little church-yard as if in life neither saint, priest, nor presbyter, had ever encouraged division and strife amongst them. Under the silent and shadowy wing of death all is harmony and peace. If men would read the lesson of the grave aright, they would surely find it to be one of charity.

But the old church is not the only relic of departed ages which our little vale contains. Within the bosom of the adjacent grove, and not far from the sacred ruins, is a strange kind of structure which is popularly known as the "Devil's Cauldron." This was an appendage of the chapel, and there is reason to believe was connected with it by a

hidden or subterranean passage. This edifice consists of a dry stone wall 30 feet in diameter, 7 feet 6 inches high, and 10 feet in thickness, with an entrance or doorway on the eastern side. According to popular tradition, it is said the enemy of mankind was in the habit of parboiling the more hardened classes of sinners in this "muckle pot" before carrying them finally away. That it was a place of penance in Catholic times there is no reason to doubt. Similar erections are described by Irish antiquaries as existing in that country. Culprits were occasionally doomed to traverse the rough wall a certain number of times on their bare knees, in expiation of some foul offence. At others a certain number of these unhappy beings were compelled to pass a number of days and nights in the enclosure without food or sleep. Part of the prescribed penance was that they should prevent each other from sleeping, and if any one was permitted by his neighbours to fall into a nap before the appointed time had elapsed, the whole virtue of their united penance would be lost, and they would just require to begin again de novo.

Leaving the romantic little valley of St. Blane, with its picturesque and traditional associations, we now proceed towards the western shore of Bute, which in this direction is somewhat wild and craggy in its aspect. On the downward slope, however—for the land takes a steep seaward tendency from the elevation of St. Blane—there are a number of fine farms scattered about, most of them being in an excellent state of cultivation. The green braird is rising lustily over the brown soil, and changes its hues like the varying tints on the neck of a dove as it is brushed by the passing winds. There are groups of cattle browsing on the freshening pastures, groups of labourers, male and female, busy among the ridges of the potato-fields, and groups of little children gathering kingcups and gowans upon the sunny braes. are now in search of the vestiges of an ancient vitrified fort which crowns the cliffs of Dunnagoil-a wild rocky eminence

which flanks a lovely little bay of the same name. As we are ignorant of the exact "whereabouts" of this curious relic, we naturally address ourselves for information to the potato planters. They do not seem, however, to know anything about it. There are people present who have spent all their lives in the locality, but who profess never to have heard or seen aught of the desiderated stronghold. One stripling at length exclaims, "Hoo, yes, it'll pe the fitrified fort that you'll pe seeking. It's jist doon on the tap o' that hill at the shore; but atweel it's no worth gaun to see. You'll maype no ken her when you'll see her, for she's jist a rickle o' auld stanes, an' no a fort at all. The gentle folk'll come whiles to look for her, and gang awa jist as wise as they'll come." None of the others knew anything of Dunnagoil, so we proceed in the direction of the indicated hill, which is only about half-a-mile distant.

Dun-na-Goil, the fortified hill or rock of the strangersfor such in the Gaelic is the import of the name-is a precipitous ridge of about fifty feet in height. On the western side it rises in a steep and rugged acclivity from the sea; to the north it terminates in a tall and shaggy cliff, weatherbeaten and penetrated by caves of some depth; on the east it is also precipitous and difficult of access. Making our way to the summit by a narrow rugged ledge at the southern extremity, we soon find ourselves on a comparatively level space, which, in a far distant age, was the site of a rude fort or stronghold. At first, however, we can discover no vestiges of the structure, and we begin to think that our friend, the potato planter, may have been right after all. By a little scrutiny we discover at last a few shattered and shapeless masses, strewn along the western margin of the arena. These are indeed all that now remain to mark the existence of the fort. There is literally not one stone upon another to indicate the site of the edifice. Time and the elements have done their work of ruin in the most effective manner; yet, judging from the

nature of the material, it must have been a place of great strength. The stone is a hard whin, similar to that of which the hill is itself composed; but the external surface appears to have been crusted over with some vitreous substance of great hardness. The interstices and crevices between the stones are also filled with a strong vitreous cement. With regard to the people by whom this edifice was erected nothing is now known. It belongs emphatically to a prehistoric age, and tradition itself has no tale to unfold regarding its builders. It has been surmised to be of Danish or Norwegian origin; but these are mere guesses, and entitled to little attention. The position is a good one, as it commands a large extent of Kilbranan Sound and the Frith of Clyde to the south, while immediately adjacent is an excellent landing-place. Still it is a bleak and dreary spot, exposed to the pelting of every storm, and better fitted, one would think, to be the haunt of its present tenants, the sea-birds, than a residence of human beings. It has been often remarked, that on moor or on mountain, in glen or in forest, wherever the habitation of men has once been, there also is the common nettle to be found nodding its green head to the passing breeze. Years and centuries may have passed away since the smoke has ceased to curl from the vanished hearth—the walls may have fallen ages ago-but there the nettle is said to remain, like a faithful mourner over the departed. On the summit of Dunnagoil we find the nettle in green clusters, congregated as it were in the dwelling-places of the dead, just as we have found them many a time and oft in the solitude of a Highland glen, which had once been populous, but which had long been consigned to the sheep and the grouse.

Pleasantly, indeed, might a few hours of spring be spent in the vicinity of Dunnagoil, with its dripping caves, its water-worn rocks, and its shell-fringed bay, stretching away in a graceful curve of sand; but the afternoon is wearing rapidly to a close, and we must bethink ourselves of return-

ing to Rothesay. By a different route we return to Kilchattan, -- and from thence, by an "overland route," set out on our return to the capital of the isle. Our way lies principally among bleak moors and brown pasture lands, presenting but little worthy of note until we reach the valley of Loch Fad. This beautiful lake is situated in a lengthened hollow of the hills immediately to the south of Rothesay. It is said to be about five miles long, by about one-third of a mile in breadth. The adjacent hills are of no great height, but their surfaces are delightfully variegated, and lend to the loch the choicest features in miniature of the more majestic Highland lakes. In some places the eye meets with green pastoral slopes and cultivated fields; in others, the bleak crags and dark moorland steeps present an aspect of primitive wildness and simplicity; while in others there is all the chastened beauty of artificial woodland and lawn. The latter is more especially obvious in the vicinity of "Kean's Cottage." which is situated on the west side of the loch. Our present walk is on the opposite shore, but we have an excellent view of the house and grounds as we pass upon our way. The edifice, a plain but neat structure of two storeys in height, was erected in 1827, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, by Edmund Kean, the great tragedian, who was then in the zenith of his fame. He had formed about that time some romantic notion of retiring from public life. and the secluded shore of Loch Fad had become the scene of his proposed hermitage. The cottage was fitted up with every attention to comfort, physical and intellectual; the grounds and gardens were rendered perfect studies of the beautiful; and all the accessories being prepared, the impetuous Edmund himself came to the spot with the full intention, we have no doubt, of playing the banished Duke, and "finding good in everything." He had mistaken his own character, however, and found, as so many others have done, that "quiet to quick bosoms is a hell." An actor lives upon excitement; his sweetest music is the clapping of

hands; silence and solitude are to him the dire parents of ennui and disgust. Edmund Kean could not live himself alone, and he rushed eagerly back into the bosom of a world which he had just affected to despise. His name, however, clings to the spot, and many an admiring pilgrim has visited the locality for his sake. We suspect that both house and grounds must have undergone considerable change since the "little Italian-looking man" left the scene; still everything about them is beautiful, and shady, and green, and as we pass in the now thickening gloaming we can hear the merle and the throstle piping clearly among the woods which were planted by the great modern master of passion.

By the time we get past the church, and down the long avenue, and under the arms of Adam and Eve, the stars are beginning to peep out of the "daffodil sky," and the little black bat is on the wing. Wearied, and withal somewhat hungry, we are exceedingly fain once more to claim the frankly accorded hospitalities of a Rothesay friend. A few minutes finds us by his glowing hearth, and there, in the enjoyment of a good dinner, we bid our readers once more a kind adien.

## THE TWO CUMBRAES.

Amongst the many beautiful features of our own romantic stream, a foremost place is due to the stately group of islands which frets its spacious bosom, as it mingles its brown waters with the blue of the all-encircling sea. We have already taken a loving glance at the most important—the most spacious of these insular children of the far-winding Clyde. Upon the grizzly brow of Goatfell we have placed our triumphant heel, and drank with swelling soul of Arran's rude sublimity. We have also wandered with an insatiate delight over the lovely breast of the gentler and more feminine Bute, and gathered, as it were, into an imperfect posie the sweeter flowers of land, and sea, and shore, which she presented to our gaze. "The harvest of a quiet eve," as Wordsworth would have said, has been gleaned in these sister isles, and we now turn, with undiminished zest, to scan the juvenility of the Cluthean family. We have been in love with the elder and bigger sisters, and every one knows that the tender passion is apt to throw a charm even over the tiniest member of the sacred household in which the lovely she has lived and moved and had her being. It is with some such feeling that we turn from the wild grandeur of Arran. and from the more chastened leveliness of Bute, to cultivate an acquaintance with the twin Cumbraes, in which the choicest features of both are discernibly blended as the lineaments of the parent are in the mingled miniature of childhood.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware, from personal observation, of the situation occupied by the Cumbraes.

They are probably ignorant, however, of their exact geographical locality, and we therefore beg leave to inform them, that they are "laid down," or more properly are "upheaved," in the 55th degree of north latitude, by 4 deg. 55 min. of western longitude. They are both included in the shire or county of Bute. This junction is only in a civil or political sense, however, for, ecclesiastically, the two islands are separated, the larger constituting the parish of Cumbrae, while the lesser (in direct violation of all natural relationship), has been linked to the parish of West Kilbride in Ayrshire The parochial divisions of Scotland, indeed, are often sufficiently absurd. Portions of parishes are disjoined in the most fantastic manner, and occasionally considerable tracts of territory intervene between one section of a parish and another. The Craig of Ailsa, for instance, belongs, not to the nearest portion of the mainland, but to the parish of Dailly, which is at least two miles from the nearest shore. Paddy's milestone would, in fact, have to wade or walk a distance of about seventeen miles if it ever dreamed of going to its own parish church. The old brown Craig is not likely, however, to go upon such a fool's-errand, although, if we may believe tradition (that prince of liars), it actually got itself removed from the said parish of Dailly, and cast into the sea. The folk of the parish, indeed, still point out a vast hollow in a certain hill, from which Ailsa Craig was actually scooped out, it is said, by the Devil, Sir Michael Scott, or some other potent maker of mischief. But we are forgetting our friends, the bigger and the lesser Cumbraes. The name of these islands has, of course, furnished a bone of contention to the etymologists. One of these men of words holds that it is derived from an ancient principality named Cumbria; another that it is from the Gaelic term Cumbray, Cambray, or Cimbrae, signifying "a place of shelter;" while a third is quite positive that it comes from a Celtic word denoting "a bold cliffy coast springing suddenly from the sea." Both of the latter derivations are possessed of a certain degree of descriptive truth, and we must just leave it to the option of our readers which they will choose. "Vich is the donkey, and vich is the lion?" says the inquisitive urchin to the showman; "Vichever you please, my little dear," replies the bland exhibitor; and even so say we in reference to the etymology of the Cumbraes.

The larger island is about three miles and a-half in length, by about two miles on the average in breadth. Its girth, following the various points and indentations, is estimated at about eleven miles. The superficial area is 5,100 square acres, of which only 3,000 are reckoned arable, although there is a continual invasion of the moorlands and bogs going on under the superintendence of the farmers. There are also about 150 acres under timber, which is partly arranged in clumps and masses, and partly in lengthened belts for the protection of the crops. The surface of the island is beautifully undulated, the hills swelling at one point to a height of nearly 500 feet. The principal range runs from north to south, and extends at various elevations nearly the entire length of the island. It is called the Shoughends, from a deep ravine, or shough, by which it is intersected at a short distance to the north of Millport, and which has a peculiarly wild and picturesque appearance. All the other hills are connected, less or more. with this principal chain, and diverge from it in various The Big Cumbrae is about four miles east of Bute, and nearly two miles west of Largs in Ayrshire. The Little Cumbrae is situated to the south of the larger island, from which it is separated by a channel of nearly a mile in width. It is about a mile and a-half in length by nearly three-quarters in width. The superficial extent of the island is estimated at about 700 acres, and it rises in a series of trap steps, or gradations, to a height of nearly 600 feet. With the exception of a few unimportant patches, it consists entirely of a wild and barren moorland, which has been from time immemorial the haunt of rabbits and a few scattered sheep.

Having thus glanced at the principal physical outlines of the Cumbraes, let us now take a brief survey of their annals previously to landing on their shores and spending a long autumnal day in wandering within their precincts. The Cumbraes, however, have little or no history; the old chroniclers having apparently reckoned them of too little consequence to engage their attention. All that we know, indeed, of their past story consists of a few incidental allusions in the public records of the "neighbouring island" of Great Britain. At an early period the Cumbraes, along with the Western Islands generally, were held by the Norwegian invaders. Tradition still points out the site of a camp or fort which was held by the rovers of the sea; and it is stated, on what authority we know not, that the army of Haco celebrated mass on the larger Cumbrae before embarking for the fatal field of Largs. The deity whom they worshipped, however, was unpropitious, and few of those who shared in the ceremonial rites of that day ever returned from the Scottish shore. The Hebrides, and also the islands of the Clyde, were soon after formally ceded to the Scots, and have ever since remained under their sway. Subsequently, the Cumbraes were included in the extensive domains of the Stuart family, who afterwards were elevated to the throne of these realms. It is on record, at all events, that on the establishment of the principality of Scotland, in favour of his eldest son, by Robert the Third, in 1404, the lesser island was specially included in the grant. A century afterwards there is an entry in the register of the privy seal which shows that the little Cumbrae was considered a kind of royal preserve for game. The passage, which is of date October 28, 1515, is as follows:-" Lettre to Hew Erle of Eglintonne, makand him and his assignais keeparis, oversearis, correkaris, and suplearis of the Isle of Litill Comeray, and the dere, cunyngis, and wild beasts being therein, quhill the kingis perfite age of xv yere; because Robert Huntare of Huntarestonne, forrestar of heritage of the said isle, is nocht

of power to resist the personis that waistis the samyn, without supplie and keep, et cet." From this time the Eglinton family would appear to have retained the island in their own possession, and, for aught we know, they may have no better title to it than the commission thus conferred upon them to watch the royal game. Strange that the gamekeeper should thus, through the mere lapse of time, become actual proprietor of the soil. We should really like to see the titledeeds by which some of our great land proprietors hold their estates. The larger Cumbrae, also, seems to have been a recognized breeding-place for the hawks or falcons used by the Scottish kings. In the minutes of the Privy Council, of date Feb. 2, 1609, it is noted that Sir Wm. Stewart, Captain of Dumbartane Castle, complains that Robt. Huntar of Huntarston, and Thomas Boyd, provost of Irwyn, had gone to the isle of Comra, with convocation of the leidges, and tane away all the hawks thereon. The lords of council therefore declare, "that all the hawks quhilk bred on ye said isle do propirly belong to the king, and ocht to be furthcomand to his majestie; and that the capitane of Dumbartane Castle intromit therewith veirlie, and deliver the same to his majestie; and discharges the said Robert Huntar and all otheris from meddling thairwith."

We know not what effect this decree had upon the breeding of the hawks, but now-a-days they are not at all common on the island. The Robert Huntar alluded to, however, seems to have been fruitful exceedingly; for, at the present day, the name is perhaps the most common in the Cumbraes. The island was afterwards divided into a number of small baronies, and several of these were held by families of the name of Hunter. Latterly, by fair means or foul, these little baronies have been all swamped, and the large Cumbrae now belongs entirely to two titled proprietors, the Earl of Glasgow and the Marquis of Bute. About two-thirds are in the possession of the former, while the remainder is in the hands of the juvenile lord of Mountstuart. The small

lairds of Bute and of Cumbrae are now, with an exception or two, among the things that were.

But we are now about to make our personal descent upon these lovely little isles, and must therefore invite thee, gentle reader, to step with us on board the "Lady Kelburne," and pursue with us our way adown the Frith.

We have just passed Largs, and are rapidly steaming along shore towards Fairlie. The afternoon is dull, cheerless, and dripping. October has thrown his dark and dreary wing over the earth, and,

> "In the scowl of heaven, each face Grows black as we are speaking."

There is a gloom that can positively be felt on the bosom of the Frith; and as we gaze over its leaping infinitude of undulations, our mind becomes painfully oppressed with shadowy recollections of direct maritime disaster; of ships that went to sea and "ne'er were heard of more;" and of lonely sailors buffeted by storm and rain upon the hungry billows, or clinging to the cold and plashy rocks until the watery death had seized them in its chill embrace. The very sea-birds have a weird and ominous aspect as they sweep past us in the haze; and the distant ships, amidst the rainy waste of waves, loom ghastly as the shadows of coming evil. How different from the sunny expanse of the Frith when last we ploughed the bright blue of its autumnal waters! Then all was radiant, and joyous, and beautiful as a summer dream, but "the wind and the rain" have brought about a sad change; and, in the gloom which surrounds us, the eye of fancy recognizes the gloaming of that wintry night into which the aged year is fast descending. The landward features of the passing scene (between Largs and Fairlie) are equally depressing in their influences. There are weeping clouds along the ridges of the hills which, at a short distance flank the river, clouds among the Kelburne woods, and clouds in the adjacent glen, which seems in consequence half-filled with snow. We can see, however, as we pass, the

marshalled sylvans of Kelburne arranged in dim lines and squares, in hoary phalanxes and battalions, upon the green sloping bracs, and around the old baronial mansion. Like a vast host of shadowy warriors they seem to stand, awaiting the coming foe. Among them, here and there-appearing and disappearing amidst the dark masses, with each successive gust-are those vague and misty forms in which the inspired eye of Ossian saw the spirits of the mighty dead. As we have not the second sight, however, we can only take them for simple films of cloud. White streaks of more determinate character also scar the heights at intervals, and indicate the channels down which the high-born torrents are dinsomely flowing. We cannot hear their voices, nor can we see their flow for distance, which, as Wordsworth says, freezes the stream to the eve, can also rob it of its music. So we pass along the frowning shore as we would pass a picture "seen through a glass darkly," unto the sweet little village of Fairlie, with its neat villas, its pleasant gardens, and, above all, its grim old castle, which dwells apart upon the bosom of the hill, and seems to look with dim, lack-lustre eye upon the upstart edifices below. Of course it looks doubly gruff on such an evening as this; and, while we gaze upon it, our friend, Alexander Smith's sonnet to Inversnaid Castle, comes floating through the mind, and we find ourselves repeating the lines-

"Bove me I saw, at pointing of my friend,
An old fort, like a ghost upon the hill,
Stare is blank misery through the blinding rain,
So human-like it seemed in its despair—
So stunned with grief; long gazed at it we twain.
Weary and damp, we reached our poor abode;
I, warmly seated in the chimney nook,
Still saw that old fort, o'er the moorland road,
Stare through the rain with strange, woe-wilder'd look."

This old structure belonged to an ancient Ayrshire family, named Fairlie, in whose possession it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, with the adjacent lands, it passed by purchase into the hands of the Earl of Glasgow, whose descendant is the present proprietor.

The larger Cumbrae lies quite parallel to the course along which we have just been passing, and at Fairlie the Lady Kelburne turns her prow athwart the channel, and steers in a transverse direction towards the bay of Millport. This spacious indentation is situated at the south-west end of the island, and in a brief space our steamer makes her way within its ample jaws, and avoiding certain small islets by which its capacious mouth is fretted, is soon safely moored to the pier, and discharging her passengers to the lusty music of the roaring funnel. By this time the gloaming is thickening into night, the red lights are brightening in the windows of the town, and through the still pouring rain we hasten to the hospitable domicile of a friend, where a warm welcome, a blazing fire, and a comfortable cup of tea soon make us forget the dreariness and the discomfort without. After a few hours of crack, and tale, and auld world reminiscence, we take an outward glance before bed-time, to see if the skies afford any hope of a bright to-morrow. The rain in the meantime has passed away, the winds have fallen low, and through a bright, unclouded atmosphere the stars are twinkling with as brilliant a radiance as if the fair face of heaven had never known a frown. It seems to be with the stars as with the eyes of youth-they are always brightest after a fit of weeping. 'The bat also is abroad—an excellent prognostication; and while we skirt the rippled sands, and listen to the faint vespers of ocean upon the beach, the little ærial hunter of the gloom darts merrily around our heads, and we are reminded of a quaint address to the creature, written by Hew Ainslie, a lyric poet whom Scotland might well have been proud to retain on her shores, but who has long been an exile in the far West. The composition, which must be as good as new to the majority of our readers, appeared in a strange book called A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns, which was published in Edinburgh before Mr. Ainslie had crossed the "saut sea faem." Let us repeat it to that little creature who is now so merrily playing between us and the stars as we tread "these yellow sands:"—

"Thou queer sort o' bird, or thou beast— I'm a brute if I ken whilk's thy title— Whaur gang ye when morning comes cast? Or whaur get ye water or vittle?

"Thou hast lang been a ferlie to me, An' a droll ane as e'er I inspeckit; How is Nature deliver'd o' thee? I say, thing, art thou kittl't or eleckit?

"By my banes, it looks richt like a lee For to say that without eer a feather A creature should offer to flee On twa or three inches o' leather!

"The sangster wha says thou art sweet, Or roozes thy fashion or featness, Maun be blin' as the soles o' his feet, Or ha'e unco queer notions o' neatness!

"Yet at e'en, when the flower had it's fill
O' the dew, an' was gather'd thegither—
Lying down on it's leaf saft and still,
Like a babe on the breast o' its mither—

"Then we aft ha'e forgather'd, I trow,
When my back 'gainst the birk-bush was leaning
As my e'e raked the heaven's deep blue,
In search o' the sweet star o' e'enin',

"For its glint tauld my ain kindly Kate
That her laddie was down in the plantin';
Sae I lo'ed thee as ane lo'es the freet
That proffers the weather he's wantin'."

Ay, there was a genuine dash of the quaint old Scottish muse in Hew Ainslie, and we are blythe to hear that the world has gone well with him in the land of his adoption. But "to bed, to bed, to bed!" and may the morrow awake on a couch of streaky gold!

Taking time by the forelock, we are up and stirring at an early hour. The morning is none of the brightest, but it promises to "rax up" as the day advances. Ascending a range of heights to the westward, which are partly covered with hedgerows, pasture fields, and copsewood, we have a fine bird's-eye view of the town and the surrounding scenery. Millport forms a kind of semicircle along the margin of a large bay, which is bounded on either side by a bold promontory, terminating in both instances in a flat

continuation to the water level. This capacious inlet, at its inner extremity, is subdivided—or, we might say, notched into several smaller indentations, the easternmost of which is called Kames Bay, and is flanked by a beautiful sandy beach. The village consists principally of one irregular line of twostoreved edifices—neat, but plain—which extends along the shore, with occasional breaks and interruptions, for a distance altogether of about a mile. There is also a small street or two branching off from the main crescent or row, and a considerable number of detached cottages and villas are situated on the gentle slopes which rise immediately behind the town, and which command a most pleasing view of the bay and the scenery beyond. Nearly all the houses indeed overlook the water, and every window almost may be said to be enriched with glimpses of beauty by sea and shore, which might well rejoice the eye of the most fastidious spectator, and furnish a study of loveliness over which the landscape limner would hang with never-ceasing delight. Near the western extremity of the village is a neat and commodious pier-erected by a subscription, to which the late Marquis of Bute contributed handsomely, besides giving a free gift of the site. At low water there is about six feet of depth here. which is increased, when the tide is full, to about fourteen This structure affords abundant accommodation to steamers and the ordinary vessels which frequent the locality. There is also good ground for anchoring at a short distance to the east, which is sheltered by two small islets named the "Allens." To these natural breakwaters there are iron bolts or rings affixed for securing the cables of vessels at anchor. Once in the rear of the sheltering "Allens," the stormtossed bark may bid a bold defiance to the wildest equinoctial that Boreas ever blew. Besides these little islands of refuge, there are three other rocky projections from the waters of the bay, which are respectively named the Spoig, the Luac, and the Clach. These are rather incumbrances to the navigation than otherwise, and their company could be,

therefore, very well dispensed with. A few years ago, this group of fairy isles was the haunt of a certain species of bird, which, from its cry, was locally known as the Pyrr. The frequent passage of steamers and the general increase of boating on the bay, has frightened them all away of late, and it is said they have now emigrated en masse to the more solitary shores of the Little Cumbrae.

The principal architectural features of Millport are the Parish Church, a plain edifice with a handsome quadrangular tower, which is situated on the brae-face immediately above the pier, and has an imposing appearance from the water; the Priory, an elegant structure, which is now the residence of the Hon. Mr. Boyle, and which is pleasantly seated on a green terrace about the centre of the village; and the Episcopal College, a beautiful Gothic erection of recent origin, which rises in a commanding position (adjacent to the Priory), and which contributes materially to the picturesque aspect of the locality. There are several other places of worship in the village, but none of them have the least pretensions to architectural elegance. Among these are a Free Church and a Baptist Meeting-house. There are also several schools in Millport, a public library, and a post-office, so that the residents would appear to be well supplied with the materials of religious, educational, and literary study, in addition to the advantages of beautiful scenery, fresh air, and retirement from the bustle and din of city life. Millport is, indeed, a pleasant place in which to dwell, and we do not wonder that ever as summer comes round it is filled to overflowing with migrants from less happy scenes, in search of health, or health-inspiring recreation.

Our readers are well aware that we have a sad penchant for "meditation among the tombs," and that we seldom leave a locality without paying our respects to the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," among the green mounds wherein they have taken up their silent abodes. We accordingly wend our way to the sequestered kirkyard of Cumbrae, which lies about a quarter of a mile to the northward of the village. It is a large square enclosure, surrounded by a wall, and overlooked by a comfortable looking manse, which stands modestly apart amongst its gardens and trees. We know this edifice to be the manse, not only from its cosie aspect (and most of the manses we have seen are the veriest pictures of comfort), but from a little incident which occurred a goodly number of years ago, when we last visited the spot. With a companion we had made our way into the field of graves, not by the gate, which was securely locked, but by a "slap in the dike," and were pensively sauntering among the grassy undulations, and spelling, as best we might, through their crusts of moss and lichen, the simple legends of the dead. In the midst of our solemn musings upon departed mortality we were startled by a shrill voice from the vicinity of the manse, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, wull ye speak a word?" Approaching the source of the disturbance, we saw a pretty girl peeping over the wall, and blushing most lustily as she met our gaze. "Beg your pardon, gentlemen," she continued, as we drew near, "but I'm the minister's servant, and the minister has sent me out to gi'e you his compliments, and to tell you that you maunna gang aboot there on ony account, tramplin' the gerse; for the gerse is his property, and the coo 'ill no eat it if it's tramplit doon that gate." We were of course rather taken aback at this ungracious message from the holy man; but as we were not prepared, with all our reverence for the church, to acknowledge the exclusive right of the minister's cow to pasturage on the rank herbage of decaying mortality, our companion, who was somewhat nettled, at once, and with great suavity, replied, "My bonnie lassie, gang your wa's back, and gi'e your most reverend master my compliments in return, and tell him frae me that we'll leave the kirkyard when it suits our own convenience, and not one moment sooner. Tell the good man, also, that if he has onything mair to say, that he should by all means come with his ain

message; for, upon my word, I wad really gi'e something to see the man's face who not only taks his milk and butter frae the sap o' dead men's banes, but has the unfeeling assurance thus to interrupt the solemnizing studies of his brother worms." The poor girl, who was evidently ashamed of her mission, turned with a hanging head towards the manse, and we pursued our researches among the tombs. We heard no more of his reverence. "I'm thinkin'," says our companion, as we turned from the spot, "Mess John has got an instructive flee in his lug this morning, and muckle gude may he get frae its lesson."

On the present occasion we find the gate of the kirkyard open, and no one comes to say "what doest thou?" while we are lingering within its dreary precincts. There is little of a remarkable nature in the literature of the Cumbrae burying-ground. "He was born and he died," is the commonplace, but by no means unaffecting, burden of the tale indicated by the majority of the silent stones. There is one tablet, however, of rather more than the ordinary degree of interest. It is placed over the grave of an eccentric minister, and bears the following inscription, which is understood to be from his own pen:—

ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE
REV. JAMESADAM,
Late Minister in Cumbray,
Born in the Year 1748; Licensed in 1773; Ordained in 1799;
Died in June, 1831.

Fidelis moralis et innuptus, Sine natis, sine curis, Vixit obiit et surgit.

Tho'
Here on a cold, damp bed he lies,
Without a friend to close his eyes,
Wrapt in his usual unsocial pride,
Indifferent to all the world beside.

Seid quid fuit est vel erit Magnus dies declarabit.

Feeling somewhat curious to know if anything was remembered in the village of this self-styled misanthrope, we instituted an inquiry on the subject on our return. The

result of our investigation is briefly as follows:--"Ay," says one informant," he was a queer vin the auld minister, but weel likit for a' that. He was never married, but leev'd in the manse wi' a housekeeper, and farmed his ain glebe. I aften mind, when a callant, o' seein' him chasin' like mad the bits o' laddies wha cam' frae the toon to steal his turnips. A capital hand he was on the farm himsel' tae, and could ha'e kempit on a hairst rig wi' the best o' them. He was ance, as I've heard tell, ower in Ayrshire aboot the shearin' time, and no bein' like a minister ava', a band o' shearers began to gi'e him some afftakin' jaw. He said they needna craw sae cruse, for he could beat ony o'them himsel' at the heuk. A wager was the consequence, and Mess John cuist his coat, and set to wark against the best man in the core. At the close o' the day the minister was far ahead. 'Didn't I tell you,' quo' he, 'what wad be the upshot? and noo, if there's ony o' ve that wad like a bit wrastle, I wadna care to try some o' ye a bit fa'.' Ane o' the gang thocht he wad try, and in twa minutes the minister had the fallow on the breed o' his back. Ay, he was a droll ane, auld Mr Adam. In the pulpit, though, he was aye counted a geyan timber hand, and strange folk (gude forgie us!) cam whiles to hear him, as it were, for fun like. Ae Sabbath mornin', for instance, ane o' your big professors in Glasgow cam a' the way frae Largs, wi' some o' his lang-headed cronies, to hear the queer Cumbrae minister, and dootless thinkin' to hae a bit laugh in their ain sleeve ower his hameart style o' preachin'. Mr Adam was at prayer when the wise men frae the east cam into the kirk, but he ave pray'd, honest man, wi' his een open (watchin', ve ken, is whiles as gude as prayin'), and the moment they cam in he kent them, and jaloosin there was something in the wind, he made up his mind what he wad dae to get the better Wi' the utmost gravity he concluded wi' his 'Amen,' and at ance, addressing the congregation, he said -'My beloved brethren, I have just observed that the great and learned Professor So-and-So (I really dinna mind his

name), has favoured us this day wi' his presence, and as it's no often we hae sic an opportunity o' hearin' the Word expounded by a Maister in Israel, I feel bound to vacate my pulpit in his favour. So saying, Mr. Adam forthwith left the rostrum, and although the Professor made ever so many wry faces and tryt to evade the request, he had even to tak' the book and haud forth as best he micht. His cronies, I'm tauld, could hardly conteen themselves to see how nicely he was trickit, and it was a sair hair in his neck for mony a day. Ay, he was a queer chiel our auld minister, and mony a gude hotshin' lauch he used to tak' to himsel' at the way he had diddled the great professor. There's a heap o' ither stories about Mr. Adam, if I could only mind them; but my memory's no worth a preen sin' I had that fever o' the cauld at the hinend o' last winter. Ye'll hae heard, though, that he ave used to pray in the first place for the twa Cumbraes, and then for the neighbouring islands o' Great Britain and Ireland. Ay, ay, sir, he had his ain bits o' tantrums and funny gates; but, decent man, he was weel likit, as I hae said, in spite o' them a', and he is noo whare the Lord will." Another individual informed us that Mr. Adam, not withstanding his assumption of "unsocial pride," was at bottom a generous-hearted man. In proof of this, he mentioned the facts that he had left at his death a sum of money to assist in the education of poor children belonging to the parish; that he had given £250 to the Presbytery of Irvine for behoof of deserving widows; and that he had established three bursaries in the University of Glasgow by the bequest of £1100. So much for the self-styled misanthrope of the Cumbrae kirkyard. It is not often, certes, that epitaphs fall short of the truth, but the specimen alluded to has surely not overstepped the line of strict verity.

The most magnificent, if not the most useful of Millport institutions, however, is unquestionably the Episcopal College. It attracts at once the attention of every visitor to the locality; and, on closer inspection, excites the admiration

of every one who has the slightest pretensions to architectural taste. The people of the village seem never to weary of talking about this strange seat of learning, and are full of marvellous tales about the vast sums expended on its erection and decoration. When questions are asked about its purposes and tendencies, however, the interrogator is generally answered with a knowing shake of the head, and a cautious, "Weel I'm no sae sure about that; but they say it's a kind o' half-way house atween Oxford and the hizzie that sits on the seven hills." With that enlightened curiosity to which our readers are so much indebted, we resolve, if possible, to have a peep for ourselves at the sacred structure. Accordingly, when the matin chimes are inviting the faithful to prayers (which they do every morning), we repair to the chapel of the College. The grounds are extensive and beautifully laid out in lawns, terraces, and parterres, which are adorned with the choicest shrubs and flowers. Everywhere there are evidences of the most correct taste. The walks are neatly trimmed; the lawns as carefully shaven as the beard of an exquisite, while the borders are perfect models of floricultural skill. On a gentle elevation overlooking the town and bay, and commanding a noble prospect beyond, are the collegiate buildings. They are of the purest Gothic; every characteristic feature being as strictly embodied in the design as if the salvation of the artist depended on the perfection of his work. Everything is on a small scale, however, and the effect upon our mind is rather the delight which a pretty model might produce, than the solemnizing influences which do hedge about the grand old piles of other years. But the bell has ceased, and we must enter the sacred edifice. Within, there is a perfect picture in miniature of the mediæval chapel. We have the stained glass windows "casting a dim religious light," the tesselated floor, the naked oaken beams above, the altar with all the prescribed accessories, crucifixes of gold, and of stone, of various fashions, with we know not

what all besides. It is, in fact, quite a little gem of a chapel. The congregation on this occasion consists of some half-dozen of females, two men besides ourselves, and a bov. The officiating party consists of two clergymen and two stout fellows who make the responses. They are all clad in surplices, variously figured, and of unimpeachable purity, producing a most pleasing effect upon the eye. We could almost fancy ourselves, indeed, gazing on a fragment of the Middle Ages. In the chanting which succeeds we can observe that the harmony of the several voices has been carefully studied. The entire service occupies half-an-hour. We cannot say that it impresses us in a special manner; and. indeed, if truth must be told, we several times detect our attention wandering out at the open door to mark the flowers which are nodding in the sunshine, or to listen to the liquid chant of a redbreast among the adjacent leaves, who actually seems to invite us-the heretical rogue!-to join in his morning hymn in preference to that which is being chanted within the pale of the church. Of course we instantly recall our vagrant fancies until the service is concluded, when, with a clear conscience, we mingle for a brief space with the worshippers under the vast blue dome. After walking round the structure and again admiring its fair proportions, particularly those of the spire, which is a perfect study of elegance, we take our leave of the hallowed grounds, and return once more to the every-day world.

We have referred to the gloom of October, but October has its days of glory as well as its days of gloom. It is indeed, "take it for all in all," the most splendid of the months, with its rich woodland robes, its oft-recurring rainbows, and its gloamings of purple and gold.

## TO OCTOBER.

Gorgeous are thy woods, October! Clad in glowing mantles sear; Brightest tints of beauty blending, Like the west when day 's descending, Thou'rt the sunset of the year, Beauteous are thy row'n trees, glowing With their beads of coral dye; Beauteous are thy wildrose bushes, Where the hip in ripeness blushes, Like a maid whose lover's nigh-

Sweet to see thy dark eyes peeping From the tangled blackthorn bough, Sweet thy elder's purple fruitage, Clustering o'er the woodland cottage; Sweet thy hawthorn's crimson glow.

Fading flowers are thine, October! Droopeth sad the sweet blue bell. Gone the blossoms April cherish'd— Violet, illy, rose, all perish'd— Fragrance fled from field and dell.

Songless are thy woods, October!
Save when redbreast's mournful lay
Through the calm gray morn is swelling,
To the list'ning echoes telling
Tales of darkness and decay.

Saddest sounds are thine, October! Music of the falling leaf, O'er the pensive spirit stealing, To its inmost depths revealing— "Thus all gladness sinks in grief,"

I do love thee, drear October!

More than budding, blooming spring
Hers is hope, delusive smiling,
Trusting hearts to grief beguiling;
Memory loves thy dusky wing.

Joyous hearts may love the summer, Bright with sunshine, song, and flower; Put the heart whose hopes are blighted, In the gloom of woe benighted, Better loves thy kindred bower.

'Twas in thee, thou sad October!
Death laid low my bosom-flower,
Life hath been a wintry river,
O'er whose ripple gladness never
Gleameth brightly since that hour.

Hearts would fain be with their treasure,
Mine is slumbring in the clay;
Wandering here alone, uncheery,
Deem't not strange this heart should weary
For its own October day.

It is true the weather of old October is fickle as that of his sweet young sister April. He also has his tears and his smiles, his gusts and his gleams, following each other in rapid succession, and bidding defiance to anything like consistency. Like a wayward and a grim old carle he is everything by turns and nothing long. In April, however,

we have the sweet shifting moods of a playful girl, radiant with hope, and love, and joy, busking herself with leaves, and buds, and opening flowers; and, midst her very weepings, smiling the little birds into eheerfulness and song. To hail her presence the lark soars high above the halfbrairded furrow, while the cuekoo and the swallow, to do her homage, come hestening over the sea. The very bat leaves his wintry den to flit through her genial eyes, and the woodmouse peeps out from his moss-hidden eave, and ehirps a faint welcome to the mother of primrose and violet. Alike only in the attribute of change, how different are the accessories and the influences of October! "Mine ancient" is moody, and even his smiles have a dash of divinest melaneholy. He is prone, moreover, to saddest memories, and there is ever a dreary suggestiveness of coming winter in his weather-beaten face. At his approach

> "Heavily hangs the hollyhock, Heavily hangs the tiger lily."

The old fellow has "fallen into the sear and the yellow leaf," and every passing wind robs him of his treasure. His ear was never gladdened by the cuckoo's joyous eall; and the swallow, sweet summer's harbinger, flies from his presence as in fear. Back to their ereviees and their subterranean eells he sends the sleepers of the stormy season. According to our boyish creed,

"The bat, the bee, the butterfly, The cuckoo, and the swallow."

betake themselves to their long slumbers at the stern behest of October. What a testy old churl it is, to be sure, thus to frighten away the pretty little children of departed summer!

But, hush! why should we grumble at the mission of October? It is all for the best; and see the good old fellow is actually getting up a glorious day, as if for the express purpose of showing us the Cumbrae coast to the greatest advantage! The sun has mastered the thin blue haze of

morning, and the ripple of the bay is tinged with living gold. As we pass round the eastern shoulder of the spacious inlet, and reach the bold rocky headland of Farland Point, we obtain a pleasant glimpse of the village of Millport, with its white houses gleaming in the sunshine, and the blue reek rising in curling wreaths through the clear air of morning. To quote with our habitual accuracy—

"Oh the sweet town of Millport,
It shines where it stands;
And the more we gaze on it
The more our heart warms;"

and the more we think that "their lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places" who are so happy as to call it their home. In the very embrace of its own swelling hills it sleeps secure; and "of a' the airts the wind can blaw," only one has the privilege of visiting its face unkindly. This visitation even is a benefit, as the wide-spreading portal through which it comes unfolds a prospect of land and sea which, even on our own beautiful Frith, is but seldom equalled. This huge precipitous rock, however, with its picturesque group of startled goats, hides the bay and the town and the encircling hills at once from our gaze, and we betake ourselves to our task of putting a girdle round the isle.

The shores of the larger Cumbrae may be said to be literally iron-bound. On every side the island is girt with irregular cliffs, varying in height, and occasionally relaxing into slopes of a gentler character, but still preserving a remarkable degree of continuity. This rocky wall is principally composed of the old red sandstone, and bears evident marks of the action of water, as if it had been for ages exposed to a fierce conflict with wind and wave. The struggle, however, is now at an end. The surrounding water, as if vanquished, has retired from its former level, and the cliffs alluded to stand high and dry; while a belt of level land, containing deposits of sand and shells, intervenes between the base of the precipice and the present sea margin. Along this natural terrace, between the rocky wall and the

deep sea, lies our devious route. There is no road, however -not even so much as a legible footpath-so that we are enabled, in the course of our rugged walk, to form a pretty correct notion of what the Highland ways must have been before the advent of the ever-blessed General Wade. Now we are wading cautiously among fern and bog myrtle, again we are breaking our shins over huge stones and boulders, and anon we are ploutering in a morass, or zig-zagging in speculative leaps from one tuft of rushes to another, in the vain hope of escaping the luxury of wet feet. The effort is fruitless, however, and we have soon the pleasure of feeling the insinuating fluid oozing through the seams of our treacherous "brogues," and diffusing a most refreshing coolness over what a puny companion most villainously denominated our "solar system." And then just to think how easily a splendid carriage drive could be formed around this beautiful beach. One-half the money, we'll be bound, that was expended on you practical anachronism of a Puseyite college, would have done the entire work, and conferred a real and lasting blessing on the island. The making of a road, or the building of a bridge, was reckoned, even in the Middle Ages, as good a method of earning a passport to heaven as the erection of a church; and as the Hon. Mr. Boyle has already gratified his mediæval partialities by performing the last mentioned good work, let us hope that he may shortly purchase a double claim to favour up-stairs by "mending his ways."

Our course is now interrupted by a curious geological formation called the "Fairies' Dike." This is a gigantic wall of dark crystalline trap, extending from the sandstone cliff we have previously mentioned towards the sea. Originally it must have been upheaved in a molten state, penetrating the sandstone like a huge wedge, and remaining imbedded in the superincumbent rock. In process of time the sea, when at its former level, has washed away the soft and friable sandstone over the entire breadth of the level

terrace we have mentioned, while the harder substance of the trap, having almost entirely resisted its action, remains comparatively intact. It is indeed a huge black wall of rock, grim-looking and obdurate to the last degree, and presenting in a horizontal direction the same columnar appearance as the basaltic formations. The length of the dike, from its apparent termination towards the sea to its junction with the adjacent hill, is 200 feet; while its elevation at the highest point is said to be 70 feet. In thickness it varies from 12 to 14 feet. The surface of this remarkable phenomenon is partially covered with a dense mantle of ivy, and its seams are fringed with a beautiful profusion of minute ferns and mosses, while large lichen stains of various tints lend it an aspect which is wild and somewhat weird in its effect. It might almost be taken, indeed, for the shattered ruins of a vast wall "built by giant hands," and struggling triumphantly with decay. A politic congregation of daws seem to have taken up their residence among the ivied clefts and crevices; and while we are examining the structure, we can observe them eveing us suspiciously, and every now and again we hear them bursting out into a dinsome and prolonged clamour. Relieving these dusky and somewhat quaint-looking watchers of our unwelcome presence, we pursue our way, and are presently startled by the appearance of a tremendous lion, or rather we should say a sphinx, couching a few hundred yards before us on the way we are going, and gazing towards the centre of the island

"With calm eternal eyes."

The image is striking in the extreme, and we do not wonder that, apart even from its interest in a geological sense, it is reckoned one of the curiosities of the locality. Gaunt, grim, and large, it cumbers the beach, and almost creates a terror in that lonely place. The savans of Cumbrae call this the "Deil's Dike." In material and formation it is entirely identical with the trap wall we have just passed. It is less

in its dimensions, although immensely more picturesque. By our measurement it is about 100 feet in length by 40 in height, and from 10 to 12 in thickness. A pretty considerable size for a lion truly! The material of the dike is more shattered and disjaskit, if we may use a good Scotch word, than the other wall, and thereby hangs a tale, which, if thou wilt seat thyself with us, gentle reader, on the haunch of the lion king, we shall briefly relate to thee.

Once upon a time, as the story books have it, there were a race of beings in this country called fairies. Little creatures they were, clad in green raiment, and wearing quaint comical caps made of rushes from the bog. Invisible by day, they sported in the glimpses of the moon, when they were sometimes seen by belated travellers or shepherds who had to attend their flocks on the lone hillside between the gloaming and the crowing of the cock. A colony of these fairies had a settlement on the larger Cumbrae; and as the members of it were naturally desirous of occasionally visiting their friends on the mainland, it was agreed in their nocturnal parliament that they should construct a bridge across the intervening channel for the purpose of facilitating the communication. They accordingly set to work, and the largest of the dikes we have mentioned was the result. While the tiny builders, however, were busy at their architectural labours, who should chance to come past one fine evening but an old night-walking gentleman who is well known in Scotland by a great number of aliases, such as-Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, and Clootie? On seeing what was going on, the Knight of the Cloven Foot began to cheer the "good people," while a sneer of peculiar pungency played over his "reistit phiz." "Do you call that clumsy thing a bridge?" he tauntingly inquired, and, without waiting for a reply, continued, "that it was no more like the thing it aimed to be than a Presbyterian barn was to a Gothic cathedral. If they wanted," he said, "to see bridge-building, he would show them an example," and with his caudal appendage

raised to its utmost altitude, he came marching to the very spot where we are now sitting, and casting off his coat, at once set to work. The fairies clustered in clouds upon their own dike to see the progress of the diabolical erection. Notwithstanding his alleged familiarity in "Masonic Lodges," however, the old enemy did not appear to be quite at home in the practical use of the compass and square. His wall speedily began to exhibit leeward tendencies (like a teetotaller over his first stolen tumbler), and when the line was applied, it was found to be very far indeed off the perpendicular. On observing this, a tiny but shrill chorus of laughter burst from the fairy onlookers, which so enraged the "Grand Master" that, without saying a word, he gave his workmanship an indignant kick, and at once vanished like a gleam of summer lightning—

"A moment bright, then lost for ever."

Such is the popular myth attached to these curious trap dikes, and if the visitor ventures to express any doubts on the subject, his rustic cicerone will at once shut his mouth by pointing out the very breach which was made by the hoof of the mortified Deil.

About half a mile to the north-west of the "Deil's Dyke," and on the farm of Billikellet, the site of an ancient mansion is still pointed out, which was for several centuries the residence of a family named Montgomery, to whom a large portion of the island at one time belonged. The family has been long extinct; and of their once stately dwelling-place not one stone now stands upon another. So recently as 1835, a remnant of the edifice existed in a tolerably good state of repair; but it has since been removed to make way for certain modern improvements. Amongst the last links of the family was a Dame Margaret Montgomery, who, according to tradition, lost her life by a kick from her horse on the green of Largs. It appears the lady had been thrown from the back of the animal, and that, trying to seize it again, she received a kick which instantly deprived her of

life. Her remains, there is reason to believe, were deposited in the burial vault of the Skelmorley family, in the church-yard of Largs. At all events, there is a carving in one of the compartments of that august funereal pile representing a lady and a furious steed, which is said to refer to the tragedy of the Dame Margaret. Lord Glasgow is now possessor of the lands which of old belonged to the Montgomerys of Billikellet.

Pursuing our way along the shore, we have a beautiful prospect of the Ayrshire coast, with the village and castle of Fairlie; the castle of Kelburne, with its dark woody glen, and its finely timbered braes; the town of Largs, and the green hills beyond, with the blue Frith heaving in many a crested wave between, and stretching away into the haze of distance on either hand. Landward, our view is "cabined, cribbed, confined "-the precipitous rocks sometimes approaching churlishly, as if they would fain shoulder us into the water; at other times complacently retiring, as on set purpose to leave us "ample scope and verge enough" for our wildest frolics. Now the margin of the sea is fretted with fantastic rocks, wave-worn and honeycombed; again it is thickly strewn with boulders and rough gravel, and huge bunches of tangle; and anon it softens into a smooth, sandy beach, where the surge curls over as in play, and gently glides along with its glittering bells of foam until the last faint breath of impulse dies away. Sea-urchins, and starfishes, and little crabs are discovered as we pass along, and countless pretty shells, with their curious molluscous tenants, either moving about in the restless waters, or lying high and dry on the beach, like stranded mariners waiting for the tide. What a profusion of life there is on the margin of the great deep! What endless fields of study there are in its vegetable and animal products! Every rock and every pool is a little world of itself, in which the observant naturalist may read strange matters. Every headland and every bay is as a book unfolded, wherein he that rambles may read.

Passing Balloch Bay, where a board of oysters may be

procured at certain states of the tide, and where a safe anchorage may be obtained in any wind; and leaving behind us the ferry-house (now almost deserted by its former traffic). a few minutes' walk brings us to the north-east termination of the island, which is locally known as "the Tomont End." A spacious level terrace is here environed by a wall of rugged and precipitous cliffs, forming, as it were, a kind of natural amphitheatre. In this retired and really picturesque spot, a green mound is still pointed out as the burial-place of certain Norse warriors who fell at the battle of Largs. Another undulation in the vicinity is popularly known as the "lady's grave," and, according to tradition, is said to contain the ashes of a fair Norwegian maid whose lover perished on the same fatal field. On receiving the sad tidings, the faithful fair, according to use and wont in the balladmongers' world. at once fell sick and died of a broken heart. If she had lived in our day, poor thing, a less romantic fate would probably have been her lot. Hearts, now-a-days, are made of sterner stuff, and we are, therefore, rather incredulous when we read such fine pathetic finales as,-

> "Yestreen ye died for my sweet sake, This nicht I'll die for thine; And she laid her doon a clay-cauld corp, The last o' a' her line.

"They buried him at ae kirk neuk, And her intill anither; But lang before the gray cock crawed, The deid had crept thegither."

But a tragedy of more recent date, "an ower true tale," is associated with the Tomont End. The event is commemorated by an elegant but plain obelisk, which has been erected here on a gentle eminence overlooking the sea. The inscription we copy as follows:—

"To the Memory of of Mr. CHARLES D. CAYLEY, aged 17 years, and Mr. WILLIAM N. JEWELL, aged 19 years, Midshipmen of H. M.S. Shearwater, Two promising young officers drowned by the upsetting of their boat near this place, 17th May, 1844;
This monument is erected in token of their worth by Captain Robinson and Officers of the above-named vessel."

The two lads had been amusing themselves on the Frith one beautiful day in May, when a stiff gale suddenly arose and drove them out of their course. Approaching this point their boat was in danger of being dashed against the rocks. Making every effort, however, to weather the headland, the little craft, with her sails set, was seen at one fell swoop, to go right under water. There was no assistance at hand, and the sea was roaring white.-

"No human ear heard William's drowning cry."

The melancholy occurrence was observed, however, from the "Vulcan" war steamer, which was lying off Largs. As soon as the steam could be got up, she proceeded to the spot, but by this time all was over. Not a vestige of the boat or of the two young men could be discovered, save the caps which they had worn, which were found floating upon the waves. One of their bodies, we understand, was found some weeks afterwards; but the other awaits the time when the sea shall give up its dead.

One would have thought that such a memorial stone as this would have been safe from all injury from human hands. We are sorry to say that the reverse is the case. Some of those mischievous fools, who, in defiance of all decency, are eternally scribbling their worthless names on trees and public edifices, and especially on objects which are sacred to pure and elevating emotion, have laid their unclean hands upon this solitary and unprotected monument. Not content with merely scratching their horrid initials on the surface of the stone, several of them have had the disgusting impudence actually to carve their names in full, and to a considerable depth within the surface, as if they had actually brought tools to the spot for the express purpose. Let us pillory one or two of the most presumptuous. Foremost is a J. M'Leish, of Perth, who dates his crime in 1855. Then we have a Jas. Orr, and a W. Jack, and a host of other nobodies, who prudently refrain from prating of their whereabouts, and who fail to give us the Anno Domini of their misdeeds. We

are only sorry that the boatswain of the "Shearwater" has not the privilege of using these fellows—one and all—according to their deserts, and administering to them the only argument in favour of better behaviour they could possibly appreciate in the shape of a good round dozen.

We now turn the corner of the island, and resume our walk along the north-western shore. The character of the coast in this direction is exactly similar to that on the opposite side. We have the same range of cliffy heights, the same level terrace intervening between their bases and the water, and the same alternations of rock, and gravel, and sandy bay, along the immediate margin of the sea. There is this difference, however—everything is on a larger scale. The precipices are higher and more rugged, the plain is more spacious and better adapted for culture, and the bays are of greater extent; that is to say, excepting Millport Bay, which is by far the finest and most commodious in the island. Instead of the Ayrshire coast, we have now on the opposite side of the channel the Isle of Bute, with the mansion and lawns of Mountstuart, Kilchattan Bay, and the bold range of hills that terminates in the Garriochhead. All round the Cumbrae, indeed, we have a series of evershifting prospects, and each new scene seems to vie with the others in the excellence of loveliness.

At a gentle little bay, which rejoices in the name of Portrie, or the King's Port, a tiny streamlet steals down from the hills and athwart the sands in many a playful link. Running waters are anything but numerous in the Cumbraes, and as this one is cool and clear as crystal, we resolve to have our mid-day pic-nic upon its banks. Our fare, as befits a rambler, is frugal and wholesome, and the brambles of old October lend it a welcome and most abundant addition. Who ever saw such blackboyds; so large, so lustrous, and so profuse? We could actually gather a bushel in the course of a few minutes. Then the bushes seem actually to strive with each other which shall minister to our desires, and

stretch out their long, jagged arms, as if tempting us to partake. Like a dark eye in woman is each glittering blob, and, then, the purple clusters of the South could not to our palate be more delicious. What a picture our party would make! Just fancy, gentle reader, a green and sunny link of the burn, with a tiny waterfall in the background making a pleasing din. Over our heads, a rowan-tree, with its red bunches gleaming in the sun, hangs gracefully from a bank of tangled hazel, and fern, and brambles, and rosebushes blushing with scarlet berries. A pert wee robin, with his bright black eyes and a bosom that wears the tint of the falling leaf (as if the searing finger of autumn had been laid upon it to mark the bird her own), sits perched upon a massy stump ayont the burn, and, after an introductory bow or two, bursts sweetly into song. Our companion is stretched upon the sward, while we, upon an old gray-lichened stone, sit calm and dignified, leaning upon our pilgrim staff. At one moment we are munching our bread and cheese, at another we are listening to the singing bird: now we are paying our respects to the jetty brambles, and anon, perhaps, we are vacantly musing upon the falling leaf. Suddenly our companion presents his pocket-pistol, and we shrink not from the charge. A teetotaller would have fainted at the dreadful sight; but when, either in peace or in war, have we shown the white feather? The contents of that little tube we can take without wincing, and let the enemy say what he likes, without injury. The mystical words, "Here's to the Cumbraes and the neighbouring islands!" are heard resounding through the dell, and next moment there is an odour upon the breeze which might well give new life to the fading flowers, and which certainly seems to lend a deeper melody to the redbreast's melting strain.

And now, having disposed of this little matter, we resume our walk with renovated vigour. It needs not, however, that we linger by the way. Passing Fintry Bay—a beautiful curve of yellow sand about three-quarters of a mile in length, with fine natural terraces rising from it in gentle gradations, exquisitely adapted for the site of a future watering-place—we hasten round the isle, and arrive once more at Millport, just as our kindly hostess has overcome the preliminaries of a comfortable dinner.

"Now bring to me a trig wee boat
To breist the waves o' Clyde,
For I this day maun cleave the faem
To yon brown island's side.

"Swith ower the dancing tide we gang, Swith ower the white and the blue, A groat we'll win wi' ever a bark, Less gleg than the wild sea-mew."

Landing on the Little Cumbrae, and mooring the boat to a huge water-worn boulder, we at once proceed overland to the old castle. Our time is but a span, and we must make the most of it. The surface of the island is wild and barren, as it came from the hand of nature. The bracken is the predominant plant, and at the present season, when it is seared and dun, it actually gives a rusty tinge to the very Over heighs and howes we push our right onward way, pausing, however, every now and then, to watch the rabbits, which are here in vast myriads, as they scud away through the fern on our approach, with ears and fud erect, and with every symptom of a pretty alarm. The castle is situated at the south-east end of the island, immediately opposite Port-Crawford on the Avrshire coast. From their lengthened conflict with the wind and the rain, the walls have an exceedingly weather-beaten aspect. At one period it must have been a place of great strength, there being still' some vestiges of a strong rampart, with a fosse or ditch, and a drawbridge to be raised in time of danger. Even the ruins have a stern and, withal, sturdy appearance, which indicates a prolonged struggle with decay. In some places the walls are upwards of seven feet in thickness. The structure is now roofless, and the windows afford a free entrance to the storm. On the first floor there is one chamber in a tolerable state of preservation. This was the great hall;

and doubtless it has often rung with the pleasant din of festivity and social merriment. Its dimensions are twentysix feet by fourteen and a-half. Underneath it is strongly arched, and altogether it promises to retain its proportions entire for many years to come. The stair by which it is entered, however, is somewhat dilapidated, and to effect an entrance it requires a steady head and a firm foot. There is nothing known regarding the origin of this tower, but it is supposed that it was erected simultaneously with another edifice of the same kind on the Ayrshire coast, immediately opposite, for the purpose of guarding the entrance of the Clyde at a time when marauders were in the habit of visiting our shores. It has almost no history. Occasionally it was a residence of the Eglinton family; and in times of distress their friends were sometimes sent here to be out of harm's way. Principal Baillie of Glasgow having fled from the city on the approach of Cromwell, after the battle of Dunbar, sought refuge here, and remained in the old keep for several months. Whether in revenge for this or not, we cannot say, but the tradition is that the castle was ultimately surprised by a party of Cromwell's troops, who burned the wood-work and otherwise damaged the building. In the vicinity of the castle is the house of the tacksman, with another cottage or two and a few patches of garden and other arable ground. At a short distance from the castle also are the remains of an ancient chapel, which was dedicated to St. Vey. and the spot where the same saint is buried is still pointed out by the antiquary. This edifice is supposed to have been a dependency of Icolumbkill in Iona.

Ascending a pretty steep hill, we at length arrive at the summit of the island, which is said to be about 400 feet above the level of the sea. At this point there is a tower erected as a lighthouse in 1750. This was the second structure of the kind which was ever built on the Scottish coast. It was lighted by a coal fire placed in a huge grate, and in its time was reckoned a great benefit to the shipping in-

terests of the Clyde. From its lofty situation, however, it had the disadvantage of being rendered invisible in foggy weather, when its services were most wanted. This induced the Commissioners to erect another lighthouse on the west side of the island. The prospect from the summit of the old tower is one of the most extensive and varied which it is possible to conceive.

Descending to the lighthouse on the western shore, we are charmed with the neat and tidy manner in which everything is kept. The tower, which is of a snowy whiteness, was erected in place of an older and less convenient structure in 1826. Its elevation is 115 feet above high-water mark, the base being a rock of 80 feet in height, while the altitude of the building is 36 feet. The lighting apparatus consists of 15 oil lamps, respectively provided with a silver reflector. which each cost £60, and which are admirably adapted for the diffusion of the light. At sea the appearance of the light is that of a brilliant star, and in certain states of the atmosphere it can be seen, it is said, at a distance of nearly thirty miles. From the Toward lighthouse the Cumbrae one is distant about ten miles, and from that at the Cloch sixteen miles. The keeper's house is a comfortable looking edifice, with a large and tastefully kept garden around it. Everything, indeed, about the place is in apple-pie order, and the effect which it produces on the visitor, after he has traversed the bleak cliffs and dark mossy braes of the primitive parts of the island, is beyond measure grateful and pleasing.

The sun is now touching the western horizon, however, and amateur mariners as we are, we must not be overtaken by darkness on the waters. We hurry, therefore, to our tiny bark, which we find all right, in charge of the boulder. Getting afloat, we ply the oars again with all our lustihood, and are soon dancing in the red light which gloaming flings upon the Frith. It is indeed a gorgeous evening. The west is suffused with a glow of crimson, which is heightened

in effect by vast streaks and masses of midnight darkness, like the wing of the tiger-moth on a scale of celestial magnitude. Dim and more dim it waxes as we proceed, and by the time we have reached the quay, there is a greenish and a clay-cold pallor in the sky which reminds us of the face of death. And thus it ever is—the blush and the bloom pass away; and "Prithee, why so wan, fond lover?" is the sad, the final question. Never mind: when the day goes to sleep the stars are awaking; and see even now how beautifully the eye of Hesper is beaming in the deepening blue!

## THE VALE OF LEVEN & LOCHLOMOND.

SWEET, even in the city, is the blithe blink of the July morning. There is a dewy freshness in the air, and the golden shafts of the sun penetrate even into the wynds and alleys with a joyous brightness. The few sprigs of mint and thyme with which we have garnished our urban window-sill, are nodding in luminous green; and the caged mavis over the way is piping a merry song. A very missionary of nature that little mottled minstrel seems to our fancy, as he is telling to the echoes of the town his glad tidings of woods and meadows. Old people often linger to listen to his pealing notes as they ring in fitful gushes over all the street; and groups of wan-faced children, with open eyes and ears and mouth, as frequently stay to drink of his musical mirth. Alas! for the aged of the city, to whom he "babbles o' green fields" where their youth was spent; and alas! alas! for the young hearts which are all unfamiliar with the "shows and forms" of the circling year-who know not the luxury of leaf and bloom, nor e'er have tasted the minstrelsy of the grove save in the utterances of the prisoned bird. Many a blessing has that poor little thrush won within his wicker bars. Many an outburst of gratitude have we flung unto him ourselves; for many and many a time has his warblings awakened a yearning in our spirit (as they have even now) to spend the day afar from the din of the crowded haunt of men. Our heart leaps up responsive to his mellow call, and we at once prepare to leave for a time our city home to enjoy in sweet communion the murmuring of the summer winds, and to bask in the unclouded radiance of a smokeless sky.

Leaving the Broomielaw by an early steamer, we are rapidly conveyed to Bowling, the first stage on our pilgrimage to the queen of Scottish lakes, at which, although somewhat out of our prescribed course, we mean to take a hurried glance. The train is in waiting, and, having taken our place, we are soon in rapid motion towards the Vale through which Lochlomond sends her watery tribute to the Clyde. A line of beauty emphatically is that on which we are now sweeping so smoothly and so swiftly along. Dunglass goes flitting past on the left, with a pleasant glimpse of the Frith and the rich lands beyond. Dumbuck, a frowning giant, next draws near on the right, and before we have time to scan his furrowed forehead, he is left a hopeless laggard, creeping far behind. Athwart a fertile tract of meadow land we now proceed, greeted alternately with the honeyed fragrance of the blooming bean-field, and the rich odour of the new-mown hay. There are merry groups in the fields as we pass, and there is at least one merry group in our carriage, in the shape of a newly-married pair, who are going, in company with "the best man and the best maid," on their wedding jaunt to the Highlands. Their evident happiness has an exhilarating influence on all around; and, albeit sitting with an assumed gruffness a little apart, we cannot help sympathizing in their joyousness, and silently bidding them "God speed" on the perilous voyage upon which they have embarked. Dumbarton, with its castle rock, is past; and, after a brief halt at Dalreoch, we pursue our journey up the lovely vale of the Leven. To the right, the stream is seen in wandering beauty, winding from bank to brae. Immediately along the course of the Leven, on either side, there are spacious and fertile haughs, adorned with woods, and lawns, and stately mansions; while bleachfields and printworks are seen at frequent intervals. The ground rises, however, in rapid gradations on both sides of the Vale to a considerable height, while the vast bulk of Benlomond towers in impressive majesty to the

north. As we approach, he is indeed "a heaven-kissing hill," the clouds of morning having not yet left his brow, although his huge brown shoulders are naked and well defined.

About two miles from Dumbarton we arrive at the village of Renton, a pleasant looking and a thriving little community, situated on the right bank of the Leven. It consists principally of a kind of main street of one and two-storeyed houses, most of which are whitewashed externally, and have a clean and tidy appearance, with their kailyards and bits of green sward in the rear. The village is of modern origin, having been founded in 1782 by Mrs. Smollett of Bonhill, who named it in honour of her daughter-in-law, Miss Renton of Lamertan. In consequence of the extension of manufactures in the neighbourhood, it has increased rapidly in size and population. There are several churches in the village, one of which is a neat little Gothic edifice of recent erection. The principal object of interest to the stranger in Renton, however, is a Tuscan obelisk to the memory of our distinguished countryman, Tobias Smollett, who was born, according to some authorities, at Dalguhurn House, a fine old edifice in the immediate vicinity, and according to others, at Bonhill House, a short distance farther up the Vale. The most prevalent opinion, however, is, that it was within the antique walls of Dalquhurn that the future novelist and poet first saw the light. Smollett was born in 1721. His father, who died early, was a younger son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill. Tobias commenced his education at the Grammar School of Dumbarton, and continued it at the University of Glasgow. He was afterwards apprenticed to a surgeon in that city, but disliking the profession, on the expiry of his engagement, at the age of nineteen, he determined to proceed to London, with his tragedy of the Regicide in his pocket, to commence the world as an author. His after-life was one long struggle with poverty, his works having been generally wrung from him by his necessities. In Roderick

Random and Peregrine Pickle, there can be little doubt that he has delineated many of the incidents which marked his own most sad eventful history. Smollett died at Leghorn on the 21st of October, 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age, and immediately after the publication of Humphrey Clinker, the final and best effort of his genius. A plain monumental tablet was erected by his widow over his last resting-place at Leghorn.

In his beautiful Ode to Leven Water, Smollett has thrown an atmosphere of poetry over the valley of his birth. Every one is familiar with the Arcadian lines in which he gave expression to his love of the Leven, but we cannot refrain from again giving them utterance. They are among those effusions of the muse which never lose the power of pleasing, however often they may be heard.

"On Leven banks, while free to rove, And tune the rural pipe to love, I envied not the happiest swain That ever trod the Arcadian plain. Pure stream, in whose translucent wave My youthful limbs I wont to lave: No torrents stain thy limpid source, No rocks impede thy dimpling course, That sweetly warbles o'er its bed. With white, round, pelished pebbles spread; While, lightly poised, the scaly brood In myriads cleave the crystal flood; The springing trout, in speckled pride; The salmon, monarch of the tide; The ruthless pike, intent on war; The silver eel, and mottled par. Devolving from thy parent lake, A clarming maze thy waters make, By bowers of birch and groves of pine, And edges flowered with eglantine. Still on thy banks, so gaily green, May numerous herds and flocks be seen; And lassies chanting o'er the pail, And shepherds piping in the dale; And ancient faith, that knows no guile; And industry, embrowned with toil; And hearts resolved, and hands prepared The blessings we enjoy to guard!

Such, in the light of langsyne, appeared the stream of his boyhood to the poor literary drudge of the metropolis. Nor did Smollett forget the Leven when, in search of health, he sought a foreign shore. In *Humphrey Clinker*, which was written while he was an exile at Leghorn, we find

him recurring with equal fondness to the beauties of his natal stream. "The water of Leven," he says in this production, "though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Lochlomond, and through a tract of four miles pursues its winding course over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the Frith of Clyde at Dumbarton." Smollet was somewhat in error, however, in regard to the length of the course which he ascribed to the Leven. From Balloch, the place where it "devolves from its parent lake," to its debouchure into the Clyde at Dumbarton, the distance in a straight line is estimated at about five miles; while the full length of its mazes is said to amount to more than nine miles. The descent from Balloch to the Frith is only about twenty-two feet.

We must now resume our upward progress. As the train dashes along, the Vale waxes more and more beautiful. To the right, the stream is seen, by glimpses, turning and winding in serpent-like convolutions among its green lawns and its finely-wooded slopes. How fresh and luxuriant, after the long rains, are the waying fields of grain and the shawcrowned ridges, where the potato is hastening to maturity! The cottages here and there are wreathed in dense garlands of leaf and flower, while the blue smoke curls amongst the overhanging boughs with an effect which would rejoice the eye of a painter. Tall chimneys, also, are seen at intervals among the trees, detracting somewhat, it may be, from the rurality of the landscape, while they indicate the abounding presence of manufacturing industry. The pellucid waters of the Leven are now stained by the turbid contributions of printfields and bleachworks at every turn. Nor can we regret the loss of that pastoral character which won the song of Smollett, when we know that the change which has taken place since his day contributes largely to the mercantile superiority of our country, and supports, in comparative comfort, an immensely increased and more intelligent population.

Lassies singing over the pail, and piping swains, who earn a scanty subsistence from their flocks and herds, are all very well in poetry, but in this real work-a-day world we suspect they would present but a shabby contrast to the members of our Mechanics' Institutes, and to the well-clad, well-fed, and, in the main, well-behaved womenfolk who throng the public works by which the modern Leven is beaded. The happy rustics who figure in the verses of the bard, if it were possible to resuscitate them for a single Sunday, and in their Sunday garb too, would cut but a seedy figure in any one of the Leven churches beside their present occupants. Ten times the population, also, we may safely aver, now find a living in the Vale to what did in the days of Tobias the scribe.

A brief pause in our progress takes place at the village of Alexandria, which, with Bonhill on the opposite bank of the Leven, forms the manufacturing metropolis of the Vale. About the beginning of the last century bleaching operations were commenced in this vicinity, on what was called the Dutch method. Workmen were introduced for the purpose from Holland in 1728. The first printfield on the Leven was begun in 1768. In consequence of the excellent quality and abundant supply of water afforded by the stream, these branches of industry have subsequently increased in this locality with great rapidity. Some of the numerous establishments now carry on a most extensive business, and furnish employment to an immense number of hands. Amongst the principal public works here, we may mention those of Dalmonach, Levenfield, Levenbank, Cordale, Dillichip, Ferryfield, Alexandria, and Bonhill-all of which occupy favourable positions on the banks of this most limpid stream. villages of Bonhill and Alexandria, which are united by a bridge thrown over the Leven, contain a large population, and have a thriving and really tidy aspect. There is nothing particularly remarkable, however, in the architectural appearance of either. Formerly there was a very large ash tree in the church-yard of Bonhill, which was an object of

considerable pride to the villagers. In the year 1768 this sylvan giant was measured by Mr. Beevor, who found it to be 16 feet 9 inches in girth at the height of five feet from the ground. Dr. Walker also measured it in 1784, at a height of one foot from the earth, when he found the trunk to be 33 feet in circumference. At the height of six feet the trunk divided into three great branches, and at one period its farextending arms must have covered a large extent of surface. Latterly the body of the tree was hollow, while its boughs were supported by iron clasps. A few years ago, however, this venerable "monarch of the wood" was laid low during a stormy night, to the infinite regret of the people in the neighbourhood, with many of whose early recollections it was associated. There was another large tree of the same species near the House of Bonhill, which was fitted up internally as a chamber, measuring 8 feet 5 inches in diameter, and capable of accommodating eight individuals. This leafy monster is also among the trees that were. The principal portion of the lands of Bonhill belonged at one period to the powerful family of Lennox. In the fifteenth century onehalf of the estate passed, by marriage, into the possession of the Darnley family, while the other moiety was divided between the families of Napier and Gleneagles. The church of Bonhill is noticed in a charter of Donald, Earl of Lennox, dated about the middle of the fourteenth century. On the erection of the collegiate church of Dumbarton in 1450, the patronage of Bonhill was conferred upon the ecclesiastical authorities of that establishment by the pious widow of Earl Duncan of the Lennox. The derivation of the name "Bonhill" has considerably puzzled the ingenious students of etymology. Chalmers supposes that the name is from the Gaelic words Bogh n'uill, signifying the foot of the rivulet. Others hold that the ancient name was Buneil, and that the meaning of the term in the Celtic tongue is "a bottom or hollow." Such word-twisting speculations, however, serve no good purpose; and we suspect the wisest thing we can do in the

circumstances is honestly to admit that we know nothing of the root, whether Celtic or Saxon, from which the word Bouhill has sprung. We are aware, however, that the spelling of the name has undergone several successive transformations, among which the earliest is "Buchnull," then "Bulhill," and subsequently "Bunnull," which accords pretty nearly with the local pronunciation.

Leaving Bonhill, we pass the entrance to Tillichewan Castle, the beautiful residence of our enterprising and generous fellow-citizen, William Campbell, Esq. This fine edifice, although of modern origin, is in the old baronial style, and, amidst its spacious lawns and its richly-wooded slopes, has an air of picturesque grandeur which forcibly recalls associations of the chivalrous past. A more commanding site than that of Tillichewan it would be difficult to imagine: and lovelier prospects than its grounds present are not, we are persuaded, to be found within the bounds of Scotland. A few minutes more upon the rail and we are at Balloch, with the loch expanding in our delighted gaze. In the smile of noon the waters are rippled as with living gold. while the isles are sleeping in midsummer quietude: and the mountains, having flung aside their misty caps, stand proudly on the horizon, clearly defined from base to summit against the deep blue sky. To our right is the opening of the Leven, with Balloch Bridge spanning the new-born stream. and Balloch Inn-the veriest home of the beautiful-with Balloch Castle peeping over its green girdle of foliage in fine relief against a gentle range of undulating hills. To the left we have the sylvan braes of Tillichewan, with Cameron House gleaming on its own verdant plain, and the heights of Glenfruin and Glenfinlas swelling beyond. Immediately in front is Inchmurrin, with the soul-filling bulk of Benlomond rising majestic to the very floor of heaven. In the foreground the landscape has a soft and somewhat lowland character, while the distance heaves into a stormy Highland scene of peaks, and glens, and wildest precipices. Here, if

anywhere on earth, are congregated the choicest elements of pictorial wealth. This is in truth the

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

and while we contemplate, in enthusiastic admiration, its various features of loveliness and grandeur, we feel our inmost heart responding with pride to the poet's exclamation—

"Land of my sires, what mortal hand Can e'er unknit the filial band That binds me to thy ragged strand!"

Before embarking on the placid bosom of the lake, let us take a kind of bird's-eye glance at its leading features. As nearly as may be, then, it is calculated that Lochlomond is about twenty-four miles in length, from the debouchure of the Falloch at its head, to the exit of the Leven at its foot. It lies in its mountain bed in a direction nearly south-west and north-east. There is no stiffness, however, or lack of easy grace in its general outline. On the contrary, it abounds in curves and windings, now swelling out into a breadth of seven or eight miles, and anon compressing itself into the narrow compass of something less than a mile. Its depth also is exceedingly various. Opposite Altgarry it goes down into a profound deep of about 600 feet, while at other places it varies from a depth of about 60 to 80 fathoms. In the northern and deeper parts, the lake never freezes: but in severe winters, the shallower waters at its southern end are occasionally covered with ice. The loch is ever fed by countless streams and rivulets from the circumjacent hills and glens. Its principal tributaries, however, are the waters of Fruin, Luss, Finlas, Duglas, Falloch, Inversnaid, and Endrick. These feeders are said to pour in a larger supply of water than the Leven takes away, and the general surface has risen considerably in the lapse of ages. Thirty islands altogether are scattered over the bosom of the loch. These vary in size from Inchmurrin, which is fully a mile in length, to specks of the most diminutive proportions. Nearly all are covered with wood. In popular belief Lochlomond was long celebrated for three wonders, viz., waves without wind, fish without fins, and a floating island. We suspect the modern voyager upon its waters will look in vain for any of these phenomena. It is also said that, at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon, on the 1st November, 1755, Lochlomond exhibited a kind of sympathetic commotion, as if it was in some way connected with that destructive subterranean war.

But the steamer is awaiting us, with her steam up, at the wharf. A pretty little craft she is, with her colours waving in the wind, and her flowing mane of steam, which wreathes itself in playful curls upon the morning air, a moment white, then melting into rapid invisibility. There are numerous groups already on board, and the richly intermingled tints of the female drapery have an exceedingly pleasant effect in the sunshine. The bell rings, however, and we must not dally. Now the steamer is off on its daily round of the beautiful, and steering right towards the heart of that wondrous congregation of fairy isles which sleep, as in love together, upon the bosom of the lake

## "As quietly as spots of sky Among the evening clouds."

Balloch Castle and Boturich on the right, with Cameron and Arden on the left, are soon passed, and Inchmurrin, the foremost of the isles, approaches. This island is upwards of a mile in length, and is used as a deer forest by the Duke of Montrose. In the thirteenth and subsequent centuries the powerful Earls of Lennox took up their abode, in times of danger, in a castle of some strength which occupied a strong position on Inchmurrin. Some vestiges of this ancient structure are still in existence. The surface of the island is finely diversified by swelling undulations and shallow dells, a great proportion of which are covered with wood. A keeper in the service of his grace the Duke of Montrose generally resides here for the protec-

tion of the deer. To the westward on the mainland at this point we have a glance of Glenfruin, a dreary vale, which is associated with a melancholy tale of blood. Within the precincts of Glenfruin, as the student of Scottish history is aware, a fierce conflict occurred between the septs of Macgregor and Colquhoun in 1602, when the latter were routed with a loss of 200 men. A number of young gentlemen belonging to Dumbarton, who had come to the spot merely to witness the engagement, were also put to death by the victors. Only two of the Macgregors were slain in the battle, but subsequently they suffered a lengthened and deadly persecution in consequence of this direful event. The whole clan were declared rebels and outlaws, the lieges being forbidden under the severest penalties to grant them aid or assistance; while their country was ravaged by fire and sword. A small rivulet which passes the spot where the innocent boys were slaughtered is still called "The stream of young ghosts;" and it was long believed that if a Macgregor crossed it after nightfall he was sure to start a spirit. Our steamer is still moving on, however, and successively the small but leaf-clad isles of Inch Grange and Inch Torr are passed, when a fine view of the Lennox meets our gaze to the right, with the conical hill of Duncruin, the green lands of Buchanan, and the vale of the Endrick stretching far away to the brown hills of Stirlingshire. On the horizon, also, is to be seen the swelling ridges of Auchineden, with the Whangie on their grizzly front. The sight of these old familiar hills brings to our memory the face of kindly friends and a dream of the past, which may thus be rendered in verse:-

## WEE ANNIE O' AUCHINEDEN.

A gowden dream thou art to me, From shades of earth and evil free; An angel form of love and glee, Wee Annie o' Auchincden.

I never saw thy winsome face, Thy bairnly beauty rowed in grace; Yet thou art with me every place, Wee Annie o' Auchineden. Where flickering beams beneath the trees Flit playful in the summer breeze, The eye of fancy ever sees Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's cheek was wet and pale, And aft in sighs her words would fail, When in mine ear she breathed thy tale, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

That low sweet voice through many a year If life is mine, shall haunt my ear, Which pictured thee with smile and tear, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Lone was thy hame upon the moor, 'Mang dark brown heaths and mountains hoa? Thou wert a sunbeam at the door, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Blue curling reek, on the breeze afloat, Quiet hovered abune the snaw-white cot, And strange wild-birds of eeriest note Swept ever o'er Auchineden.

Sweet scented nurslings o' sun and dw, In the bosky faulds o' the burn that grew, Were the only mates thy bairnhood knew, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the swallow biggit aneath the eaves, And the bonnie cock-shilfa 'mang the leaves Aft lilted to thee in the silent eves, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Ilk fairy blossom ye kent by name, And birds to thy side all fearless came, Thy winning tongue could the wildest tame, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's a deep, deep lore in hearts o' love And kindness has charms a' charms above; 'Twas thine the cauldest breast to move, Wee Annio o' Auchineden,

But the auld folks shook their heads to see Sic wisdom lent to a bairn like thee; "Lang here," they sighed "ye wadna be," Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

And thou wert ta'en frae this world o' tears, Unstained by the sorrow or sin of years; Thy voice is now in the angels' ears, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's e'e has been dimmed with wan. The auld kirkyard has her darling's clay;
But a better hame is thine for aye,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's an eerie blank at yon fireside, And sorrow has crush'd the hearts of pride; For sair in thy loss their faith was tried, Wee Annie o' Auchineden, The primrose glints on the Spring's return, The merle sings blithe to the dancin' burn; But there's as eweet flower we aye shall mourn, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Life's waning day wears fast awa'— The mirk, mirk gloamin' sune shall fa' To death's dark porch we journey a', Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

When the weary wark o' the world is dune And the purple stream has ceased to rin, May we meet wi' thee in thy hame abune, Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Another conspicuous landmark in this direction is the monument of the celebrated George Buchanan at Killearn. The valley of the Endrick is celebrated under the name of "sweet Ennerdale" in the old song of "The gallant Grahams." In past as in present times the fair land of the Lennox was the home of the Montrose family, and the song alluded to is supposed to have been written when the gallant Marquis of that name was driven into exile. The words come athwart our memory as we scan the scene:—

"To wear the blue I think it best Of a' the colours that I see, And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams That are banished frae their ain countrie.

"They won the day wi' Wallace wight;
They were the lords o' the south countrie;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
Till the gallant Grahams come o'er the sea.

"Now fare-ye-well, sweet Ennerdale, Baith kith and kin that I could name; Oh, I would sell my silken snood To see the gallant Grahams come hame."

As we proceed, other isles of beauty swim into our ken, some of considerable size, and others of the most diminutive proportions. The largest and perhaps the most lovely of these is Inchcalliach, "the island of old women." This islet is seven furlongs in length, and about three furlongs in breadth at the south-west end. It is deliciously wooded, and as we sweep along its shadowy side, the purple of the heather-bell is seen brightening its craggy projections, while the wild roses dip down in myriads almost to the watery girdle by which it is encompassed. In ancient times, as its

name imports, Inchcalliach was the site of a nunnery, and a more appropriate or secluded spot for such an establishment it would in truth be difficult to discover. More recently the parish church of Buchanan stood on this island, surrounded by a cemetery which is still, we understand, in occasional use. Inchcalliach is the property of the Duke of Montrose. When seen from the direction of the Endrick, the outline of this island resembles strikingly that of a dead human body, and it is consequently sometimes called the corpse of Lochlomond.

Passing Inchcalliach, the steamer comes to a pause at the wharf of Balmaha. The high lands which bound the Lennox to the north, come down here to the margin of the Loch, and form a mountain wall which is only passable by a narrow gorge situated a few hundred yards to the eastward of the landing-place. Through this defile the Celtic freebooters, in the good old times, were in the habit of making their plundering descents on the neighbouring lowlands,

"Sweeping their flocks and herds,"

and retreating in safety with their ill-gotten gear through the convenient gateway of the pass to their mountain fastnesses. There was indeed but little chance of the harried farmer ever recovering his lost stock when the cattle-lifters reached Balmaha, as two or three swordsmen could easily defend it against any numerical odds. Leaving this formidable promontory, the steamer directs its course in a transverse direction across the Loch towards the village of Luss. By the way we pass in succession Inchfad, which is inhabited, and partly cultivated; Inchmoan; Inchcruin, which is used as an asylum for the insane; Inchconachan, the dog's isle; Inchlonaig, the isle of yew trees, where there is an establishment for the restraint and cure of confirmed tipplers; with Inchtavanach, or the Monk's Isle, and a number of islets of smaller compass which are strewn about in most picturesque confusion. Each of these is in itself a distinct study of the beautiful, while the general effect of the





LUSS.

whole is delightful in the extreme. Two of the most admired prospects of the Loch are obtained from an elevation in Inchtavanach and from Strone hill, near the village of Luss, which now appears nestling in a lovely spot on the margin of the water. As seen from the deck of the steamer, this little Highland community presents a most inviting aspect. There is the quaint little church with its miniature belfry, the handsome inn, and a scattered congregation of primitive looking houses peeping from their gardens, and half screened by trees, through which the blue reek is ever curling, while the background rises into the boldest magnificence of mountain and glen.

We have now escaped from the pressure of the island crowd in which, for the past half-hour, we have been so pleasantly entangled. A straggler from the band is still met with here and there, it is true, but our course is not again materially interrupted. The lake above Luss begins rapidly to narrow, the lofty mountain walls on either side gradually approximating. Along their entire line the shores are fretted with tiny bays and bold projecting headlands, generally clothed with foliage to the very water lip. The continuous heights increase in boldness as we proceed, and are abundantly scarred and wrinkled with glens and watercourses, down which in silver threads the high-born streams are ever pouring. Benlomond waxes more large and impressive as we draw near unto his base. At length we reach the wharf of Rowardennan. There is a comfortable inn at this picturesque spot, where those who purpose speeling the lofty Ben generally prepare for their arduous undertaking. Long years have passed since last we had our foot upon the monster's crest, and yet it seems as if it were but yesterday that we accomplished the feat. It is reckoned six long up-hill miles from the inn to the summit, and upwards of two panting hours are generally spent upon the way. The labour of the ascent, however, is amply repaid by the glorious prospect which greets the spectator when the proud apex is

reached. We see it still in the faithful mirror of memory. as vividly as if it were yet outspread beneath our gaze. The Loch in all its length, with all its windings and with all its isles, again sleeps peacefully in its diminished cradle far below, while the wild sea of hills heaves its brown gigantic billows far away. Again we see the infant Forth, meandering from its source to the distant Frith; again we recognize the conical peak of Tinto looming on the far horizon; again the rock of Ailsa and the paps of Jura start from the haze of distance; and again that awful precipice makes us shrink shuddering from its verge. Fain would we mount the mighty steep once more to enjoy anew its matchless scenes of beauty and sublimity, but that time forbids, and the paddles of the impatient steamer are already bearing us rapidly on our way. The Loch at this point is scarcely a mile broad, as the promontory of Inveruglas stretches a considerable distance into the water. About a mile farther on, the bed of the lake is narrowed to about half a mile by a precipitous headland, popularly known as Rob Roy's Rock. It is said the bold outlaw alluded to was in the habit of convincing those whom other arguments failed to make amenable to his will by giving them a dip in the Loch at this spot. Additional reasons, in the shape of a suspension by the neck, were seldom called for in such cases, although there can be very little doubt that, if required, they would have been freely adduced by this unscrupulous Celtic logician. Skirting the immediate base of Benlomond, and crossing the Loch after a pleasant sail of about four or five miles, we touch at Tarbet, where a number of our passengers land, for the purpose of crossing to Lochlong, and returning by that route to the Clyde. There is a spacious inn here, with a number of scattered cottages, generally occupied during the summer months by well-to-do families from the city. The distance from Tarbet to Arrochar, at the head of Lochlong, is about a mile and a-half. The rugged peaks of the Cobbler are to be seen from the wharf, peeping over the intervening

neck of land. Inversnaid is our next place of call, and here we leave the steamer to pursue its farther course, while we prepare for a brief ramble among the neighbouring hills.

The scenery of Inversnaid is in the highest degree romantic. The surrounding heights are densely covered with wood, while immediately adjacent to the inn there is a fine cascade. formed by the waters of Loch Arclet, which, after pursuing a tortuous course for a few miles, are here precipitated from a considerable height into a rock-encumbered channel leading directly into Lochlomond. The various prospects of the Loch in this vicinity are extremely picturesque. On the opposite shore the huge forms of Benvoirlich, Benduchray, and those of numerous kindred giants, rise to an immense elevation, and impress the soul of the spectator with a sense of unutterable grandeur. Inversnaid, indeed, has long been a favourite spot with the admirers of the stern and wild in Highland landscape. Here the poet and the painter have ever loved to linger in silent homage to the majesties of nature. It will be remembered that it was at Inversnaid that Wordsworth met the Highland girl whose charms he has rendered immortal in one of his sweetest little poems. The following lines are truthful as a daguerre otype picture of the scene before us, with something added from the light which never shone on land or sea:-

"Sweet Highland girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower! Twice seven consenting years have shed Their utmost bounty on thy head; And those gray rocks, that household lawn; Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn; This fall of water that doth make A murmur near the silent lake; This little bay, a quiet road That holds in shelter thy abode; In truth unfolding thus you seem Like something fashioned in a dream, Such forms as from their covert peep When earthly cares are laid asleep! Yet, dream, or vision as thou art, I bless thee with a human heart; God shield thee to thy latest years; I neither know thee nor thy peers, And yet my eyes are filled with tears."

And now we wander leisurely away into the greenwoodour only companion a little girl, upon whose head not once seven consenting years have shed their bounty, and whose opening mind is vividly alive to the beauty of leaf and flower. These wild moorland blossoms are each a new study to her, and numberless are the questions which she has to ask regarding them. How sweet to see the tiny creature standing in admiration by the tall foxglove, which overtops her head by several inches, or to mark the shower of blushing petals which the wild rose flings down upon her as she strives to reach its bloomy boughs! How insatiate is her appetite for posies! No sooner is one formed than she is off in pursuit of other and newer flowers, and every addition is hailed with a new rapture. There is no lack of varieties. The purple heather and the broom are there, with violets and speedwells, and bedstraws, and tormentils, and many a choice bud besides. On the damp moss we find the curious sundew with its glittering beads, and the canach with its tufts of snowy silk, and the bog myrtle, which scents with its spicy odour the passing breeze. Still onward and onward we move, now charmed by the lilt of some brown moorland bird, and anon startled by the dreary cry of the curlew or the plover, as we alarm them by our presence in their solitary haunts. At length, in a hollow among the gray hills, the ruins of Inversnaid Fort arrest our gaze with their shattered walls, and a dream of Rob Roy flashes upon us. This structure was erected, it appears, in 1713, to check the inroads of the bold outlaw, who was laird of the land in this vicinity. The fort was set on fire upon one occasion by the daring freebooter; and at a subsequent period it was taken possession of by his nephew. All is quiet now, however, in the land of the Macgregor. The Sassenach passes to and fro in peace, and the farmers of the Lennox may sleep without fear of the cattle-lifter. Among the ruins of the fort a miserable little hut has recently been built, and the peat smoke is curling from door and window as we pass, while

a lonely redbreast chants a song of peace from a neighbouring tree.

By the time we return to Inversnaid, the shadows are waxing deep upon the hills. Benvoirlich is wrapt in gloom from base to summit, and a pallid ripple breaks at intervals the sullen smoothness of the Loch. We are just in the nick of time, without visiting the outlaw's cave, which is quite at hand, to catch the returning steamer; and going on board, are soon dashing along on our way to Balloch, where we are in due season safely deposited. The train is in waiting, and, punctual to a minute, we start on our overland route to Bowling. On our arrival there, the steamer is roaring with eager impatience, and not a moment is lost in resuming our homeward progress. In something less than four hours from the time we left Inversnaid we are sitting at our own fireside. So brief is the interval which now-a-days suffices to transport the fellow-citizens of Bailie Nicol Jarvie from the classic Sautmarket to the very heart of the Highlands, and, vice versa, from the land of the heather to the precincts of Sanct Mungo.

## HELENSBURGH, ROW, AND ROSENEATH.

The merry month of May, having busked and brightened the earth with buds and blossoms, has resigned her gentle sway, and June, the brilliant and the beautiful, has fallen heir to the golden sceptre of summer. The furrowed fields are waving in verdure—each passing breeze awakening ripples of glossiest green on the arable leas—while every meadow, every wayside, and every dell, is mantled with bloom and redolent of many mingled odours. The glory of spring has fallen from the apple bough, the pear has doffed her garniture of snowy petals, and "the beginning of the end," the rich promise of a coming autumn, is plainly to be read among the orchard leaves. In the woods, and by the living streams, we can trace by her floral footprints the progress of the year. The snowdrop is now a thing of memory, the fine gold of the primrose is waxing dim, and the

"Daffodil that comes before the swallow dares, And takes the winds of March with beauty,"

has fallen from her pride of place, and until another spring is born, has ceased to claim the homage of the wanderer's eye. But ye are not missed, sweet flowers, amid the scented crowds which now rejoice the golden noontide of the summer. The regal rose begins to warm with her blushes the field and the gay parterre; the hawthorn is freckled with foam-like tufts of bloom that make rich the dewy gloamin'; and

"The pansy that looks up Like a thought earth planted,"

is now arrayed in her choicest of purple and gold. In our present wealth we forget, or but faintly remember, the

scattered blossoms, few and far between, which were so priceless to us on the skirts of the departing winter. do our musical friends, the birds, seem one whit more grateful. Over the blight they are even now singing as merrily as over the birth of the sweet spring flowers. They are all married couples now, and having feathered their nests and become the heads of promising families, there is no end of their rejoicing. The lark is up at heaven's purple gate even before the stars have gone to rest, and the merle pipes so deep into the gloamin' that one could almost fancy he was desirous of breaking the stellar repose, and recalling the midnight twinklers to the sky. And what a blessing to those who can "rejoice in nature's joy" are the songs of the summer birds! For our own part, we have ever loved these gladsome little wildings of the woods and the fields, and have lent an attentive, and, we trust, an appreciating ear to their melodies. Love is apt to beget song, and, long ago, we penned the following to the

## BIRDS OF SCOTLAND.

Oh the birds of bonnie Scotland,
I love them one and all—
The eagle soaring high in pride,
The wren so blythe and small.
I love the cushat in the wood,
The heron by the stream,
The lark that sings the stars asleep,
The merle that wakes their beam.

Oh the birds of dear old Scotland,
I love them every one—
The owl that leaves the tower by night,
The swallow in the sun.
I love the raven on the rock,
The sea-bird on the shore,
The merry chaffinch in the wood,
And the curlew on the moor.

Oh the birds of bonnie Scotland,
How lovely are they all!
The oozel by the forest spring
Or lonely waterfall;
The thrush that from the leafless bough
Delights the infant year,
The redbreast wailing sad and lone,
When leaves are falling sear.

Oh for the time when first I roamed The woodland and the field, A silent sharer in the joy Each summer minstrel peal'd. Their nests I knew them every onc, In bank, or bush, or tree,— Familiar as a voice of home, Their every tone of glee.

They tell of birds in other climes
In richest plumage gay,
With gorgeous tints that far outshine
An eastern king's array.
Strangers to song—more dear to me
The linnet modest gray,
That pipes among the yellow broom
His wild, heart-witching lay.

More dear than all their shining hucs
The wells of glee that lie
In throstle's matchless mottled breast,
Or merle's of ebon dye.
And though a lordling's wealth were minc,
In some far sunny spot,
My heart could never own a home
Where minstrel birds were not.

Sweet wilding birds of Scotland,
I loved ye when a boy,
And to my soul your names are link'd
With dreams of vanish'd joy.
And I could wish, when death's cold hand
Has stilled this heart of mine,
That o'er my last low bed of earth
Might swell your notes divine.

But when we commence talking about birds and flowers we are sure to forget ourselves. Our mission this sweet summer day is an excursion to Helensburgh, Row, and Roseneath—three of the prettiest localities round the whole Pleasant to our ear are their several names-pleasant to our eyes their various aspects of beauty-and pleasant, indeed, to our memory are their respective associations with the days of other years. Once more we are bounding over the brown waters of the Frith, once more our heart leaps up as the steamer rounds the picturesque promontory of Ardmore—that bosky arm of beauty which the Cardross\* shore thrusts out into the stream as if to stay its progress. Once again the green lawns, and the wooded glades, and the brown swelling heights of Roseneath swim into our ken, and once again the fair face of Helensburgh beams upon us from the sunny shore, and mirrors itself in the quiet waters. We can see as of yore the loungers sauntering lazily along the beach, or chatting in groups at the old-fashioned and incommodious pier-the little children gathering shells upon the

sands, or wading in the foamy brine, with here and there a yacht or a fishing-boat dancing over the waves. The picture, with its framework of gently-swelling slopes and dark brown ridges—lofty in parts, but somewhat monotonous in outline—is, on the whole, one of great beauty and cheerfulness.

Helensburgh is a town of comparatively recent origin, and has consequently but few attractions for the disciples of Captain Grose, while it furnishes but a meagre record to the historian. Those who delight in "auld howlet haunted biggins," or who revel in the musty reminiscences of tradition, must therefore betake themselves to other and more time-honoured localities. The town was founded, and its ground-plan arranged, by Sir James Colquboun, in the year 1774. The wife of the said baronet was called Helen, and it was in honour of his spouse that the infant community received its name. Helensburgh is situated on a kind of natural terrace, which slopes gently upward from the sea. It consists principally of a lengthened line of houses, of one and two storeys, fronting the shore, and straggling away in detached cottages embowered in gardens at either end. The front row is intersected at regular intervals with lines of streets running inward from the shore, and communicating with other thoroughfares which run parallel to that in front. Few of the houses have any pretensions to architectural elegance, but the majority of them are whitewashed externally-a circumstance which gives the town a cleanly and attractive aspect, especially when seen from the Frith, or from the opposite shore. Near the centre of the front row or street. the pier at which we land projects into the water. It is, as we have said, a shabby and incommodious affair; in fact, utterly unworthy of the locality, and an eyesore and an annoyance to every visitor. In certain states of the weather it is positively dangerous; and it is to be hoped, for the credit alike of the feudal superior and of the local authorities, that it may soon be numbered with the things that were, and a structure adequate to the traffic be erected in its stead. There are

several churches in the town, including one in connection with the Establishment, a Free, an Independent, and an Episcopalian one. There is also a number of schools sufficient for the requirements of the rising generation. Nor need the visitor to Helensburgh dread any deficiency in regard to his intellectual wants or his material necessities. There are book-shops and libraries for the studious, while there are shops in abundance for the sale of clothing and of all the ordinary creature comforts. Some of these would even do credit to the western thoroughfares of Glasgow. When we add that there are several really comfortable hotels and abundant facilities for bathing, we think that enough has been said to show that Helensburgh is a watering-place of more than ordinary attractions.

On previous occasions we have alluded to the services of Henry Bell, the individual who was the first in Europe to apply the power of steam to the propulsion of vessels. Helensburgh has the honour of having been the scene of Bell's experimental operations. Before his time the attempt had been made by various parties, but in every instance without success, in consequence of which the project seems to have been given up in despair. At this juncture Bell took the matter in hand, and prosecuted it to a successful issue. Having engaged Messrs. Wood of Port-Glasgow to build him a small vessel of some thirty tons burden, he had constructed an engine of three horse power. Under the name of the "Comet" he finally set it afloat. After several experiments, it was in 1812 placed for purposes of traffic on the Glasgow and Greenock station. Such was the origin of steam navigation,—an invention which has been productive of the most important benefits to the human race, and which in all probability is destined, in the march of improvement, to produce even greater and more glorious consequences than it has yet effected. Mr. Bell continued to reside at Helensburgh till the time of his death, which took place at the Public Baths, of which he had charge, in March 1830,

when he had attained the ripe age of sixty-three. His remains were laid in the beautiful and secluded church-yard of the parish. Many attempts have been made to deprive Bell of the fame which he had so nobly earned, but ultimately his claims were universally admitted, and full honour was rendered to his services. He received a handsome pension from the Clyde Trust of Glasgow—which was continued to his wife after his decease—while a monument was erected to his memory at Dunglass, and his portrait fills the place of honour in the Hall of the Trust, Robertson Street, Glasgow.

The originator of steam navigation, although resident at Helensburgh at the time of his great and successful experiment, was not a native of the locality. Henry Bell was a native of Torphichen, on the river Avon, near Linlithgow, where he was born on the 7th of April, 1767. His father was a miller at that place, as it is said his ancestors were for several centuries. While yet a boy the future engineer was apprenticed as a stone mason. This occupation, however, he speedily forsook, as we find him in his sixteenth year engaged as a millwright with an uncle, and ultimately in his nineteenth year, working as a shipwright at Borrowstouness. Bell, it appears, laid his plans before the British Government in 1803, and receiving no encouragement, communicated them also to the principal governments on the Continent, and to that of the United States. Robert Fulton, who, in 1807, made a successful experiment in steam navigation on the Hudson, may thus have seen the plans of Bell, and the latter, it is well known, always asserted that such was the case.

The look-out from Helensburgh, and from the heights above it, is one of great beauty. To the left is seen the wood-covered headland of Ardmore, with Port-Glasgow and the heights beyond peeping over its shoulder. In front is the spacious Frith with its passing ships and steamers, and Greenock, Gourock, and their swelling hills in the background, while Roseneath, that thing of beauty, with the opening of the Gareloch, presents a charming picture to the right,

All that is beautiful, indeed, of earth, or sea, or sky, may be said to be congregated around this favoured spot, and rejoices the hearts of its summer visitants.

We have glanced at the brief history of Helensburgh, and at the splendid scenery which it commands in a seaward point of view, but this favourite watering-place has landward beauties as well. By a pleasant inland route the resident in this locality can drop down upon Lochlomond through the sublime but dreary portal of Glenfruin, the glen of sorrow-that huge and blood-stained gap in which the Macgregors and the Colqubouns came into deadly collision. and wherein the latter were so fearfully worsted. A dark day for the Laird of Luss was that in which he grappled with the Macgregor-when the flower of his clan was laid low, and his flocks and his herds were carried away; but darker and more dreary was it subsequently for the victors, when they were rendered outcasts on the face of their native land, and their very name was made a byword and a reproach. Whether the Macgregors were really the sinners they are said to have been, or whether they were not more sinned against than sinning, we will not pretend to say; but this we know, that while their name as landlords of the soil has passed away, that of the Colqubouns has grown in strength and influence. Bravery and honesty are often driven to the wall, while timidity and cunning assume the ascendant. Sir James Colquhoun is now lord of Helensburgh and all the lands around, while those against whom neither his predecessors nor the predecessors of his clan could in combat hold their own, have been scattered to the four It has been said that there is as much to winds of heaven. be made by watching as by praying, and certainly the history of our now prosperous Scottish families shows that there is more to be made by time-serving and diplomacy than by an honest adherence to the right. Be that as it may, however, there can be no doubt that every sojourner in Helensburgh will be well repaid for the few hours he bestows on a visit to

Glenfruin, and through it to Luss and the peerless Lochlomond—the queen of Scottish lakes. Another favourite walk with the Helensburgh people is that along the Cardross shore towards Ardmore, and, on the brow of the hill, to the ancient Castle of Kilmahew. Every step in this direction presents, as it were, a new picture of landscape loveliness.

Our present course, however, is in the opposite direction. We are desirous of getting into the jaws of the Gareloch, and immediately after leaving the straggling but beautiful outskirts of Helensburgh, that loch becomes clearly defined. On the one hand we have the green wooded slopes of Ardincaple, and on the other, the bosky promontory of Roseneath -both possessions of the Argyle family. Ardincaple is a stately mansion of the old Scottish or baronial style, and from time to time has been used as the residence of the Duchesses-Dowager of the M'Callum Mores. Although in the main of modern, or at least of comparatively modern origin, one portion of the structure is said to have been erected so early as the twelfth century. At that period the estates of the Argyle family were of much more limited extent than they are now; but step by step they have crept from their native fastnesses towards the low country, until now a large portion of the shores of Clyde and of the neighbouring locks has fallen into their hands. There is an old Scottish saying-

"From the greed of the Campbells, The ire of the Drummonds,"

and certain other family qualifications,

"Lord deliver us."

In the case of the Campbells, at all events, the deliverance seems not to have come, as the present Duke—although said to be one of the poorest of his class—possesses an extent of territory which would have overwhelmed some of the older chieftains who held sway under the banner of the "Boar's head." Ardincaple, however, is a lovely spot—lovely in itself, with its green lawns, its swelling ridges,

and its stately old woods—and lovely more especially in the glorious prospects of land and sea which it commands. The proudest dowager in all the land might well be proud of such a noble residence. The fierce M'Aulay's who once called it their home, must have shed many a bitter tear when the "greed of the Campbells" deprived them of this their ancient and beautiful patrimony.

Passing a number of other, but less imposing and less ancient domiciles, we arrive at the Row-one of the sweetest. one of the cosiest nooks of the Clyde. At this place a long, narrow, and wedge-shaped point of land stretches out into the water, and with a similar, but lesser projection from the opposite shore, threatens to landlock the lovely Gareloch. Fortunately, even at lowest tides, the junction is far from complete, and the river steamers have ample scope and verge enough to pass to and fro. Owing to the contracted nature of the passage, however, the current at certain states of the tide is exceedingly rapid, a circumstance which swimmers have sometimes learned to their cost. The point alluded to has given name to the locality—the Celtic name of Rhue signifying a projecting point or promontory. A glance at the map of Scotland and the neighbouring islands will show how frequently the term is applied to similar earthy or rocky projections into the water. On the ocean-fretted shores of Mull, for instance, we have rows or rhues innumerable, but generally accompanied by some descriptive adjective to indicate their respective peculiarities. Thus, one is called the green or grassy rhue or point, another the sea-fowl rhue or point, and a third the stormy point, according to their most striking natural features. Celtic names are invariably selfdescriptive, as the designation of innumerable places even in lowland Scotland abundantly testify. Centuries ago the Celtic population were expelled from these districts; and still in the proper names of places the memory of the old inhabitants-"footprints on the sands of time"-remain indelibly impressed.

But it is with the artificial, rather than with the natural or physical features of the Row proper that we have at present to deal. The swelling heights above the Row form at this point something like an obtuse angle, the one line approaching from Helensburgh in an easterly direction, and the other striking away towards the north or north-west. On either shoulder of the angle thus formed nestles a group of elegant cottages, and villas, and mansions, embowered in gardens and shrubbery, with delicious walks intervening, and with shady nooks, that seem

"For talking age or whispering lovers made:"

and where, as we are wandering in this lovely day of June, an hundred odours scent the winds of noon, and every grove is redolent of song. The eye also rejoices in a shadowy profusion of green, while the laburnum waves in the breeze her ringlets of floral gold, and on the lilac you scarce can see the leaves for flowers. Peeping through the gateways as we pass, the rose and rhododendron are all ablush-"alike, but oh how different!"-the one "breathing airs of heaven," the other, so far as odour is concerned, stale, flat, and unprofitable. How like are the blossoms of the rose and those of the rhododendron! but call the latter a rose and it would not smell so sweet. There is a moral in the contrast, but we need not stay to extract it. Our sentimental readers, take our word for it, will be apt enough to do that for themselves. What we meant to say was that a sweeter, a sunnier, a leafier, or a more bloomy spot exists not on the Clydeand that is saving a great deal—than this same scattered community of the Row.

And all this time we have not said a single word about the principal feature of Row—namely, its elegant new kirk. This structure, with its beautiful spire towering gracefully above its girdle of time-honoured planes, has a delightful effect, whether seen from the deck of the passing steamer, or as we see it now from the silent field of graves by which it is so appropriately surrounded. Here the rude forefathers, not only of the village, for until recently it was of the tiniest dimensions, but of the parish, which is somewhat of the widest, sleep the sleep which knows no breaking. As we scan the humble headstones—and humility is not the characteristic of all-we think that a sweeter spot was never selected for the last low bed of departed mortality. In their lives these silent sleepers dwelt amidst the beautiful, and the beautiful still encircles their place of rest. We could dream of such a place to sleep the long sleep, but what availeth beauty to the cold dull eye of death? Be it amidst the din of the city, or in the sweetest of rural solitudes, there is no fear of disturbance when once the "golden bowl" is shivered. There are but few noticeable names in the kirkvard of Row. and foremost among these is that of Henry Bell, to whom a statue has been erected within the shadow of the parish kirk. Helensburgh, although now a much more populous and important locality, is but an offshoot of Row, and to Row Helensburgh consigned the ashes of her most famous son, The old church, although now superseded by its more stately successor as a place of worship, still retains its position in the green enclosure. Originally it must have been but a sorry effort of Presbyterian architecture, and now that it has waxed old and somewhat dilapidated, it contributes nothing to the picturesqueness of the spot. Indeed, its removal would be a benefit to the landscape, as it mars the effect of the new church, which is situated immediately in its rear. It may be interesting as an ecclesiastical landmark, however, as it was at this place that what is called the "Row Heresy" originated, and it was probably within the plain, barn-like walls of this ghostly old structure that it was first promulgated. Of the merits or demerits of the heresy alluded to we are ashamed to say we know nothing, and we have consequently no great regard for the source from which it emanated, and would not at all regret the immediate removal of an edifice which can now only be considered a cumberer of the ground.

Beautiful as Row may be in herself, she is rendered still

more beautiful by the kindred things of beauty by which she is surrounded—just as a lovely girl seems to become more levely when she is girt by a beyy of her blooming compeers. On the opposite side of the opening loch—only about half-a-mile in width—are the charming domains of Roseneath, with their stately castle, their evergreen lawns and fairy beaches, their wooded knolls and their swelling heights of dreariest moorland—a congregation in miniature of all that rejoices the poet's or the painter's vision. left is seen a spacious sweep of the Clyde, with its gallant garniture of ships at rest or in motion upon its breast, and its towns, villages, and mansions, smiling upon its shores, and its bold boundary of hills swelling to the very blue of the summer sky. To the right lies the Gareloch, with its cincture of copse-covered and brown moorish ridges, and its clusters of snowy cottages nestling quietly along the shore. Every loophole of this lovely retreat, indeed, commands a landscape privilege of an ever varying and exceeding beauty.

But our day advances, and o'er the sunny ripples of the intervening waters we must find our way to what Sir Walter Scott, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, calls the "Island of Roseneath." In common parlance, we are aware that this exquisite promontory is also occasionally dubbed the "isle," but the great and gloriously gifted author of Waverley was evidently astray in his geographical notions of Roseneath. In the novel alluded to in describing the spot, he says, "The islands in the Frith of Clyde, which the daily passage of so many smoke-pennoned steamboats now renders so available. were in our fathers' times secluded spots, frequented by no travellers, and few visitants of any kind. They are of exquisite but varied beauty. Arran, a mountain region or Alpine island, abounds with the grandest and most romantic Bute is of a softer and more woodland character. The Cumbraes, as if to exhibit a contrast to both, are green, level, and bare [neither green, level, nor bare, Sir Walter, say we], forming the links of a sort of natural bar, which is drawn

along the mouth of the Frith, leaving large intervals, however, of ocean. Roseneath, a smaller isle, lies much higher up the Frith and towards its western shore, near the opening of the loch called the Gareloch, and not far from Loch Long and Loch Seant, or the Holy Loch, which wind from the mountains of the Western Highlands to join the estuary of the Clyde." Such is the description of Roseneath as delineated by the most charming of Scottish pens-a description which abundantly shows that Sir Walter was never on the spot, or that if he was, his memory must have played him a sad trick. We can well forgive an error, however, when, along with it, we have the name of Jeanie Deans-that most truthful and consistent of the author's female creationsassociated with the scenery of the Clyde. On returning from her noble and completely successful pilgrimage to London on behalf of her unhappy sister, Jeanie, by the request of his Grace of Argyle, was brought to Roseneath; and every one who has read the novel must remember the touching scene which occurred on her unexpected meeting with her father on the beach adjacent to the ducal residence. Even now, as we approach the spot, we could embody to our mind's eye the very scene. As the boat touches the landing-place we can see Jeanie, with a sweet surprise depicted on her comely countenance, and, to borrow from the book, "douce David Deans" himself, in his best light-blue Sunday's coat with broad metal buttons, and waistcoat and breeches of the same, his strong gramashes or leggins of thick gray cloth; the very copper buckles; broad Lowland blue bonnet thrown back as he lifted his eyes to Heaven in speechless gratitude; the gray locks that straggled from beneath it down his weather-beaten "haffets;" the bald and furrowed forehead; the clear blue eye that, undimmed by years, gleamed bright and pale from under its shaggy gray pent-house; the features, usually so stern and stoical, now melted into the expression of rapturous joy, affection, and gratitude-were all those of David Deans, as he exclaimed,

"Jeanie—my ain Jeanie—my best, my most dutiful bairn; the Lord of Israel be thy Father, for I am hardly worthy of thee! Thou hast redeemed our captivity—brought back the honour of our house. Bless thee, my bairn, with mercies promised and purchased."

Is not this, with Roseneath as the scene, a noble subject for the painter? Scott himself seems to have been especially pleased with his own pen and ink delineation, and says, "Should I ever again see my friends Wilkie or Allan, I will try to borrow or steal from them a sketch of this very scene." The subject, however, is still virgin. Let our artists look to it.

Roseneath, the beautiful promontory on which we are now supposed to be landed, is said to have derived its name from a phrase in the British language—Rhos-næth signifying "the bare or naked peninsula." Whatever descriptive truth this name may have originally possessed, we know not, but assuredly it is anything but appropriate at the present day, when a large proportion of the lands are mantled with copsewood and timber, and can boast of numerous sylvan giants of extraordinary dimensions. Two of these-a pair of silver firs near the site of the old castle—are perhaps the noblest of the species in Scotland; and to any one who can appreciate forest stateliness and grace, they would of themselves abundantly repay a pilgrimage to the locality. These two monarchs of the wood are nearly of a size, their circumference five feet from the ground being about nineteen feet. Par nobile fratrum! There is also an avenue of yews near the site of the old church, which excites universal admiration. But why mention particular instances where there is such a glorious expanse of woodland and coppice, and where the visitor might spend the long summer day in rambling, nor ever leave his canopy of green?

The lands of Roseneath belonged originally to the family of Lennox. For some act of treason committed in 1489 they were forfeited to the Crown, and shortly thereafter were

bestowed-for what service is not known-upon Colin, first Earl of Argyle. The M'Callum Mores have the knack of keeping what they acquire, and the estate has ever since remained in possession of the family, with whom it seems to have been always a favourite place of resort. The original residence, Easter House, was situated about a mile to the north-west of the present castle, which lies near the extremity of the peninsula, upon a beautiful natural terrace overlooking the Clyde and the opening of the Gareloch. This structure. although presenting an imposing appearance from the water and the adjacent shores, is somewhat incongruous in style, being a combination of the Greek and the castellated Gothic. It was erected in 1803 from a design by J. Bononi of London. One of the principal fronts faces the north with a magnificent portico; another of less imposing appearance looks towards the south. On the summit of the edifice is a circular tower. which is said to command a magnificent range of sceneryincluding, of course, the leading features of the neighbouring Frith and those of the adjacent lake. Couched upon its own verdant lawn, and half-screened from view by its lovely environment of woods and gardens, this is indeed one of the most enviable residences which it is possible to conceive.

The village of Roseneath, with its neat little Gothic church of recent erection, is scattered along the margin of the Gareloch, of which and of the adjacent heights it commands a delightful series of prospects. Some of the villas are extremely elegant, and with their girdles of shrubbery and garden ground, are the veriest pictures of loveliness and seclusion. Roseneath has no history of particular moment. Like so many other localities, she has certain traditions of Wallace—a precipitous rock north of the castle being called the Wallace's Leap." We have it also on the authority of Blind Harry, that the great Scottish hero resided here on one occasion. During the "killing times" of Scottish persecution, it is said that many of the Covenanters found refuge here under the wing of the Argyle, and it is even said that

Balfour of Burley—the assassin of Archbishop Sharpe—found a safe shelter in this quiet spot, and under an assumed name here ended his days in peace.

It was formerly alleged that the soil of Roseneath was inimical to the existence of rats, and that these vermin died immediately on being brought into the peninsula. So strong was this impression, that an adventurous West Indian planter, whose estate was infested by rats, actually took out a shipload of the sacred soil for the purpose of having them extirpated. The experiment, we regret to say, proved a signal failure, and at the present day, whatever may have been the case in former times, rats "live, move, and have their being" in the parish of Roseneath as abundantly as elsewhere. In stating this fact, the old minister of Roseneath consoled himself by the reflection that if the soil had possessed the virtue ascribed to it, he would probably have had no parish, as the entire peninsula would in all likelihood have been shipped away for the destruction of rats in less favoured localities.

On the opposite shore of the Peninsula from Roseneath lies the modern watering-place of Kilcreggan, a long straggling line of cottages and villas, extending even into the mouth of Lochlong. The locality-which commands an ample sweep of the Frith and of the opposite shore, with its towns and villages in the foreground, and its brown hills beyond—is said to have derived its name from a saint or holy man named Creggan, who is said to have had a cell or chapel in the vicinity. Between Roseneath and Kilcreggan there is a fine road passing through a succession of charming landscapes. As we pass along this line of beauty to catch. the steamer at the neat wharf of Kilcreggan, the woods and fields are rejoicing in the fresh green livery of June, the wayside flowers are all arrayed in their richest colours and rejoicing in the sun, while the birds in number numberless, are thrilling the summer air with their woodnotes wild. Let those who would enjoy a day of solitude, and of freshest natural beauty, those who can rejoice as we have done, in

nature's joy, tread in our footsteps, and indulge in a ramble amidst the scenery of sweet Roseneath.

Note.—As a memorial of the infancy of steam navigation, the following advertisement inserted by Henry Bell in the newspapers of the period, may not be considered uninteresting:—

"Steam Passage-boat, THE COMET, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, for Passengers only.

"The Subscriber having, at much expense, fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the River Clyde, between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the power of wind, air, and steam—he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, about mid-day, or at such hour thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide—and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the morning, to suit the tide. The clegance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel require only to be proved, to meet the approbation of the public; and the proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are for the present fixed at 4s, for the best cabin, and 3s, the second; but, beyond these rates, nothing is to be allowed to servants, or any other person employed about the vessel. The subscriber continues his establishment at Helensburgh Baths, the same as for years past, and a vessel will be in readiness to convey passengers in the Comer from Greenock to Helensburgh.—Passengers by the Comer will receive information of the hours of sailing, by applying at Mr. Houston's Office, Broomiclaw; or Mr. Thomas Blackney's, East Quay Head, Greenock.

"HENRY BELL

"Helensburgh, 5th August, 1812."

## THE GARELOCH AND LOCHLONG.

Among the most beautiful and striking features of the Frith of Clyde are its lochs. Just as the estuary begins to expand, and, as it were, claim kindred with the sea-in which it is so soon to be engulfed-it sends into the bowels of the land a couple of strong but unequal arms, winding far and gracefully around the rocky feet of the mountains, and lending an added charm to their silent and solitary recesses. One of these noble inlets is Lochlong-a self-descriptive name--the other the Gareloch—also a comparatively descriptive designation, the word "gare" signifying "short" in the Celtic language. A third loch (to which we shall afterwards allude)-namely, the Holy Loch-is scarcely deserving of the name, as it partakes more of the character of a bay than of a loch. Lochlong-the opening of which is nearly opposite to Gourock, and which is flanked on the-one side by the majestic promontory of Strone-stretches away in a northerly direction for about a distance of twenty-two miles into the interior, and at about half that distance, branches off in a north-westerly direction into Lochgoil. The Gareloch, on the other hand, although running parallel to Lochlong, and only separated from it by a single ridge of hills, is only about seven and a-half miles in length, reckoning from the extremity of Roseneath point. From the projection of the Row, or Rhue, where the loch may be said properly to commence, the length is perhaps about a mile less. Into this beautiful basin-for such, in truth, it is-let the reader imagine himself-say on board the good steamer "Alma"accompanying us on one of those calm and sunny days,

which form the pride of summer, when summer is at its highest noon. Leaving the projecting point of Row, with Roseneath and its wooded slopes and clustering cottages behind, we have an expanse of water of nearly a mile in breadth before us, bounded on one side by the swelling and continuous ridge that flanks Glenfruin, and on the other by the range which intervenes between us and Lochlong. There is nothing particularly striking in the sky-line on either side. The hills are lofty, but neither mountainous in their height nor picturesque in their general features. Above, they are brown, barren, and bleak; but toward the shore, they relax into a fresher green, with a dense fringe of copeswood, extending close to the beach, and fretted at intervals by shallow ravines and water-courses, and dotted every here and there by snug and neatly-built cottages—either nestling in foliage. and verdure apart, or clustered into sweet and inviting Things to dream of are these same scattered groups. edifices-alone or congregated-and centres of sweetest associations to many a summer migrant from the stir and the turmoil of the dinsome and bustling city. The water o'er which we plough our foamy way, at the same time, is smooth as a mirror. In its depths we can see the everchanging blue and white of the summer sky, while the old brown hills, and the sylvan slopes, and the straggling cottages and villas, and the green lawns, are seen in a watery shimmer reflected in either margin. A halo of peace and comfort and softest beauty seems, indeed, ever to hang over this calm and secluded lake, and over its environment of sheltering hills.

As we proceed, however, the solitary little clachan of Rochane "swims into our ken"—a cluster of snowy and of weather-beaten cottages on the western shore; and on the farther side, a picturesque group of villas, with two edifices of greater pretensions occupying the central compartments. One of these, a chaste, retiring structure in the old Scottish baronial style, is Shandon Lodge, the seat.

of Walter Buchanan, Esq., M.P., one of the city members; and the other, "West Shandon," a curious castellated erection recently called into existence by Robert Napier, Esq., the far-famed engineer. As a marine architect the enterprising proprietor of the latter deservedly occupies a foremost position. His ships are known on every sea as models of their kind; his mechanical productions in every land as masterpieces of their respective varieties. It is one thing, however, to build a ship, or to construct a steamengine, and another to erect a castle. Mr. Napier's taste evidently does not lie in the latter direction. This castle of his-a gimerack house-of-eards kind of affair-is an eyesore to every voyageur on the loch which it disfigures, and with the scenery of which it is utterly out of keeping. Had it been couched on a spacious lawn and half hidden by stately trees, it might barely have been tolerated; but projected naked on the loch as it is, in all its native absurdity, it is really too much for the patience of any mortal who possesses even a spark of taste. And yet it is said that £40,000 were expended on the biggin, and that within its walls there is a collection of works of art which would do credit to any palace in the kingdom. What a pity that the casquet in which these gems are deposited had not been more worthy of its contents, and of the liberal-hearted gentleman to whom they belong!

But while we are fault-finding, the "Alma" moves steadily onward, and before we are aware, she is blowing off her superfluous steam at the pier of Garelochhead. This spot, it will be remembered, was a few years ago the scene of a terrible conflict. We have talked of the snowy cottages and the stately villas, and the beautiful watering-places of the Clyde. It must be borne in mind, however, that these scenes of quietude and comfort—these sunny "loop-holes of retreat"—are almost solely occupied during the season by those who have made some way in the world; those who have both a little time and a little money to spare. For the

working classes, in the strictest sense of the phrase-"the hewers of wood and the drawers of water "-no such retirement, no such luxury is possible. V-From Monday morning till Saturday night-unless on holidays, few and far between -these classes must continue their weary round of toil. They may yearn for a breath of caller air, for a sight of the green fields, and for the music of the wilding birds; but for them, unless on the one day in seven, the poor man's day, there was no remede. Under these circumstances certain sympathizers with the sons of toil started a steamer on the Sundays, for the purpose of affording to such of them as desired it an opportunity of visiting the beautiful scenery of the Clyde. The scheme excited the most virulent opposition amongst those who are called the "rigidly righteous;" and at certain places on the coast the natives absolutely refused to permit the landing of the passengers. Among these was Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, feudal lord of Garelochhead and the lands in the vicinity. The baronet alluded to claimed the proprietorship of the Garelochhead pier, and endeavoured, at first by remonstrance, but afterwards by main force, to prevent the passengers of the Sunday steamer from landing. Conceiving that they had a perfect legal right to the privilege to make use of the pier, the latter persisted in forcing their way. The result was that the baronet of Luss-in a style worthy of the good old times, when might was right, and the word of the laird was law-had a band of his gillies collected for the purpose of repelling the invaders. On a certain quiet autumnal Sunday the pier was barricaded and manned by the understrappers of Luss. The steamer approached the landing-place, and the passengers were preparing to enjoy a ramble on the beach, or a stroll over the adjacent braes. They were received with a hostile front. Their ropes were thrown into the sea, and threats of personal violence to any one who should attempt to land were uttered. Nothing daunted, certain individuals stepped coolly on the pier, when they were immediately grappled by

the gillies. This was the signal for a general engagement. A brisk volley of lemonade bottles, potatoes, and other miscellaneous missiles, were instantaneously poured upon the devoted heads of the offending gillies, while a landing party armed with walking-sticks speedily put them to the The forces of Colguboun had not the ghost of a chance. They had taken club law into their own hands, and by club law they were ignominiously vanquished. Fortunately there were no bones broken on either side. then the question has been submitted to the constituted authorities, and in several steps has been decided in favour of the Sunday voyagers; but how the plea may ultimately end, is-thanks to the glorious uncertainty of law-more than we shall undertake to predict. Latterly the pier was ordered to be thrown open while the case was pending, and the toll-keeper, notwithstanding his previous scruples of conscience, has no hesitation now in pocketing the coppers.

The Gareloch terminates in a spacious curve, girt on either shoulder by straggling groups of cottages and villas. Some of these are exceedingly elegant structures; and, with their embowering shrubbery, and neat patches of garden ground, present a very inviting appearance either from the water or from the passing carriage-way. On one side is the pier, a commodious enough erection, and adjacent to it, a handsome inn, which has recently been fitted up in a most comfortable style, by Mr. Dickson, late of the Crow, in this city, whose name is a guarantee for prompt attendance, and all that is requisite in the way of "entertainment for man and beast." A neat church, in connection with the Establishment, and a few of the homely cottages which formed the original clachan, with a stranded fishing-boat here and there, and perhaps a few dark-brown herring nets hung up to dry along the beach, make up the tout ensemble of the locality. There is a profusion of copsewood and timber in the vicinity. however, which lends it a pleasant sylvan aspect, while the glimpses of the neighbouring loch and of the adjacent hills

which are to be obtained from every point of view around the village, render Garelochhead a really delightful summer retreat.

Taking a stroll round the head of the loch, we are charmed with the ever-varying and ever-picturesque scenery. every step a new combination of landscape beauties greets the eve, while on every bank and brae, and in every bosky dell, there is a profusion of wild flowers, and in every copse there is a cheerful chorus of birds. A stream of richest amber, also, comes stealing from the hills, and after turning and winding in the most fantastic curves, as if loath to leave the shelter of the "lang yellow broom," glides quietly athwart the sands, and loses itself in the blue waters of the loch. It is but a tiny streamlet, and affords but little promise to the angler, yet it is the largest tributary which the Garcloch receives. Altogether, about twenty rivulets, or runlets, flow into the bosom of the loch, but owing to the close proximity of the surrounding hills, their courses are but short, and their volumes of water generally insignificant. Being so closely landlocked, and, consequently, well sheltered, and affording besides an excellent anchorage, the Gareloch is frequently resorted to by vessels about to leave the Clyde, for the purpose of adjusting their compasses.

We must now turn our back, however, upon this, the calmest and the sweetest of the lochs of Clyde, for the purpose of making—beyond the intervening range of hills—the acquaintance of her grander and more sublimely beautiful sister, Lochlong. At this point the two lochs are only separated by a narrow and not very clevated isthmus. The distance from shore to shore cannot be more, indeed, than one mile and a-half, and over this we must now direct our devious course.

Before turning our back upon the placid bosom and the gently swelling bracs of the Gareloch, we may mention that the village at its head is one of the best starting points for a raid into the "land of the mountain and the

flood." Lochlomond, Loch-Katrine, Lochlong, Lochgoil, the Holy Loch, Locheck, and even Lochfine, with all their stately mountain accessories, are severally within the range of a day's excursion from this central spot. Pass over the Glenfruin range, on the one hand, and Lochlomond, with its fairy isles and its monarch Ben, is brought within the tourist's ken; scale the steep brown ridge on the other, and he is on the edge of Lochlong, opposite Ardentinny and the beautiful glen of Finnart, through which, with the aid of the ferry, he may easily find his way to the sublime cradle of Lochcek, and adown the sinuous and foamy channel of the Eachaig to Loch Seante, or, as it is now more commonly designated, the Holy Loch. Another portal to the bosom of the Highlands -to the wild and solitary recesses of nature's wildest grandeur-is over the isthmus we have indicated as so slenderly separating the Gareloch from Lochlong. Proceeding round the terminating curve of the loch, and erossing the pretty little streamlet we have mentioned, we turn off in a northwest direction, and after a few minutes of up-hill walking, reach a homely little hostelry, where beverages, varying from the pungent blood of the barley to the wholesome produce of the animals that browse on the neighbouring pastures, may be obtained by the thirsty traveller. This is Whistlefield, a spot where every passenger of taste should rest-teetotallers and all-not, perhaps, to cultivate the aequaintance of the landlord, or to pree either the contents of his cellar or his dairy, but to ascend one of the adjacent knolls, and refresh his eyes and enrich his memory with a snatch of scenery which is equally peculiar and beautiful. This is the eleaving point of the ridge which separates the two lochs, and which commands an extensive glimpse of both. Looking back in the direction we have come, we have the Gareloch spread out in all its length at our feet, with its waters quivering in a golden ripple, from the village at its head to the thickly-wooded promontory of Roscneath, while all its elegant mansions and all its cottages of snow

are peeping out upon the margin from their leafy recesses in the shelter of the receding hills. This is, indeed, a picture to dream of-a thing of beauty to treasure in the heart. "Look upon this picture and upon that," says the Lord Hamlet, addressing his guilty mother; and even so say we to our companions (a couple of prosy dogs, by the way) when, turning from our farewell gaze upon the Gareloch, we usher into their gaze the grander features of the sister inlet, just as the latter is sending out into the world her romantic daughter-her one fair child-Lochgoil. The parent lake lies before us in all her breadth, gloomy and mountainshadowed-as well she may amidst such a wilderness of mountain peaks-while, from her farther side, Lochgoil stretches away among her own stern hills, while the hoary ruins of Carrick Castle, begirt with one sweet spot of green, rises grimly with its old world associations in a solitary and sequestered recess. As we are dilating, however, upon the charms "of earth, and sea, and sky," thus happily congregated, we can detect a sceptical snigger between our impenetrable mates. We at once "put our pipes in the pock," and make a disdainful down-hill dive into the vast cradle of Lochlong. It isn't the first time pearls have been thrown away, so we shall content ourselves with recommending our readers, who, of course, are all admirers of the picturesque, if the opportunity ever comes in their way, to spend half an hour among the knolls of Whistlefield.

Descending the hill, the Gareloch is speedily left behind, and in a few minutes we find ourselves among the woods and lawns of Finnart, the beautiful seat of our enterprising townsman, Mr. John M'Gregor, of the firm of Todd and M'Gregor, the celebrated iron-shipbuilders at the mouth of the Kelvin. This is a quiet, lovely, and sequestered spot. What a contrast there is between the music which greets our ears in these shadowy walks and that amidst which the laird of Finnart earned his well-won fortune! Here there is no sound more rude than the pipings

of the leaf-curtained mayis or the soft liquid lays of the redbreast as he sings to his brooding mate. The multitudinous hammers of the Kelvin tell a different tale; and vet even here we can think with pleasure of that iron din, and its associations with a subtle ingenuity, with an industry that never flags, with an indomitable perseverance, and, in brief, with the advancement of civilization among men. Such individuals as John M'Gregor, while benefitting their own fortunes, are, at the same time, benefactors of their species. By such men as he time and space have been to a great extent annihilated-oceans by them have been partially bridged over, and the divided families of man have been brought into a closer proximity. If "man to man the world o'er" are ever to be brothers, it must be by making them better acquainted with each other, and, by the golden link of commerce, uniting them one to another. This consummation Mr. M'Gregor, and his talented partner, Mr. Todd, have rendered more easy of accomplishment by their gigantic labours as marine architects and engineers. We rejoice therefore in the prosperity of this eminent local firm, and were particularly pleased to find that Finnart was such a lovely spot, and that Mr. M'Gregor's rural habitation has been pitched in such an enviable situation. In the olden time, war was almost the sole passport to the possession of land. "There," said an ancient baron, holding up his sword, "there is the title-deed of my property." Mr. M'Gregor and his compeers can show a nobler claim to their heritage. Let them point to the majestic fleets they have produced-fleets which may be seen on every seaand proudly tell that these are the title-deeds alike of their worldly possessions, and of their claims to the honour of their fellow-men.

Our course, after passing the spacious policies of Finnart, lies along the side of Lochlong, towards Arrochar, at its termination. The distance from Finnart to the head of the loch may be about eight miles. The walk is so charming,

however, and the scenery around is so incessantly changing -every few steps bringing a new combination of objects into view—that time passes swiftly as we go, and our pilgrimage is nearly ended before it seems to have well begun. We have heard some people object to the length and monotony of Locklong, and of various other Scottish lakes. feelings of such individuals we cannot enter; and it pains us to find that Wordsworth, the great poet of the English lakes, and the poet who prided himself most upon his sympathy with all the shows and forms of nature, should have seriously given utterance to a similar opinion. "In Scotland," he says, "the proportion of diffused water is often too great. In most of the Scottish lakes this is the case," "No doubt it sounds well," he continues, "and flatters the imagination to hear at a distance of vast masses of water so many miles in length, and leagues in breadth, and such ample room may be delightful to the fresh-water sailor, scudding with a delightful breeze amid the rapidly shifting scenes. But who ever travelled along Lochlomond, variegated as the lower part is by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination of the long vista of blank water would be acceptable, and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees, and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run [like a dog, we suppose], by his side? In fact, a notion of grandeur as connected with magnitude, has seduced persons of taste into a general mistake upon this subject." "It is much more desirable," continues this infallible pope of a poet, that lakes, "for the purposes of pleasure, should be numerous, and small, and middle-sized, than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety, and for recurrence of similar appearances. To illustrate this by one instance, how pleasing is it to have a ready and frequent opportunity of watching, at the outlet of a lake, the stream pushing its way among the rocks, in lively contrast with the stillness from which it has escaped; and how amusing to compare its noisy and turbulent motions with the gentle

playfulness of the breezes that may be starting up, or wandering here and there over the faintly rippled surface of the broad water!" With all our respect for the memory of Wordsworth-and our admiration for the writings of that "old man eloquent" is second to that of few-we cannot but consider that in this passage he has libelled our noble Scottish lochs. His criticism, in our opinion, is hair-drawn, untrue, and tinged with the sickly sentimental. It is a criticism which would more have become a cockney, familiar with ponds and artificial waters, than one who had been privileged to scan the breadth and grandeur of Nature's own works. It is such a criticism as we might have expected from a landscape gardener poet like Shenstone, but which is quite out of keeping with the simple natural tastes which we have always ascribed to the bard of Grasmere and Helvellyn. "Too great a diffusion of water in the most of the Scottish lakes!" What could the man be thinking of when he penned such a passage? Why, there are lakes of almost every possible size in Scotland, from that of the tiniest mountain tarn-a mere glittering speck in the wilderness, which would fail to feed a single solitary heron-up to that of a Lochlomond or a Lochawe—those lovely inland seas, in which the sublime and the beautiful are so exquisitely blended. There is food for every taste in the infinite variety of the Scottish lakes, whether as regards extent of surface or style of beauty; and no traveller in our mountain land, whether cockney or critic, painter or poet, need fear a disappointment within its precincts.

Our present business, however, is with Lochlong; and before we proceed upon our way, let us quote a few lines from another English poet, in its praise. Rogers is not to be mentioned as a man of poetic genius in the same day with Wordsworth, but in this instance he writes with a truer appreciation of Scottish scenery. After a brief but touching tribute to Lochlomond, and certain of his personal associations with it, he proceeds:—

"Tarbet! thy shore I climbed at last, And through thy shady region passed, Upon another shore I stood And looked upon another flood; O'd Ocean's self! (Tis he who fills That vast and 'awful depth of hills,) Where many an elf was playing round, Who treads unshod his classic ground, And speaks his native rocks among, As Fingal spoke and Ossian sunz. Night fell, and dark and darker grew That narrow sea, that narrow sky, As o'er the glimmering waves we flew, The sea-bird rustling wailing by, And now the Grampus, half descried, Black and huge above the tide; The cliffs and promontories there, Front to front, and broad and bare, Each beyond each, with giant feet Advancing as in haste to meet The shattered fortress, where the Dane Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain, Tyrant of the drear domain. All into midnight shadow sweep When day springs upward from the deep! Kindling the waters in its flight, The prow wakes splendour, and the oar, Flashes in a sea of light; Glad sign and sure, for now we hail Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale; And bright indeed the path should be That leads to friendship and to thee."

This was written in 1812, before the advent of steam upon the bosom of Lochlong. It would appear that the poet was part of a night and morning upon his passage from Tarbet to Glenfinnart, adjoining to Ardentinny.

The walk along the margin of the water is, to our mind, infinitely preferable to a sail on its bosom. In the one case a sort of bird's-eye view of its beauties is all that can be obtained, while on shore the pilgrim can linger at his own sweet will, now pausing to scan the successive landscapes as they appear, now halting to pluck a favourite flower, or listen to a favourite bird, and anon to stoop and dip his cup in some wayside spring or sparkling runlet. Then every here and there is some tiny headland fretting the margin into a fresher loveliness, but all unseen, or seen but imperfectly from the deck of the passing steamer. It is pleasant, also, to peep through the portals of a mansion, or villa, or cottage, and to see the neatly-kept patches of garden, and

the bright eyes occasionally beaming through the lattices, as their fair owners look askance on the curious wayfarers, and the brown-faced children, gathering into groups, watching the motions of the strangers with mouths extended, and a wild speculation beaming in their eyes. Many a sweet snatch of nature, animate and inanimate, thus greets the pedestrian on the leafy shores of Lochlong.

On the slopes of Lochlong, and especially on the Argyleshire shore, there are abundant evidences of the hateful clearance system. Every here and there the eve of the attentive traveller is arrested by the sad spectacle of ruined clachans and cottages, the ancient residences of the native population. Roofless and desolate, they are still lingering on the hillsides, memorials sad and suggestive of man's inhumanity to man. From the land of their fathers-their own land by every right human and divine-the children of the Gael have been driven forth as exiles and outcasts. Where the blue smoke of the domestic hearth was seen to ascend in many a sweet sequestered nook, and where the voices of stalwart men, and lovely women and children were once heard rejoicing, morning, noon, and night-all is now silent and deserted, the silence only broken by the bleat of the mountain sheep, more precious in the eyes of the greedy. grasping, and sordid lairds, than the flesh and blood of their own kinsmen, and the solitude only broken by the lonely shepherds, but few and far between. These clearances have been principally effected within the last thirty years. One old man, a respectable farmer, states that within his own remembrance there cannot have been less than 200 human beings living on the hills between the foot of the Cobbler and the opening of Lochgoil. Now there are only three shepherds' huts, if we except the houses of the gentry and those of their menials. This is indeed a sorry sight-a spectacle to make sad the heart, and to awaken the indignation of every honest, every upright man. But we must not talk of themes like these, or our wrath may boil over, and

words escape which, however merited, had perhaps be better left unsaid.

"But there is a day that's coming for a'," and we betide the unjust and the unfeeling when that day arrives. The majority of the Highland lairds, with all their accursed pride and poverty, may yet experience a dreadful retribution.

But as we approach the head of the loch, the mountains on either side wax more lofty and more picturesque in outline. Chief among these, however, is the majestic Ben Arthur, at the mouth of Glencroe, a wild and magnificent mountain mass, which towers to a height of some 2,389 feet, and which bears upon its fantastic crest a number of grizzly and shattered peaks, which rise in bold relief against the sky, and excite in the spectator a feeling of mingled admiration and awe. From the appearance of one of the peaks of Ben Arthur, which bears a striking resemblance, from certain points, to a shoemaker at work, the mountain is known in common parlance as the Cobbler. High on that airy pinnacle we have often watched the alpine mender of shoes at work, now clearly seen against the far blue sky, and anon disappearing in a frown amidst the clouds and gloom, which even in summer love that rugged resting-place, and which in winter are almost ever there. We had never, however, ventured to make a closer acquaintance of the Cobbler, although we had often desired to do so. Now is the opportunity. We are at present in the middle of one of June's longest, loveliest days, and earth and air and sky are basking in the radiance of her smile. The surly old Cobbler has doffed his nightcap; not even the shadow of a cloud is to be seen upon his furrowed brow. On the contrary, the veteran almost seems to smile a welcome to us, as we are calculating his altitude. There is no resisting the call; so on arriving at Ardmay, opposite the vast gorge of Glencroe, we take to the ferry, and are soon conveyed in one of the beautifully built boats of the brothers M'Farlane, who here combine the several professions of fishermen, ferrymen, and boatbuilders.

Smart, active fellows are they both; and one of them, with very little effort, soon lands us on the opposite side of the loch, which is here about three quarters of a mile in breadth. Our landing-place is the beautiful little promontory of Ardgarten, a snatch of fertility and sylvan beauty which Glencroe seems to have vomited from her huge mountain jaws, so that only barrenness and sterility might remain within her bleak but sublime recesses. It is in truth a sweet spot—sweet from its own charms—sweet from the glimpses of the lake scenery which it commands—and doubly sweet from the contrast of rude magnificence by which, on the landward side, it is begirt. There is a plain but neat mansion at Ardgarten, with a few cottages scattered in its vicinity.

The ascent of the Cobbler commences immediately after leaving Ardgarten. It is somewhat gentle speeling at first, but gradually it becomes more difficult. Keeping on one shoulder, we zig-zag along, now scrambling through a dense forest of brackens, now leaping from one tuft of green to another, as a marshy spot comes across us on our path, and anon climbing almost on hands and knees over some swelling and precipitous acclivity. The day is hot, and partly with the fierce heat, and partly by our laborious and continued exertions, our hearts are soon beating marvellously quick marches within our heaving chests, and an intense longing for water seizes upon our imagination. Every now and again we fling ourselves down upon the mountain side, partly to recover breath, and partly that we may scan the ever-extending range of scenery. Ardgarten gets small by degrees, and beautifully less. New reaches of the loch gradually come into view, while Glencroe opens more widely her expanding jaws, and shows us, far away in her bosom, a streamlet meandering to and fro like a vast serpent, and, on one of her sides, that dreary up-hill road, which so tries the patience of the traveller, but which, from our elevation, seems comparatively flat, and no broader in appearance than an ordinary

ribbon. It is delicious in these pauses to feel the cool mountain breeze upon the flushed cheek and "playing in the lifted hair," and more delicious still to come unexpectedly upon some mountain spring, clear as crystal, and cold as ice, in beaded bubbles, oozing from the rock, and trickling down the hill. How delighted we all squat down in such happy spots! how immense are our libations, native from the hillside, or dashed with a slight modicum of the soulinspiring dew! and how loath are we to arise and depart upon our toilsome upward march! Several times we had serious thoughts of postponing our visit to the heaven-kissing souter, and making a day of it with the genii of the gelid waters. Shame partly kept us from disclosing our indolent intentions to our companions, and partly we were kept to our original resolve, by the consideration, that if we failed to reach the summit, we should have but little chance of falling heir to the dukedom of Argyle. In ancient times -we know not how it is now-no individual, whatever his claims of blood may have been, was reckoned personally qualified to succeed to the chieftainship of the clan Campbell until he had demonstrated his prowess or strength of limb. by putting his foot upon the cowl of the Cobbler. And shall we fail in such a test? assuredly not, although we have our own doubts whether the reigning Maccallum More has ever accomplished the feat.

Slowly but surely we ascend, our difficulties increasing as we get up in the world. Near the summit or summits, for there are several, the grandeur of the scene becomes awful; huge masses of embattled rocks seem to bid defiance to approach, and threaten to crush the aspiring climber. Indeed, several of the peaks are perfectly inaccessible. By dint of scrambling, crawling, and gliding, however, the crest is at length attained, and we seat ourselves on the cairn erected by the ordnance surveyors, to scan the glorious prospect which the spot commands. To describe it adequately is beyond the power of either pen or pencil. A

perfect wilderness of mountains, and glens, and lochs, crowd upon our gaze wherever we turn, and defy enumeration. On one hand, we have Benlomond, Benvoirlich, and Benledi, with Lochlong, Lochlomond, at two points, Loch-Katrine, and the Gareloch. Turning in another direction, we have in succession Benlawers, Benlean, Bencruachan, Benmore in Mull, and Goatfell in Arran, with glimpses of Lochawe, Lochfine, Lochgoil, and countless mountain lakes and tarns. It would take a long summer day, indeed, to read the landmarks visible from this commanding peak. In our own immediate vicinity, the scenery is peculiarly wild and rugged. One scraggy and precipitous projection seems ready to topple over, and we almost tremble as we approach it for the purpose of taking a peep through a rift in its side called Argyle's Eve-glass, lest our touch should send it thundering down. There are cliffs all round of immense depth, and the most harsh and jagged features, while projections of kindred repulsiveness shoot out on every side. Strange to say, we cannot discover the identity of the Cobbler. We scan every rock which might be supposed to resemble his outline, as seen from below, but cannot find him out, so that at length we are forced to depart without making the acquaintance of the old fellow. One of our companions suggests that after all he might not be at home, and hints the propriety of leaving our card.

Lingering a minute or two behind our companions, when we had descended about ten yards from the top of the mountain, with the view of culling a few specimens of alpine vegetation, we were startled by a faint bleat in our immediate vicinity. The last sheep we had seen were at least three-quarters of a mile farther down the mountain side, and not a living thing—bird, beast, or insect—had caught our eye since we had reached the more lofty and barren regions. A silence as of death hung over all. Seeing nothing to account for the sound, and supposing the noise must have been an illusion of fancy, we resumed our botanizing. We

had scarcely done so, however, when the same sound-faint. low, and piteous-again attracted our attention. On this we looked about, and there, sure enough, in a small crevice of the rocks, a perfect trap, in that dreary place we discovered a little lambkin, "cabined, cribbed, confined," without the possibility of getting out. It was the smallest creature of its kind that we ever saw, and hunger had evidently tended to diminish its bulk. The very bones were protruding through its snowy skin. All the grass and moss in its little cell were nibbled closely away, and the floor of the enclosure was marked by many a little footmark. indicative of the efforts the creature had made to escape. On seeing us, the small black face was turned imploringly up, and again was uttered the faint and plaintive cry. There was no resisting the appeal; we took it up in our arms, and carried it with all possible tenderness down hill, intending to leave it with the first flock of sheep we came to. Our companions, worldlings as they were, to do them justice, gave us every assistance in this our labour of charity. We soon came to some sheep, feeding with their lambs on the hillside. These "fat and greasy citizens," however, would have nothing to do with our little protegé, but scoured away whenever they saw it. On the other hand, the foundling of "the Cobbler" showed no anxiety to leave its benefactors. Several times we laid it on the green, within sight of other sheep, and made as if to go away. On perceiving this, it invariably ran after us, rubbing its head against our legs, and bleating piteously. Seeing this, we conveyed it to the nearest cottage in Gleneroe, where we had it regaled with milk, and where, after telling its story, we proposed that it should remain. On taking our leave, however, and walking away about twenty yards, our lamb burst away from the shepherd and his wife, and trotted again to our heels. There was no resisting this; we could not desert our little woolly friend. Negotiations were entered into, and the result is that the little prisoner of the Cobbler is now located

at a snug and rose-clad cottage on the Gareloch, with a happy group of children for its playmates, and no end of milk and pasture for its enjoyment. We may add that the little creature, which is now thriving amazingly, has been christened by the name of his grim old jailer, the "Cobbler," and that he answers readily to the name.

But to our task. Crossing once more to Ardmay we soon arrive at Arrochar at the head of the loch. This is a quiet and secluded hamlet among the mountains. It consists, for the most part, of a church and a lengthened string of straggling villas and cottages, with a handsome hotel, embowered in trees, and two others of less pretensions, but perhaps of equal comfort. An old house, formerly the residence of the chief of the Macfarlanes, was formerly used as an inn, but it has now been devoted to other uses. There is nothing particularly interesting about the old edifice, nor apart from its scenery about the locality generally. Tarbet on Lochlomond is about two miles distant from Arrochar, and it is said that long, long ago the Danish invaders of our country sailed up Lochlong, dragged their boats across the isthmus, launched them again on Lochlomond, and carried fire and sword along its shores and among its islands, many of which were then inhabited, and departed by the same route, carrying away an immense quantity of plunder. In more recent times Arrochar and the surrounding districts belonged to the fierce clan Macfarlane-a clan which has achieved a degree of notoriety only inferior to that of their neighbours the Macgregors. Again and again their depredations are denounced in the old Scottish Acts of Parliament. At length their very name was suppressed, and large numbers of them were forced to flee the country. The watchword or slogan of the Macfarlanes was "Lochsloy! Lochsloy!" from a small loch of that name at the foot of Benvoirlich, in this parish, which was the rendezvous of the clan on occasions of war. The heritage of the Macfarlanes has now

passed into other hands, although the name is still common in the neighbourhood.

In fine weather there is a splendid view of the loch from Arrochar. Bad weather, however, often prevails here, and the tourist is consequently apt to be disappointed. On one occasion an English traveller remained at Arrochar for several days, during which there was a most irksome continuance of clouds and rain. At first the landlord tried to keep up the spirits of his guest, by repeated assurances that the weather would soon break up. At last the stranger, on the fifth day, again accosted mine host with, "I say, landlord, have you ever—now this time 'pon honour—have you ever, I say, any other weather in this d—d place?" The landlord, whose assurances had so often been falsified by the result, with downcast look replied, "Speak nae mair, sir, speak nae mair; I'm jist perfectly ashamed o' the way our weather's behaving."

And now let the reader suppose us bidding him good-by for the present, and making our way home by Tarbet and Lochlomond, one of the pleasantest routes which it is possible to conceive. Between Arrochar and Tarbet the walk is particularly delightful. The valley, if we may so call the low-lying isthmus, is somewhat level, but on either side the hills swell beautifully to the sky, while alternate woods, meadows, and pasture-lands rejoice the passing eye. Of Lochlomond and its isles of beauty it needs not that we now speak.

## LOCHGOILHEAD AND ITS ENVIRONS.

"Far lone amang the Highland hills,
"Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander."—TANNAULL.

WE are once more upon the bright blue Frith-once more out upon our mission in search of the beauties of our own romantic Clyde, and bounding over the ripple of her everchanging bosom. In our former chapters we have conducted our readers along the southern shores of our peerless estuary. From Port-Glasgow to Largs we have wended our way through every nook and cranny, every town and village, every bay and glen, which gladdens the shores of our Queen of Scottish waters. On her isles of beauty have we also dwelt. We have trodden the rugged shores of Arran, and scaled her highest peaks. We have put a girdle round the waist of Bute, and lingered in rapture amidst her fairest scenes, while the twin Cumbraes can bear witness to our lingering, loving pilgrimage within their insulated Leaving the Lowland we have recently sought precincts. the High and aspects of our river-her aspects of mountain and glen-of fierce dashing streamlet and far-winding loch. The lochs of the Clyde! How suggestive of wildering beauty is the phrase—how redolent of romantic association! The Gareloch, Lochlong, Lochgoil, and the Holy Loch-their very names awaken dreams of all that is grand in our mountain scenery, of all that is gentle and sweet in our valleys and glens,

"Land of the mountain and the flood," Land of brown heath and shaggy wood, Land of my sires, what mortal hand Can e'er untie the filial band That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

But, as we have said, we are again bounding over the blue waters of the Frith. Our good vessel, the "Lochgoil," leaving Gourock behind, is steadily churning her way into the vast portal of Lochlong. On one hand is the Strone (a Gaelic word, literally signifying a nose), like a huge sentinel guarding the pass, on the other the swelling heights of Kilcreggan and Cove, while right in front is a very wilderness of tempestuous mountain peaks. It is a day of mingled glory and gloom. At one place the sun is sending down his golden slants of radiance, at another a trailing cloud of rain is sweeping along the hills with a darkness as of midnight, while a broken rainbow is gleaming between the regions of light and of shadow. Onward steers our gallant vessel, now touching at the Cove, anon crossing to Port-in-stuck (or Blairmore, as the new-born village is now more euphoniously called), and again cleaving her foamy way into the bosom of the loch. On our left the huge ridge of Strone continues like a wall to confine the range of vision. A lovely boundary it is, however, with its tiny promontories and bays, its rocky steeps and sandy beaches, its lengthened stripes of coppice, and its fresh green slopes, fretted at frequent intervals with craggy projections and cliffs of sternest gray. Now we are passing a sequestered cottage, with its curling smoke, and its few furrows of green; anon a ravine scars the mountain side with its thread of silver leaping from rock to rock, and at length melting calmly into the bosom of the loch; and again some bald and shattered peak seems nodding to its fall. At length the huge rampart relaxes into a wild and picturesque glen. On either shoulder are steep and thicklywooded heights; while a level and fertile track stretches away between. In the lap of this beautiful vale-for such in truth it is-nestles a tiny hamlet or village, with a few cosic-looking cottages strewn in its environs. This is the "Arranteenie" of the Paisley poet—the Ardentinny of the gazetteer; and a sweeter, a more secluded, or a more picturesque spot has never been associated with the lay of the lyrist, or described by the pen of the topographer.

Lovely as are the landscape features of Ardentinny, however, it is chiefly as the scene of Tannahill's song that it is entwined with our affections. When a mere boy, we heard that sweetest of lays chanted by lips we loved-loved, and have lost; and still in the greenest spot of memory's waste it retains a foremost place. How strange that genius should thus indelibly associate itself with mere material things. borrowing from them the charm of reality, and lending them in return the golden halo of mingled fancy and feeling. What were the Doon wanting its Burns? What the Avon but that Shakspeare sported on its banks? Half a century has nearly elapsed since a party of Paisley weavers landed at the village of Ardentinny. 'Paisley weavers!" we can imagine some one repeating with a curled lip and a look of scorn that seems to say, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yes, Paisley weavers, say we in return, and from amongst them have arisen names which the world will not willingly let die. One of the party we have alluded to was a pale, thin, nervous-looking, and exceedingly modest young man. His companions were joking and laughing, and scampering about, but he, although cheerful and smiling, was evidently deeply impressed with the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and ever and anon his eye wandered from the friends around him to the craggy peaks above, while a shade of something like sadness flitted athwart his fine, expressive, and somewhat feminine features. Robert Tannahill. We see him now "in our mind's eye, Horatio," as he then appeared, and if we could but wield the pencil of a Gordon or a Graham, he would again "live, move, and have his being" in the sight of men. It may not be, however, and our readers must therefore have faith in

our second sight, and trust to our mere word description. Well then, our weavers wandered far and wide over these very hills that now rise before us, and dived into these shadowy glens, and threaded over rock, and boulder, and foam-crested cliff-those deep ravines which then as now furrowed the mountain side, and sent their watery tribute to the insatiate lake below. It was well on in the gloaming when, weary and hungry, they returned to the village inna lowly, one-storeved bigging, with the smallest possible loopholes of windows, and a snug overlay of thatch. principal apartment—the kitchen and receiving-room—was of moderate dimensions, and furnished in the most primitive style. The fire-place was in the middle of the floor, and the dense clouds of smoke which swelled from the blazing heap of peats filled the chamber to suffocation, and spewed forth from the doorway and from every chink and crevice in the dry stone walls. Humble as were the homes of the Paisley websters, they were palaces in comparison with this Highland Weariness, however, is anything but nice with regard to quarters, and hunger lends a relish to the meanest fare. Our wayworn pilgrims were fain to accept the shelter of the smoky inn, and to partake of its homely viands. oaten cake and whisky, however, were served out by one who seemed a very angel to the eye of the poet, as she flitted about among the clouds of peat-reek. With Wordsworthhad he known of such a man-he could have said:-

## "Sweet Highland girl, a very shower Of beauty is thy earthly dower."

The Poet of the Lakes, however, was then unknown, and Tannahill had to seek in his own heart for the language of his admiration. Nor could he have found a better treasury of purest poetic imagery. All his songs are pervaded with a profusion of sweetest natural types and comparisons, while a silver vein of love links them one with another, and binds them as in a wreath round the brow of the favoured maid. On leaving that solitary hostel, or rather hut, next morning,

the poet left his heart behind him, and on returning to his loom—for it was at the loom alone his muse found happiest utterance—he gave vent to his passion in the following lovely lay:—

## • THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

"Far lone amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

"Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe, Just op'ning fresh and bonny, Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel-bough, And 's scarcely seen by ony; Sae sweet amidst her native hills, Obscurely blooms my Jeanie, Mair fair and gay than rosy May, The flow'r o' Arranteenie.

"Now, from the mountain's lofty brow
I view the distant ocean,
There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
Ambition courts promotion:—
Let Fortune pour her golden store,
Her laurell'd favours many;
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o' Arranteenie."

One of our weaknesses—for we are not altogether perfect, gentle reader—is to boast of an interview which on one occasion we were privileged to have with the warm-hearted Christopher North. Well, then, in the course of our two-handed crack, old Kit happened to quote with immense admiration—as in print he has done at least a hundred times—the following verse from the bard of Rydale in praise of a lovely maiden—

"A violet by a mossy stone, Halfhidden from the eye, Fair as a star when only one Is shining in the sky."

We, of course, admitted the beauty of the imagery; but, by way of comparison, we repeated the second verse of the "Lass o' Arranteenie," and asked the "old man eloquent" if it was not, at the very least, equally felicitous. "Equally felicitous," quoth he; "ay, it is more than equally felici-

tous in simple beauty, while it is imbued with a music peculiarly its own. Tannahill's song will be sung in cottage and in hall, while that of Wordsworth will only be read by the few."

According to the story, Tannahill revisited Ardentinny, for the purpose of once again feasting his eyes upon the beauty of the Highland maid, but the charm had departed—the angel had lost her heavenly attributes and become a plain homely woman. Indifference took the place of love, and he returned to his loom perfectly cured of his romantic attachment. Such is the soul of man: what to-day it yearneth for, as the weary hart yearneth for the living brook, to-morrow it shrinks from with contempt and disgust.

But the steamer is on its way, and we must bid farewell to Ardentinny, with all its scenes of beauty, and all its suggestions of sentiment. The loch waxes more romantic as we proceed. The mountains seem to increase in altitude, and the glens to deepen into a more sublime profundity. Every moment the picture changes, and every change appears more striking than that which has gone before. At length between

## "Mountains that like giant's stand, To sentinel enchanted land."

we approach the entrance to Lochgoil—a lovely branch of Lochlong, through which our course has hitherto lain.

Lochgoil, at the entrance of which we are now arrived, is one of the most lovable of lochs. It is girt with the wildest and most picturesque beauty as with a girdle. Mountain after mountain rises on either shore with the sublimest features of Alpine grandeur, while ever and anon some glen of softest green comes stealing down with its masses of shadowy foliage, and its streamlet dancing in foam from linn to linn, until at length it subsides into sleep, as it were, in the bosom of the lake. Lochgoil is an offshoot or branch of Lochlong, from which it diverges in a northerly

direction. Its entire length, from the points of Corran and Tynlachan, where it separates from the parent loch, unto its termination at the embouchure of the little rivulet of the Goil, is only about six or six and a-half miles. Yet how much of material and of sentimental beauty is compressed into this comparatively brief space! All that is wildest in Highland scenery is here congregated-towering peaks and cliffs of shaggiest gray, with intervening snatches of gentler landscape that rival the fairest scenes of the Lowlands, and that seem only the more lovely from their proximity to the predominating sternness around. But we are on the deck of the good steamer "Lochgoil," gentle reader, and under the command of our worthy friend Captain Macintyre, who never seems prouder of his trust than when his gallant vessel is bounding, as she is now, over her own peculiar waters, and in the shadow of her own romantic hills. As we enter the loch, a spot is pointed out on the left where a dreary tragedy occurred a goodly number of years ago. It is a rocky cliff of no great elevation, with a clump of willows on its crest. To this spot, one wild and stormy night, came a small weather-worn boat for shelter from the blast. Under the lee of that crag they found the refuge which they sought from the elements; and fastening their boat to the willow which even now throws its shadow askant the water, the party on board went to sleep-to the sleep, alas! which knows no waking. The tide at the time was at the full, and in Lochlong it occasionally rises as high as ten feet above the level of low water. The boat was close fastened on one side to the willow, and while the unfortunate crew slept the sound sleep of weariness, the waters gradually receded, and the tiny craft as gradually edged over, until it was fairly capsized, and all its inmates were submerged among the hungry waves. Not one escaped to tell the dreary tale.' Unseen, unheard, and in darkness, they all perished. The suspended boat, some days afterwards, attracted the attention of some passing eye, and but

too surely indicated what had occurred. Such is one of thy many tales of disaster and death, thou most lovely and innocent-looking of lochs, smiling, as thou art now, in the sunshine and calm of summer.

But we are getting on our way; and now, upon our right is the vast tempestuous ridge, which, with a quiet Celtic stroke of humour, has been called the "Duke of Argyle's Bowling-Green." This fierce rampart of cliffs, and peaks, and wildly jagged summits—a strange jumbling of the fantastic and the sublime—has not only a most impressive and imposing effect as we thus glide by its green base, but it also presents a most picturesque background to many a distant landscape. Often from the southern shores of our Frith have we admired its wild and wildering beauty; often has our lip taken an involuntary curl as its name rosc upon our memory; and perhaps quite as often have the lines of Scott upon another Highland scene suggested themselves to our mind—

"In shadow, hid
Round many a rocky pyramid
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass—
Huge as the towers which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain—
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, and battlement;
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola of minaret—
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect."

It is something, however, to have a close look at such a grizzly monster, and to see his huge shadow glimmering in the quiet bosom of the waters at his feet. As the good steamer continues to churn her way, a gentler and a more interesting picture floats into our ken. On the left, we find the mountains standing apart as it were, and leaving a sort of tiny valley with a few level acres of green in its breast, and a picturesque old castle projecting into the margin of the loch. This is Carrick Castle, an ancient seat of the Dunmore family, but which, according to one



CARRICK CASTLE.



tradition, was erected by the Danes, and by another, by Robert the Bruce, when he was Earl of Carrick. pect the latter supposition has been originated by the Avrshire title of the Bruce; but the name of Carrick or Craige (a Celtic word, signifying a rock) is of common occurrence in the Highlands, and, indeed, over Scotland generally. The existence of the castle can be positively traced to the end of the fifteenth century; but there is reason to believe that it is of much older date. Carrick Castle is built upon a rock of gentle elevation, and which at one period was surrounded by water. It consists principally of one large tower, of an oblong and somewhat irregular figure. In length it is 66 feet, by 38 in breadth, and 64 in height. The walls in some places are from seven to eight feet in thickness. In its days of strength the castle was defended on the landward side by a drawbridge, and as this was the only way in which it could be approached, it must have been pretty safe from attack. Between the castle walls and the sea there was a level space protected by a rampart, and capable of accommodating about 1,000 men, so that maritime marauders were likely to have met a somewhat warm reception if, by any chance, they should have been tempted to invade its precincts. Thus protected, Carrick Castle, previous to the invention of gunpowder, must indeed have been all but impregnable. The days of foray and feud, however, are happily long past, and under the silent siege of Time-a conqueror whom none may withstand -Carrick is now a dreary and deserted ruin. The ivy is climbing freshly over its walls, and as we pass we can trace the branches of some superincumbent trees, the rustling warders of decay, nodding mournfully over the weatherbeaten battlements. What was once a terror and a defiance has now become a mere thing of beauty, a silent invitation to musing melancholy, a subject to win the gaze of the painter, or a theme over which the wandering poet might love to dream. Yet, all tenantless save by the crannving winds as it is, we would not that the ancient castle were away. Lochgoil, all lovely as it is, would be less lovely if that relic of other days were absent. It forms one of the finest, one of the most striking of its landscape features; while it lends an element of sentiment to its wild and varied beauties, which increases their interest, and doubly deepens their influence on the mind.

"Lonely mansion of the dead,
Who shall tell thy varied story?
All thine ancient line are fled,
Leaving thee in ruin hoary."

While we are dreaming over the veteran keep, and a ruin, be it of cottage or of hall, of lowly hut or lofty mansion. always sets our fancy adreaming-our good captain, and, as the song says, "a gallant, gallant man was he"-pursues his foaming pathway without dallying or delay. Now he pauses for a moment to drop the should-be-happy tenant of you most charmingly secluded cot, anon he resumes his onward course, and new mountains, new glens, new woods, and new fields, glide past us as we go. At length, in a vast amphitheatre girt with lofty peaks and gulfs of the most magnificent profundity, we find ourselves at the head of the loch, and are landed by a commodious wharf at the village to which it has lent so sweet a name. Lochgoilhead! there is a charm in thy very name, and oft in dreams we have visited thy shores-oft in fancy have we tried to picture to ourselves thy landscape lineaments; but never before were we privileged to scan with the naked eye, and face to face, thy wild and wondrous beauties. And yet we must in truth proclaim that reality exceedeth our sunniest dreams of thee, although even now thou art gathering thy mantle of clouds around thee, and preparing to welcome us with a rattling Highland shower. Never mind; thou art like a lovely woman-lovely even in thy anger, and we shall only rejoice the more in the sunny smiles with which thou wilt assuredly favour us when thy ill humour has passed away.

The village of Lochgoilhead is situated, as its name imports, at the termination of Lochgoil, and just where it meets

Glengoil, with its brown tribute of water. The scenery around is of the most romantic description. A group of lofty mountains, separated from each other by spacious glens, and generally richly wooded with coppice and trees of larger growth towards their bases, rise proudly around, as if to shelter the spot from the rude winds of heaven. Among these gigantic Bens are Bein Donich, christened after a saint of that name-Bein Una, the rich in verdure-Bein Thiolare, abounding in springs and water-cresses—Bein Luibhan, profuse of herbs; and Bein-an-Lochan, so called from a freshwater tarn which skirts its base. Some of these, and others in the parish, rise to an immense height, and are cleft by ravines, and caves, and corries, of great depth. Nowhere can the lover of landscape find a richer field of studynowhere can the lover of the sublime revel in a wilder profusion of material variety and grandeur. Nestling on a comparatively level space at the feet of these giant mountains, and on the very margin of the loch, is the village. The old name of the locality was Kill nam brathairn kill, a Gaelic phrase signifying a spot of ground upon which a church or chapel was built. For the last two hundred and fifty years, however, it has been called by its present more euphonious designation. The old village is of the tiniest proportions, and consists principally of a scattered group of primitive Highland cottages, with a neat little church quietly seated amidst a quiet field of graves, which is finely circled and shaded by large and umbrageous trees.

"Beneath the rugged elms, the yew-trees' shade, Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap, Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

There is a handsome inn in the village near its centre, where everything necessary for man and beast may be obtained on the usual terms of,

"Drink, pilgrim, drink-drink and pay."

There is nothing of an architectural nature in the village—that is to say, in the old village—to call for particular atten-

tion. The houses are simply plain Highland cottages, for the most part covered with thatch, and stained with lichen and moss. Yet some of them are picturesque enough little structures, and would look tolerably well on the canvas of a M'Culloch. It is along the northern shore of the loch, and extending in an easterly direction, that the modern grandeurs of Lochgoilhead are to be seen. It is there, at the base of a finely coppiced ridge, that the cosie villas and ornamental cottages of the "Glasgow folk" are to be seen, with their tasteful freaks of architecture, their gay parterres, and their various appliances of taste and comfort. By and by we shall take a stroll in that direction, and introduce our readers to its beauties; but, in the meantime, we have to introduce them to a curious old dial, which is, perhaps, the only relic of antiquity in the locality. This venerable monitor of fleeting time is situated in a vacant area, near the church, and nearly opposite the old inn. It is in form a kind of irregular obelisk, about six or seven feet in height, and is curiously carved into grooves and niches, for the gnomes or indices, which seem to have been of unusual number and complexity of operation. Two centuries and more have elapsed since the shadows of passing time commenced their silent march over the brow of this hoary chronicler-

> "The clouds and sunbcams, o'er his head That once their shades and glory threw, Have left, in yonder silent sky, No vestige where they flew."

Yet there, despite the wind and the rain, he stands, telling from year to year his lesson of sunshine and shadow. No wonder the Lochgoilhead people are proud of their old timepiece, nor that, when some thoughtless or evil-disposed excursionists from Glasgow overthrew it the other year, their indignation was immensely excited. Thanks to a right-hearted friend of our own, it is again erect and steadfast; and, let us hope, that it is likely to remain long so. When looking at the prostrate pillar, we could very well

fancy the big burly J. B. crooning to himself, with a most dangerous degree of fervour—

"O gin I had the loon that did it—
I ha'e sworn as weel as said it,
Though the Laird himsel' forbade it—
I wad gie his neck a thraw."

A late landlord of the Lochgoilhead Inn-somewhat of a character-had an immense veneration for the old dial, and was frequently in the habit of vaunting its capabilities. One evening an English traveller-a Cockney probably-inquired at him, "W'at was the meaning of that 'ere curious old thing?" Mine host at once launched forth in praise of the dial, ascribing to it all manner of virtues, possible and impossible. "She's shist a tial, tae you see-a tial for tell tae hours; and tae ferry best tial tat ever you'll saw. She can tell tae hours, tae you see, wi' candle licht shist as weel as she can wi' the licht o' Got's day." "You don't say so," quoth the Southron, who seems to have been somewhat verdant; "I'll bet you any odds, old boy, that it don't." "Ferry weel," says the Celtic Boniface, "ferry weel, she'll shist tak' you a wager o' a pottle o' yill to ane o' whisky. Gudewife," addressing his better half, "rax me doon the cruizie and we'll sune see. Taking a sly glance at the clock as he went out, the landlord led the way to the side of the dial, where, of course, he easily adjusted the light so as to fling the shadow of the index in the required direction, at the same time exclaiming, "Noo, lad, shist you look for your nainsel, and see if she's no richt." "Let me see, says the Cockney, pulling out a fine gold watch; "a quarter-past eight to a minute." "Hoo, yes," chuckles mine host triumphantly, "an' you'll see, lad, its shist the same here, a' but about a minute, and that's no far wrang for a Hielan' tial-teed no, teed no, lad; sae we'll e'en gang our wa's in, an' be preein' your pottle o' whisky."

Of course there was a merry night over the wager won by the ancient dial; and, in after years, nothing pleased the old man better than to tell the tale of his victory over the credulous Englishman.

Your Glasgow merchant or manufacturer, while in Glasgow, is generally a keen, wide-awake man of the world. Coming in contact with him in the way of business, you could swear that he had not "a soul above buttons"—that he had devoted himself, with all his heart and all his mind, to the making of money. Pushing along the street, or lounging for half-an-hour at the Exchange, you would imagine that he had no higher aim on earth than the sale of calicoes, or the diffusion of muslin collars. And yet, under that mask of worldliness-that deep disguise of sordid self -there are ten chances to one that there lurks a heart to Nature true—a fancy that revels in dreams of the beautiful. We have been forcibly struck with this idea while visiting the watering-places of the Clyde. In these sweet nooks of retirement the genuine character of your Glasgow man is very apt to betray itself. The stiff and starched "old buffer" who seemed as relentless as death on matters relating to £ s. D., and whom, if he happened to "haul you up" on some point of business, you would have denounced as a man utterly devoid of sentiment, turns out at the coast to be a perfect practical poet. "What a pretty little cottage is this," you say, as you are wandering along; "how tastefully laid out are the grounds; how resplendent with choicest blooms these gay parterres; surely there has been a soul of the most genial poetic temperament at the designing of this little Eden!" "No such thing," is the reply. "This is the seat of old Scrubbs the linen-draper, or Closefist the banker" -parties for whom you entertain the most cordial detestation. Ay, but here we have a glimpse into the better soul of the apparent worldling-here we have a material proof that the man of money cherishes an affection for Nature, the common mother, even as you or I may do, who reckon ourselves of the finer clay. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and here we have the votary of business,

the ginhorse of profit, brought into the very lap of primeval Nature, and owning her gentle sway. He cannot be an utterly bad, an utterly selfish man, who loves the birds and the flowers, and who, in the pauses of life's giddy whirl, rushes away to the companionship of the hills, and the streams, and the murmuring woodlands.

Along the northern shore of the sweet Lochgoil, and near its termination, is a string of handsome cottages and villasthe resting-places of a number of our most intelligent and enterprising citizens. Leaving the wharf at the head of the loch, we take our way in an easterly direction to one of the snuggest, one of the prettiest of the edifices alluded to. It is the home of a friend, and, of course, the home of a friend is our home. Passing through the coppice which here fringes the base of the overhanging hills, we seek our home under the guidance of our friend-perhaps the biggest man in the locality, and certainly the biggest and the warmest heart. 'Tis a sweet spot. The foxglove nods familiarly to us as we go, with its crest of purple bells, and the bog myrtle breathes an odorous welcome, while the hazel holds forth invitingly its bunches of yellow nuts. What a glorious harvest prospect for the callants! But, alas, alas! how many of our wee Glasgow chappies have no such fields to reap! Living in wynds and vennels-working in factories and mills-how many young hearts are withering-withering, day by day, in utter lack of the simple joys which nature yields, and which boyhood should ever have within its reach! Fortune to them is a harsh and unfeeling stepmother, and what nature would freely give is reluctantly withheld. But we must not speak of themes like these. If we scanned too closely the evils of the world there would be an end of all enjoyment. And who can think of evil while that merle, in his canopy of green, is pouring his "woodnotes wild" upon the passing wind and wakening the echoes of Lochgoil? Unseen in the bosom of the wood, like some true poet in obscurity, he touches the hearts of all, and wins our

warmest gratitude. But here is the domicile of our friend. and here is his kindly, motherly wife, and here are his bonnie lasses, and here his rambling callants, all with an audible welcome on their lips, and what is far better, a glittering welcome in their eyes. Our friend is a thoroughgoing man of the world—a man who started at the foot of the ladder. and who, by his own industry, intelligence, and perseverance. has managed to get up "a step or twa;" just the very man, you would imagine, that would mind "number one," and let the world go to the deuce. That, however, is not exactly his character. Unlike some that we have known, he has retained in the battle of life all the freshness of heart that he had in youth, with an ever-increasing charity towards those who have been less successful than himself in the struggle. Until now, however, we never knew our friend altogether. We had thought him an almost, if not wholly, prosaic specimen of our genus. One that had a due respect for the "loaves and the fishes," but one who would have turned up his nose and pooh, poohed! anything that appealed to the poetic and the beautiful. We have caught him now. Look at that charming spot in which he has dropt his house, or we should rather say houses, for the principal structure has some "companions." Like a backwoodsman, he has cleared a certain space out of the surrounding wood, and the desert now blossoms like the rose. On a huge mass of rock that has tumbled from the overhanging hill, there is a Cupid perched with his drawn bow, apparently launching his shafts at the spectator. Let them laugh at scars who never felt a wound, or who, like ourselves, are scarred all over. Then in front of the neat little villa are a couple of chubby urchins blowing up water in a pretty jet that falls in glittering showers into a tiny pond below, around which are parterres of choicest flowers, exotics and wildings gathered from the neighbouring woods. Here there is a goddess in her temple; there an old figurehead borrowed from some defunct steamer. and in some other nook some other curiosity that nobody,

unless our friend B., would ever have dreamed of turning to account. Of course we admire everything, but between our teeth we cannot help muttering, "By Jing [and who the deuce is Jing?] he's a queer fellow!" Queer, ay, very queer, but a kindlier never was made.

About hospitality, and all that sort of thing, we must not say a single word; although we rather guess the gudewife must have been somewhat amazed at an unusual display of voracity that afternoon. "Lord, Sam, how he walked into the muffins!" is an exclamation which Charlie Dickens puts into the mouth of old Mr. Weller, and "Lord, John, how he walked into the ham!" is what we could very well fancy Mrs. B. whispering to her gaucy worse half after the dreadful saut water meal. We knew that we were welcome as the flowers of May, but there is no denying that some people play the very deuce with a pantry at the coast.

Lochgoil gave us a gloomy reception. At our coming the hills put on their densest mantles of mist, and the clouds sent down their rains in the most drenching showers. And "in the scowl of heaven each face grew black as we were speaking." But the frown passed away. Ere yet our kind hostess had put aside the "tea-things," the sun threw aside his veil and smiled the landscape into a softer beauty. The hills came out of the gloom, and showed us all their streaks of silver; the ripple of the loch was quivering in richest radiance, while the clouds-the dark and weeping clouds-began to turn up their "silver lining," and to reveal the bonnie blue of a summer sky. "What house is that?" we inquired, "which stands so stately and alone on the other side of the loch, amidst the gloomy hills of larch and pine?" "Drimsynie House, the seat of Mrs. Campbell, a widow lady," was the reply, "and immediately adjacent is a wild and romantic ravine which you would do well to visit." We at once consent, and launching our little boat, we are soon cleaving the blue waters of Lochgoil. Landing at the embouchure of the streamlet of the Goil, we wend our way up the glen of Drimsynie. In the olden time there was a castle of some strength at this place, but time and ruin have done their work so effectually that not one stone remains upon another, and the very spot where it stood is now a matter of doubt. "The place which knew it once shall know it no more for ever." The modern mansion is a plain but spacious edifice of some fifty or sixty years' date. The gardens and grounds in the vicinity are luxuriant in the extreme, and many of the individual shrubs and trees are worthy of especial study. The larch-covered hills, however, form the finest features of the surrounding landscape. So beautifully regular are they in their growth, that they resemble rather the nicety of art than the wild luxuriance of nature. As we penetrate the dim recesses of the glen or ravine, the shades of gloamin' descend upon us, and lend a strange, weird feeling to the locality. Down a rugged channel of rock and boulder-streams and cataracts of stones—the foaming torrent dashes in fierce and imposing magnificence. Every step brings a new and ever-varying picture into view. To the very water edge the banks are clad with densest foliage of the larch, the hazel, and the pine, while "feathery brackens fringe the rocks," and countless wild flowers peep from the crevices along our path. Near the highest point of the ravine—the road does not extend quite to the summit—there is a cave of some size, and through it, in the gathering gloom, we crawl in search of a fern-a species of some rarity-which one of our boy companions at length discovers. By this time the darkness has thickened almost into night; and the living foam of the streamlet, as it hurries down the steep, might well be mistaken for a flittering wraith. The Highlands are steeped in superstition, but no one who has been among the hills and the glens-no one who has seen the sights or heard the sounds of the wild mountain land, can wonder that the natives of such a country have peopled it with supernatural beings-that there the banshee haunts the ruined tower, the fairy dances in the glimpses of the moon-or that there the

kelpie lingers at the swollen ford, or revels in the roar of the cataract.

Returning to our tiny bark, we re-cross the darkened loch, our oars at every stroke sending phosphorescent flashes along the seething waters. Landing at the cottage of our friend, we experience a sweet surprise. On the lawn, for the first time in our lives, we see

"The glow-worm's lamp a-gleaming, love."

Often and often had we read in the inspired page of the poet of these little stars of the summer earth, but never previously had we seen their lamps of paley gold upon the dewy green. It was a new sensation. We had heard of Americans, on coming to the old country, falling down in adoration almost to the primrose, the daisy, or some of our common flowers—familiar in name, but strangers to the eye—or listening with a rapture too deep for tears to the warblings of our common birds. Something like the same feeling must have thrilled through our heart when, on the dusky side of Lochgoil, the taper of the glow-worm for the first time beamed upon our admiring eye. Like a little child, we gathered the glowing treasures, and caged them till daylight should reveal the mystery. The result may be given by Charlotte Smith—

"When, on some balmy breathing night of spring,
The happy child to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth on mealy wing,
Or from the heathbell shakes the sparkling dew,
He sees before his inexperienced eye
The brilliant glow-worm like a meteor shine
On the turf bank; surprised and pleased, he cries,
'Star of the dewy grass, I make thee mine;'
Then, ere he sleeps, collects the moistened flower,
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,
And dreams that fairy lamps illume his bower;
But, in the morning, shudders to behold
Ilis shining treasure viewless with the dust.
So fades the world's bright joys to cold and blank disgust,"

Morning among the mountains! Arising from our dreamless slumber, how calm, quiet, and beautiful is the scenery which greets our opening eyes! The roseate smile of the new-born day beams warmly on the swelling heights, and lends a joyous radiance to the swelling slopes and the grim old peaks of the everlasting hills. Shadows still linger in the corries and the glens, as if the "skreich o' day"—the earliest dawn-still clung reluctant to depart from their silent and solitary recesses. The loch, unruffled as a mirror, reflects in its azure depths the minutest and most majestic features of the surrounding landscape. There, in its moveless bosom, are the hills in magnitude reversed, there the gloomy woods of pine, the far-stretching coppice, and the glades of freshest green, dotted with woolly specks. In the water, as on the shore, we see the castle stern and gray, the curling reek from cot and hall, the skiffs stranded and afloat, and deeper, farther up and farther down, the blue and white of the all-embracing sky. 'Tis a double picture-one real and material, the other vague, dreamy, and illusory-a glimpse of fairy-land. As if to deepen the charm, a sweet Sabbath calm rests over all, which saddens and subdues the soul to a perfect peace. Slowly and silently the white seabird sails in curves of grace athwart the sleeping watersa spirit of beauty in an atmosphere of the most perfect purity. Looking upon a scene so fair, where is the heart that e'er could dream of sin, of sorrow, or of death? And yet these glittering waters have ere now blushed with the crimson of death, and these lone, unpeopled vales have had their echoes startled by the savage shouts of onslaught, and by the agonizing screams of perishing mortality. In the times of feud and foray, full many a fierce encounter has been witnessed in these dreary vales; and, if these vast "heavenkissing" heights could but reveal the past, they might "a tale unfold" which would send a chill to the warmest heart, and drive the coward colour from the boldest cheek. Even yet tradition tells of the descent of the "Athol men," of women and children put to the sword, of burning cottages, of cattle driven away, of ravished fields, and of families hiding for life among the rocks and caves of the earth.

But this was in the "good old times"-times which,

thank Heaven, are long passed away. Now we can take our raid among the glens, and under the mountain shadows, without fear of the cateran or of the hostile clan. So here is our machine, and here our provender for the day, and here our genial peace-loving companions ready for an excursion amongst the wildest grandeur of the vicinity. Away we whirl into the spacious bosom of Glengoil. The loch is soon left behind, and passing through the woods and crossing the foaming stream, we are fairly environed by the hills. The glen of the Goil, down which a living water of the same name meanders in wildest freedom, is a spacious amphitheatre, level at the bottom, and girt with swelling ridges of various elevation. One could almost fancy, from the basin-like bosom of the vale, that at some former period the blue waters of the adjacent lake had extended their dominion throughout its entire length. If this was the case, however, it must have been long, long ago. For the sheep and cattle of "the natives" have for ages pastured on its fertile meads, and the wild flowers have grown in richest profusion along its scented borders. As we pass, the wild rose blushes an odorous greeting amidst its rustling leaves of green, while the foxglove nods a gentle recognition with its crest of purple "dead man's bells," from every sunny, every shady nook. There is a perfect treasury, indeed, for the botanist in the solitary recesses of Glengoil; while the angler, the ornithologist, the entomologist, and we know not how many ists beside, might here find a superabundant provision for their several recreations.

Near the head of the glen, which, although of great beauty, is but of limited extent, our cicerone points out to us the ruins of a bothie or shieling upon the northern flank of the vale. The roof has fallen in; the walls are weatherworn and shattered; while a raven, as we pass, rises with a croak from the deserted habitation. 'Tis an eerie spot; bare, barren, and repulsive. One wonders, in looking at it, how any human being could have voluntarily chosen it as a place

of residence. "It looks like a place," we say, "on which a curse is lying; the scene of some foul and heart-harrowing transaction." "And so it well may," was the reply, "for there, within the narrow compass of these crumbling walls. was perpetrated a most base and treacherous murder." The particulars may be briefly given. Mary Dhu was the daughter of a shepherd; a solitary tender of flocks in the bosom of Glengoil. Far from companionship of her own age, she grew up a thing of beauty and of innocence. Alike unknowing and unknown, she grew from childhood unto the riper condition of woman. Even in the desert the wild flower attracts the wandering bee; and lonely, indeed, must be the cottage in which a lovely maiden has her home, towards which the foot of a lover will not find its way. A sweetheart sought the sequestered shieling of Mary Dhu-sought it, and won the unsuspecting heart of its simple occupant. There was sunshine then in the shady place. Love, the source of so many joys, of so many sorrows, seemed like light from heaven to the guileless lassie of the glen. Mary loved not wisely, but too well; she became the prey of a heartless and most subtle villain. The usual consequence ensued; the snood was lost, and Mary was at the mercy of a knave. On her knees she prayed to be saved from shame, and that the old folk might be spared the sorrow and the disgrace of a wanton daughter. One Sabbath-day, when the heads of the house were absent at church, the lover of Mary Dhu came across the hills to that lonely shieling. What passed between them is known to Heaven alone. In the gloaming her father and mother arrived at their solitary home. There was no wreath of blue smoke curling over the lowly roofno gleam of ruddy light smiling a welcome in the narrow pane. The unhoused cattle were clustered around the door. and the eerie howl of the watch-dog sounded mournfully in the breeze. "Gude help me! there's something surely wrong wi' Mary," says the anxious mother, "or things wadna be this unco gate." "Nonsense," quoth the old man,

though his heart also beat hard in his manly breast-"nonsense, the lassie 'll ha'e fa'n asleep in weariness for our return." Even their worst fears, however, were exceeded by the reality. On entering they found their lovely and affectionate Mary, the light of their home and of their hearts, cold and stiff upon the floor-her snowy throat gashed from ear to ear, and her raven locks clotted in a pool of blood. Over the subsequent scene we shall let the curtain fall. Our pen is powerless to depict such a crushing grief. Under the sycamore of the auld kirkyard lies the flower of Glengoil; and there also lie her father and mother—a family united in death. The murderer, for aught we know, still walks the earth. Murder, despite the proverb, will sometimes hide; and although suspicion, strong almost as certainty, pointed her finger at the villain, there was not sufficient legal proof to bring him to the fate he merited. He was left alone with his conscience; and the home which he harried became the prey of the winds and the rain. There it moulders, a melancholy monument of guilt—the one dreary and desolate spot in this otherwise beautiful glen.

While our tale is a-telling, however, our vehicle keeps steadily on its way. Passing the sequestered farmhouse of Pole, which is finely situated at the head of Glengoil, and crossing an adjacent ridge, we are soon at the picturesque entrance of the celebrated "Hell's Glen." Skirting in frightful proximity a wild and wooded steep, far down at the base of which a brawling torrent is fretting and foaming amidst rocks and boulders, now roaring in fiercest fury over some jutting crag, and anon dashing as if in the pride of power into some yawning chasm which bubbles, and seethes, and moans, as if in never-ending torture. If ever there were kelpies in Scottish waters this must have been their favourite dwelling-place. Looking over, one shudders at the prospect of this awful gulf. Our friend, the coachman between Lochgoilhead and St. Catherine's-a wicked wag-sometimes tries the faith of his Cockney passengers at this point. Stopping

his vehicle on the brink of the precipice, he gravely informs the awe-stricken tourists that once or twice in a season he takes a canter down for the purpose of letting the sight-seers understand the mysteries of Highland coachmanship. "God bless me," says an old lady, "you are surely not in earnest." "Perfectly sincere, I assure you, ma'am," replies the imperturbable Jehu; "but never unless on the condition that all the passengers are quite agreeable to the performance of the exploit." "Then for the love of God don't do it this time," shrieks the terrified dame, "and here's half-a-crown for you, my good man." "All right," says coachee, pocketing the tin, and giving the whip a smart crack, they are in a few moments out of the "Jaws of Hell."

There are two glens which rejoice in the infernal prefix, a greater and a less. The latter, a savage-looking gorge, turns off to the left, and is traversed by the road from Lochgoilhead to St. Catherine's and Inverary. By this route we shall return, after a spacious circuit, to Lochgoil. In the meantime our way is through the greater valley of Hell, which stretches away in a northerly direction. It is a scene of wild and soul-subduing grandeur. On either hand majestic mountain ranges heave their shagged heads on high, while their huge sides are scarred every here and there with gloomy glens and ravines, down which the high-born streams are ever leaping in foamy glee, and filling the solitude with strange and eerie voices. Down the rude bosom of the glen. also, a fierce streamlet for ever dashes on, over linns and pools and water-worn gullies, which indicate, as with natural hieroglyphics, a wild story of long-continued floods. Fantastic indeed are the freaks which that hurrying torrent has played along its fretted and ever-varying channel.

"A midst this vast tremendous solitude,
Where nought is heard except the wild wind's sigh,
Or savage raven's deep and hollow cry,
With awful thought the spirit is imbued.
Around—around for many a weary mile
The alpine masses stretch; the heavy cloud
Cleaves round their brows, concealing with its shroud
Bleak, barren rocks, unthawed by summer's smile.

Nought but the desert mountains and lone sky Are here—birds sing not, and the wandering bee Searches for flowers in vain; nor shrub, nor tree, Nor human habitation greets the eye Of heart-struck pilgrim; while all around him lie Silence and desolation; what is he?"

"Nor human habitation," from the entrance of the glen to its termination at Benlyon, not a single wreath of smoke greets the eve of the wanderer; not a single human form, save, perhaps, that of a passing shepherd, gladdens his eye. All is dreary, dull, and desolate, as if the home of man had never been here; yet it was not so. Half a century since, as people yet living can testify, there were at least a hundred families living in the glen, as their fathers had done from time immemorial. You may still see their ruined homes covered with lichen and moss, and crumbling in slow decay upon the mountain side, dreary records of what has been. But there no more the blazing hearth shall burn-no more shall the wearied stranger find hospitable welcome there. The Highland lairds-and an accursed race they have ever been-preferred sheep to men, dumb creatures to their own flesh and blood, and they hounded-like beagles as they were-their kinsmen from their ancient homes, from the homes which, by every right, were their own inalienable property. The Celt was no slavish tenant of his chief-no leaseholder at will—but a privileged shareholder in the possessions of the clan, and although subordinate in the field, in times of peace, a free and independent man. But the Sassenach crept upon the territory of the Gael, and the love of gold severed the ancient ties which bound the clan even as a family (as the word imports) one to another. The Highlanders were evicted in thousands, and over all the mountain land scenes were enacted which, even yet, make the blood run cold, and the curse start venomous to the lip. Well, well, they are perhaps better away-better in the Canadas, or in our own towns, than struggling with an ungrateful nature in these beautiful but barren glens. Still the thing was foully done; and the Highland lairds-those

shabby incarnations of pride and poverty-may yet have their reward.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

As we thread the mazes of the glen, a frown suddenly gathers on the mountain peaks; for the day is composed of

"That beautiful, uncertain weather, When gloom and glory meet together."

Deeper and more deep grows the shadow; the mists in whirling wreaths are rolling down the steeps: while there is a kind of darkness visible in the deep corries and glens which is almost frightful to contemplate. We can see the wheatear, that weird wilding of the lonely waste, hastening to the sheltering heap of stones, and the stonechat flitting uneasily among the quivering leaves of the marsh myrtle, as if they were already conscious of a coming storm. Down at length comes the rain; and never speak of rain, we prithee, until thou hast experienced, as we full oft have done, the dense, drenching deluge which the mountain peaks occasionally draw downward from the weeping skies. On we go in the rain, however; and at every turn some fresh glimpse of sublimity bursts upon our gaze—a sublimity all the more impressive for the lurid shadow of the storm. At length the head of the glen is attained, and turning to the right, near the vast base of Benlyon, we are ushered into the presence of Ben Arthur, while, stretching away to his very feet, lies the vast gorge of Glencroe. The Cobbler retains his misty bonnet for a time, and is only imperfectly visible; but the glen, at one rich sweep, is seen through all its extent. The streamlet far below is seen turning and twining in its channel, as if in imitation of the living convolutions of a gigantic snake; while the pathway pursues a parallel, but less tortuous course along the northern side of the valley. Our point of view is close to the famous "Rest-and-beThankful" stone, erected to commemorate the formation of this portion of the road by the 22nd Regiment. The period when this arduous operation was performed was immediately subsequent to the rising in 1745. On the defeat of the Highlanders, and for the purpose of effecting their complete subjugation, the Government resolved to open up the country by means of good military roads. This politic measure was entrusted to Gen. Wade, who seems to have executed his difficult commission in the most able manner, and to the utter astonishment of the natives, who are represented in after times as exclaiming—

"Had you seen these roads before they were made You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade."

A new stone has recently been erected in room of the old one, which was much defaced, and, strange to say, in the new inscription the honour of making the road alluded to is ascribed to the 93rd instead of the 22nd Regiment. We need scarcely remark, that for many a year after the days of General Wade there was no such thing as a 93rd Regiment in the British service. In fact, it is of comparatively recent origin. This is a favourite resting-place for those who have climbed the magnificent but laborious ascent of Glencroe. Here they can pause, and, looking back, scan at one comprehensive glance what they have perhaps taken hours to examine in detail. The poet Wordsworth penned the following sonnet on "Rest-and-be-Thankful:"

"Doubling and doubling, with laborious walk,
Who that at length has gained the wished for height,
This brief, this simple, wayside call can slight,
And rest not thankful? Whether cheered by talk
With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams, that shine
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
of valley flowers. Nor while the limbs repose,
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
And fishes front unmoved the torrent's sweep—
So may the soul, through powers that faith bestow,
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that angels share."

Such were the musings of the wise man of the lakes while resting for a brief space in this secluded but commanding spot. "Streams that shine at the sun's outbreak" is a beautiful image, and see how very truthful it is, for even as we speak the clouds are melting away; the sun comes struggling through the haze, and the grand old mountains slowly emerging from the rain are glittering as in coats of shining mail, while the streams, which after the storm are countless, are leaping down the steeps in a radiance as of pure gold. Ben Arthur, as we turn to depart, clears his scarred and shattered brow as if to bid us a kind farewell, while the long meandering streamlet of the glen is flashing far away a lengthened maze of loveliest living light. Though yet untrodden by our devious foot, Glencroe! thou art to our heart a familiar picture, and in the hidden chambers of our memory this parting glimpse of thy silent summer beauty shall be a cherished dream.

Our course is now a downward one, and the landscape, as we descend, waxes gradually less wild and romantic in its character. Passing a solitary mountain tarn, called Loch Restal, and keeping a direction nearly parallel to a sportive Highland stream, to which it gives birth, we soon find ourselves dashing rapidly adown the green pastoral valley of In any other place this spacious mountain gorge—with its far-swelling slopes, its avalanches of stone and rock, its frequent ravines and water-courses, and its scattered tufts of wood—would have been reckoned peculiarly grand and impressive; but, seeing it as we do with the crushing remembrances of Glencroe and Hell's Glen fresh upon our minds, it seems a place of comparatively mild beauty. There are many fertile slopes and meadows here, but, as in so many other Highland valleys, there are no people-

"Like the dew from the mountain,
The foam from the river,
Like the bubble from the fountain,
They're gone, and for ever."

Mile after mile is passed; but, save in one solitary instance where there is a shepherd's hut, and where we are regaled

with cakes and milk, there is no human habitation in that magnificent glen. A few scattered flocks of sheep, and a few herds of moorland cattle, may be seen here and there, but all besides is a lifeless and dreary solitude.

Towards the opening of Glenfinlas, and where its waters find their way into Lochfine, are the mansion and beautiful grounds of Ardkinlas—the seat of a family named Callender. Having put up our beast at the adjoining inn of Cairndow, and attended somewhat to the cravings of the inner man. rendered peculiarly keen by the mountain air, we take a stroll through the pleasant policies of Ardkinlas. They are embosomed in a profusion of wood, in belts and clumps, and individual specimens of the most stately proportions. are old lawns of the most velvetty pasture, dotted with oaks, and elms, and beeches, of greatest beauty. There are gardens of richest luxuriance, replete with fruits and flowers; bosky banks, where the wild blossoms love to dwell, and the fern holds forth her freshest plumes; streamlets that linger and murmur amidst the leafy shadows as if loath to depart; and one of the loveliest little artificial lakes that ever gladdened the eye of a man of taste. It is girt with verdure to the very lip-while shrubs and flowers are finely strewn around, and reflected as in a perfect mirror on the glassy waters. We have seen nothing of the kind previously of such exquisite design, or productive of such a sweet fairylike effect. The mansion of Ardkinlas, a structure of modern erection, is a plain but spacious and elegant edifice, situated on a green lawn overlooking Lochfine, which is here a beautiful estuary of about half-a-mile in width. A former mansion was burned some years ago by the carelessness, it is said, of some workmen who had been employed making repairs. Whether this was what has been called the old Castle of Ardkinlas we had no means of ascertaining. If so, it has been described as a place of some strength and antiquity. While rambling about the grounds we were struck with the giant proportions of a fine Spanish chestnut, which,

on measurement, we find to be 191 feet round the crown of the root, and 14 feet at four feet above the ground. Still more remarkable, however, was a row of majestic vews, which we found near the margin of the Kinlas. These, from their size, are evidently of great age, while the branches are contorted, twisted, and jerked about in the most fantastic manner imaginable. A more ridiculous, and yet at the same time, a more stately old tree than the principal individual of the group, is not, we are persuaded, to be found in all the woods of Scotland. This grim old fellow measures 171 feet round the trunk at four feet above the ground, while the span of his branches-some of which would make huge trees themselves—is not less than 73 feet. Taking off our hats to the sylvan giant, however, we must now bid him adieu. The sun is westering fast, and we have yet a longish drive to Lochgoil. Starting on our return, we skirt the far-spreading policies of Ardkinlas, and leaving them gradually behind, we begin to ascend the ridge which separates the valley of Lochfine from the gorge of the lesser Hell's Glen. This is a pretty stiff speel, as the highest point to be scaled by the road is about 2.400 feet above the level of the sea. With many a turn, and many a panting pause, we gradually get up in the world, and, at every new point of elevation, are rewarded by a rich extension of prospect.

From the summit the view is extensive and beautiful in the extreme. Looking over the intervening slopes, we have Lochfine outspread before us, dotted with fishing-boats, and glittering in the afternoon sun. On the further shore the Castle of Dunderaw rises proudly over the beach, with its reminiscences of other years; while still more distant, yet still most clearly visible, is the town of Inverary, and the conical peak of Duniquoich. A tempestuous wilderness of grim and hoary mountains forms the horizon—the lofty shoulders and crest of the mighty Bencruachan towering proudly over all. Such a picture—so extensive, so varied in its features withal, and so wildly beautiful—

would of itself abundantly reward the journey of a long summer day.

We are now careering with frightful velocity down hill. and into the very bosom of "Hell's Glen." Unaccustomed as we are to such break-neck roads, we confess to a little nervousness as we are whirling so rapidly on the very ledges, as it were, of the adjacent precipices. Our driver is a canny hand, however, and manages the ribbons to admiration. the glen deepens it waxes more wildly romantic. Huge cliffs, fretted with peaks and angry projections, rise abruptly on either hand, and seem to threaten destruction to all below. One terrible cataract of jagged masses, which actually seems on the verge of rolling down, is called "the Devil's Teeth," and certain wicked low country wags assert that his sooty majesty broke them all here in a vain and unprofitable attempt to speak the Gaelic. More than Clooty, we suspect, have found the tongue of the Gael to abound in jawbreakers.

Nearly under the Satanic teeth there is a delicious little well-cold as ice, and clear as crystal-a very treasure to the weary and thirsty traveller. Alighting from our machine, and crossing the intervening streamlet by a tiny bridge of stone, we and our companions are soon seated by the precious spring which bubbles beautifully from the base of the rugged hill. Cup after cup goes sparkling round, with perhaps a pungent drop or two to kill the animalculæ. water is none the less refreshing for the infusion, we trow, nor do the sandwiches commend themselves one whit the less for the whet or the wash-down with which they are accompanied. Av, a blessing be with thee, thou well of the desert, thou gladdener of the pilgrim's eye, and thou soother of his parched and burning lips. May the wild flowers haunt thee ever as they do now; spring come to thee with the primrose and the violet; summer with the wilding rose and that glowing saxfrage of golden hue, which is even now glittering on thy verge. May autumn linger to the latest ere she lays her

searing finger on the verdant fringe with which thou art girt; and winter—the surly, but not the unkind—forbear to fetter in his icy chains thy ever-dancing waters. So a parting cup unto thee, and a sweet farewell.

Remounting, we pursue our homeward way. After a short interval we find ourselves once more within the precincts of Glengoil, retracing our pathway of the morning. Ere we reach the hospitable sanctum of our friend, gloaming has begun to thicken, and the mists to gather on the mountain tops. As we are retiring to rest for the night the glow-worms are lighting their fairy lamps upon the lawn, and the crescent moon—"a silver bow new bent in heaven"—is sending a shaft of golden radiance over the quivering bosom of the lake. If beauty could keep us awake, we should have little sleep to-night; but wearied nature presses for repose, so friends, good night!

<sup>[</sup>Note.—Ardkinlas has a kind of indirect association with one of the darkest events in Scottish history—the massacre of Glencoe. It will be remembered that the chief of the devoted clan was somewhat late of giving in his adhesion to the Government, and taking the necessary oaths. The 31st of December, 1691, was the last day on which submission could be accepted. By that time all the discontented chieftains save one had signified their compliance with the demands of the ruling party, and had sworn fealty to the government of William and Mary. Macdonald of Glencoe, alone—whether from a feeling of pride or from ignorance of the consequences is not known—had not bent the knee when the last day of grace arrived. On that day, however, he appeared at Fort-William, accompanied by his leading vassals, and prepared to take the oaths. To his infinite consternation there was no person in the locality empowered to administer them. The governor was not a magistrate, and none but a magistrate had the necessary authority. A sense of the danger which he had incurred by his delay flashed upon him, and, with a letter from the governor, he rushed off towards Inverary, for the purpose of laying his case before Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinlas, who then held the office of Sheriff of the county. It was the dead of winter. The hills were wrapt in clouds, and the glens were choked up with snow. Although his own house lay near the road, Macdonald stopped not for a moment, but hastened on his way. Owing to the bad state of the roads, the shortness of the days, and the misty weather which prevailed, it was the 6th day of January before he reached his destination at Ardkinlas, who lance he reached his destination at Ardkinlas hesitated, under the circumstances, to administer the oath. His power, he said, was limited by the Royal Proclamation to the 31st of December. Overcome by the earnest entreaties of the old man, however, he at length consented. The oath was administered, and a statement was drawn up and transmitted to Edinburgh, explaini

taken is too well known to every student of Scottish history. Sir Colin Campbell acted in good faith; but at head quarters the crafty Earl of Stair, the selfish Marquis of Breadalbane, and the double-dealing Argyle, represented matters in the worst possible light. The destruction of the unhappy Macdonalds was consequently determined on, and the end was, that the wild and dreary Glen which they and their fathers had for agcs inherited, became ere long the scene of a tragedy almost unparalleled for atrocity in the records of crime. There is many a bloody stain upon the pages of Scottish story, but that "damned spot" retains its foul pre-eminence as the most deep, dark, and diabolical.

## THE HOLY LOCH AND KILMUN.

WE know not any scene more beautiful and more varied than that which greets the eye when the steamer, hushing the roar of her funnel, turns from the pier of Gourock and churns her way to the Highland side of the Frith. All the loveliness of river and lake, of mountain and glen, are here concentrated within the range of the horizon; and although for twice ten thousand times we may have scanned the features of the landscape, they never fail to excite a new surprise—a fresh delight—in the bosom of the spectator. Over the glittering ripple of the expanding river-with its passing ships and its snowy birds afloat or on the wing-we have the long line of the Cowal coast spread out before us from Strone, the giant sentinel of Lochlong and the Holy Loch, unto the far point of Toward. Strewn along the margin of the Frith, and adapting itself to every turning and indentation-every promontory and bay-is one lengthened straggling string of mansions, and villas, and cottages, clustering here and there in groups, or standing apart and peeping sweetly from their nooks of green upon the waters -lending the added charm of human association to the sunny shore. Immediately behind rises the old brown hills. now heaving in gentle slopes and undulations, and anon swelling far away into a very tempest of fretted peaks and wild fantastic ridges. At one glance the eye commands the most genial and the most terrific aspects of nature. Here we have the soft shelving beach, the green lawn, the garden, and the bower; there the yawning glen and the fierce ravine, the mountain clad in mist, and the moorland sterile and

hoar. Nor is the landscape to the observant eye devoid of soul. On the contrary, it is full of strange and everchanging humours. It is seldom for an hour together in the same temper or mood. At one moment it is all smiles and sunshine; at another, the smile and the tear are to be seen in playful conflict upon its countenance; and, again, its frown is terrible to contemplate. Thus, as the clouds come and the clouds go, changeth the spirit of the scene—hours of glory succeed to hours of gloom—and anon we have

"That sweet uncertain weather, When gloom and glory meet together."

And even thus it is with that inner landscape—that world which passeth show. External nature reflects as in a mirror the lights and shadows of the human soul; and he who does not, or cannot feel that such is the case, is indeed of the earth earthy, and all unfitted for a true and adequate appreciation of the beautiful.

While we are thus musing, however, the steamer is gradually rounding the promontory of Strone, and entering the sacred precincts of the Holy Loch. Touching for a moment at the neat little wharf which has recently been erected at Strone, we may mention that the term literally signifies, in the Celtic language, "a nose" or projecting point. The descriptive appropriateness of the expression is abundantly obvious, as Strone is emphatically the nose or projecting point which terminates the lofty ridge, Finnartmore, separating the waters of the two adjacent lochs. Finnartmore is also a descriptive Celtic word, signifying a "large boat or vessel;" and any one who glances at the huge ridge alluded to, especially from the opposite or Dunoon side of the loch, will at once perceive that it presents a remarkable likeness to a vast hull turned keel uppermost. Until within the last dozen of years or so, there was not such a thing as a human residence upon this commanding and picturesque promontory, if we except a few straggling and primitive huts and

cottages. Few and far between were the wreaths of household smoke which then curled from that lonely shore. Gradually, however, its capabilities as a site for the erection of "saut water" villas and cottages began to be appreciated. A nucleus, it was seen, was all that was required to render the new settlement a great success. This was at length formed, and from year to year the line of edifices has gone on extending, until now the entire promontory may be almost said to be girdled round about with tidy and commodious structures, some of which are architectural studies of great beauty. With the increase of population, there has been, of course, an increase of comforts and conveniences. Establishments for the supply of domestic necessaries, &c., were speedily opened; a wharf, as we have remarked, was erected: and an excellent drive was formed, extending from Kilmun to Ardentinny on Lochlong. Provision was also made for the education of the young, and more recently, we understand, a movement for the erection of a place of worship has been instituted. One disadvantage, it has been remarked, pertains to the locality. Owing to the abruptness with which the adjacent heights rise from the shore, the recreative propensities of the residents are somewhat "cabined, cribbed. confined." They may stroll along the beach, or range at will the coppices with which it is so plenteously fringed, but unless they choose to scale the mountain's brow, there is no other scope for outdoor exercise. To those who have sufficient muscular vigour and energy of lung, however, we should say, "By all means get up in the world, and place your foot upon the crest of Finnartmore." The toil, after all, is but a trifle, and the reward will abundantly recompense any exertion that is required. From this spot, although of no great elevation, a most extensive range of scenery is commanded. At the spectator's feet, as it were, extends the spacious Frith, which reveals in succession, as he turns himself around, all its islands and its lochs, all its towns and its villages, all its mountains and its plains, from the brown

rock of Dumbarton to where Ailsa Craig rises in the blue of distance,

"Far out upon the melancholy main."

Among the landmarks which we have ourselves distinguished in this spacious range of landscape were, to the eastward, St. Rollox, that monarch among chimneys, Dalnottar, Dunglass, and the bold bluff of Dumbuck at the opening of the Frith, with the Braes of Gleniffer and the ridge that separates Kilmalcolm from the outer world. To the northward, Benlomond, Benvenue, and the Cobbler, with many a kindred peak, and many an intervening ridge and ravine. To the southward the Renfrewshire and the Ayrshire ranges of hills, tame in comparison to those of the Highlands, but infinitely more fertile, and to the eye a world more fair. In the far west the soul-filling heights of Arran; within the middle distance the gentler slopes of Bute and the twin Cumbraes. Such are a few of the detached features in this noble picture, or rather gallery of pictures, as we should have said. Let those who would study it in all its details take our advice and master the summit of Finnartmore.

The Holy Loch, or, as it is called in the Celtic language, Loch Seante, is of much more limited extent than any of the other lochs which the Clyde sends out "into the bowels of the land." Compared with it the Gareloch seems an immense sheet of water, and Lochlong assumes the dimensions of a sea. The Holy Loch, indeed, is, properly speaking, rather a deep bay than a loch. At the mouth it is about one mile in breadth, while its extreme length at full water is only about two miles. When the tide is out it is considerably less, as the water recedes for a considerable distance, leaving a large portion of the bottom, consisting of a nasty, slimy shingle, intermingled with patches of sand, exposed. It is said, indeed, that the loch is slowly but surely becoming filled up, as the mountain streams at its head are constantly carrying down fresh contributions of sand to its bosom, which the current from without keeps as constantly

silting up into additional beaches and banks. If such is really the case, the process must be somewhat of the slowest; so that our friends on either side the inlet need be under no immediate apprehension of losing their "saut water" privileges. There is still a capital anchorage in sixteen or seventeen fathoms of water, and we may very safely allow the Eachaig and his mischievous mountain assistants a few centuries to effect the obliteration of the devoted loch. Meanwhile the shingly beach alluded to affords a spacious feeding-ground to innumerable aquatic birds, and the observant ornithologist, amidst the curlews, and herons, and seamews, by which the spot is frequented, may occasionally obtain a glimpse of some more rare and interesting visitants.

Leaving Strone, the steamer at once pushes into the bosom of the loch. On the one side we have the lofty ridge of Finnartmore-lofty, but somewhat monotonous-with its brown and moorish wastes above, and its verdant slopes below, gradually growing greener and more green as they descend, until they are lost in those shadowy masses of foliage immediately above the shore—in the recesses of which are the nestling-places of many a lovely homemany a sweet retirement from the cares and bustles of the world. On the other or Dunoon side, we have the fine lands of Hafton, with their stately mansion (the seat of James Hunter, Esq.), and the old Lazaretto, where ships from "foreign parts" used to ride quarantine ere they were permitted to ascend the Clyde. An extensive range of stores were erected here by government for the reception of infected goods, with houses for the superintendent and his assistants. Quarantine now-a-days has fallen into disrepute, and the establishment is consequently deserted. It is a lovely spot, and lovely is the scenery around, but we doubt not that many a weather-beaten tar has cursed the locality as to him a dreary prison, and longed in bitterness of heart for the hour when the vessel might be permitted to depart. The neighbourhood of the old Lazaretto

would make a capital site for a watering village, and we observe there are already symptoms of its being appropriated to some such purpose. Here and there along the shore we can mark a cottage or two arising. Farther on is the village of Sandbank, nicely situated on the Hafton shore. Few of the cottages are of particular mark or likelihood, but the village has a splendid look-out upon the loch, with Kilmun on the opposite side, and the heaven-kissing hills beyond. In a landward direction, also, the residents of Sandbank have abundant scope for rural rambles and recreations. There are several beautiful sylvan walks in the neighbourhood. One of the most delightful of these is that which leads by the little fresh water lake of Dunloskin to Dunoon. Every turn of the way, only some three miles altogether. is a new pleasure to the lover of landscape, but to our mind the sweetest spot of all is that solitary little tarn-the favourite home of the water lilies. Never shall we forget the thrill of delight which we experienced when its bosom of bloom burst upon our gaze. We had many a time and oft previously met with the white water lily (nymphaa alba) in the quiet waters of some solitary moorland or glen; we had met them in small tufts and patches, and we had admired them exceedingly; but at Dunloskin there were absolutely acres of the surface covered with the broad, glossy, heartshaped leaves, and the snow-white blossoms of the plant. So wondrous to our eyes was the sight that for a time we stood entranced, rejoicing in quietness in nature's joy. Verily Dunloskin is the favourite haunt of the plant, and he who would see-

> "The water lily to the light Her chalice rear of silver bright,"

must make a pilgrimage to its sedgy shore. Apart from these, its silver trappings, the loch has but few attractions to the casual eye. It is of no great extent, and the margin all round is densely fringed with reeds, bulrushes, and other rank species of aquatic vegetation, in which the water hen that tenant of solitary waters, lives, moves, and has its being unmolested.

Another walk in the vicinity of Sandbank is to the site of an ancient Cromlech, which lurks somewhere in the woods, but which we, with all our sagacity, were unable to discover. For the information of others, however, we may mention what we have since learned, namely, that the Cromlech is situated on the farm of Ardnadam, that the ancient Druid oaks still screen the spot, and that the pillars and topstone still occupy their proper positions. This interesting relic of the far past was, according to popular tradition, the grave of a king, who was named after Adam, the progenitor of our The name of the farm on which the structure stands (Ardnadam) was undoubtedly so called in accordance with the tradition. Be that as it may, certain sacrilegious people determined, a number of years ago, to ascertain whether it was really a burying-place or not. There were doleful prognostications of the results in the neighbouring village, which was then but the nucleus of what it has since become. In spite of these the ground was opened, when it was immediately discovered that no burial could have taken place there, as the subsoil had evidently never been disturbed before. The stones have been re-erected, and are now considered to be the rude fragments of a Druidical altar. The superstitious feeling which prompted the villagers to augur evil from the desecration of the spot-a feeling handed down from age to age-has probably tended to the preservation of the relic. Would that a similar feeling had prevailed in other localities!

But there is metal even more attractive to the antiquarian at Kilmun, on the opposite shore, to which we now proceed, and where we propose to linger for a while. Kilmun is charmingly situated on the eastern margin of the Holy Loch, near the shingly curve in which it finds its termination. Until recently it consisted principally of an ancient ecclesiastical edifice, part of which is still extant, and a few

humble Highland cottages, most of which, with a fine old baronial house in the vicinity, are still in existence. The modern village, a somewhat straggling, and by no means very picturesque congregation of houses, was commenced in 1829 by David Napier, Esq., Glasgow. This gentleman, struck with the capabilities which the locality presented for sub-feuing, purchased an extensive feu of lands along the shore from the late General Campbell, of Monzie, and immediately commenced building. His example has been since extensively followed, and the process is still going on. No general plan, however, seems to have been laid down as in other quarters, and the consequence is a certain degree of irregularity, both as regards the laying out of the grounds and the architectural designs of the respective edifices, a circumstance which undoubtedly detracts somewhat from the amenity of the locality. Still Kilmun is a most pleasant place of habitation, and when seen from the water, with its handsome new church and spire, and its hoary church tower of other days, and its time-honoured and stately rows of trees, it presents, on the whole, a delicious picture of quietude and retirement. Then it possesses many conveniences both for the resident and occasional visitant. It has its churches and its schools, its comfortable inn and its commodious wharf; while, above and beyond all other wateringplaces of the Clyde, it commands facilities for walking or driving, and in affording convenient outlets into the wildest magnificence of nature to the lover of the picturesque. The drive along the shores of the Holy Loch and Lochlong to Ardintinny, and home by Glenfinnart and Locheck, is one of the finest which it is possible to conceive. It is a perfect circle of the beautiful, comprising all that is loveliest in Lowland, all that is most sublime in Highland scenery. The Garelochhead is beautiful—that of Lochlong, with its peerless Cobbler, impressive in the extreme. Lochgoilhead also is rich in wild and romantic scenery; but, to our mind, the head of the Holy Loch surpasses them one and all in its

command of nature's wildest grandeur. Three mighty mountain glens here converge and send down their tributary streams to the bosom of the loch-three vast and yawning glens, each flanked with a rugged and towering mountain range, here open their ponderous jaws sublime, and invite the wanderer into three separate regions of the wonderful. There is first the valley of the Eck, with its many-winding stream, leading through many a sweet and sylvan nook to the loch of the same name—a thing of beauty in its own way unexcelled-and from thence to Strachur and Lochfine. Then there is Glenmessen—with its fierce mountain torrent chafing into forms the most fantastic the everlasting rocks -and its terrible boundaries of huge overhanging peaks and ridges—the home of solitude, sublimity, and awe. Beyond, but still tributary to the Holy Loch, is Glenlean, a wild and sterile gulf, but leading through its dim and shadowy recesses to the softer beauties which encircle the head of Lochridden. Three noble portals are they, and each easily accessible to the denizen of Kilmun. Then, if the said denizen is a man of aspiring tastes-if he has a spirit which revels in the immense-let him ascend Benmore-the ancient deer forest of Argyle, and quite adjacent to the village-and assuredly he shall be contented if extent and beauty of prospect can afford content. If, on the other hand, he is a lover of nature's softer and more serene beauties, let him seek the sylvan glades and the green fields of Hafton (on the farther shore), and he must be fastidious indeed if he finds not satisfaction. But why thus dilate upon the charms of this delicious, this well-known neighbourhood? It is, in brief, a perfect centre of landscape beauty, and any one who says the reverse is-not a man according to our taste.

The Holy Loch!—Why is this particular branch of the Frith called the *Holy* Loch? Are not all the branches equally holy? By no means, gentle reader, and we shall give you the reason why. Once upon a time, the good people of Glasgow—always addicted to commerce—sent out

a vessel for a cargo to the East. It wasn't for wines, or currants, or dates, or coffees, or fine linens that the vessel went. In the days of Saint Mungo the Glasgow people didn't care for any of those vain luxuries. This distinguished saint. according to the most trustworthy of the monkish annalists. determined to found a cathedral on the banks of the famous Molendinar (the predecessor of our present "Hie Kirk"), and that it might be rendered all the more sacred, he thought it desirable that the foundation should be laid upon a deposit of soil from the Holy Land. For this purpose the ship was chartered, and in due time despatched. Under the influence of favouring gales—the saints sometimes managed the bellows in those days—the voyage out was a great success. A cargo of first-class Jerusalem clay and gravel was taken on board, and the gallant ship set out on her return to the Clyde. All went right until she arrived in the Frith, when a storm arose, and she was driven into this very loch-no holier than its neighbours then—where she became an utter wreck. The precious cargo was partly engulfed in the waves (which thus became sacred), but the remainder having been saved, was deposited on the very spot where the Church of Kilmun was afterwards erected. The loch is therefore indebted for its name, and Kilmun indebted for its church—at least, so say our authorities-to the unhappy stranding of Saint Mungo's devoted vessel. Let us hope that the loss was either wholly or in part covered by insurance.

Such is one of the traditionary stories of the origin of the ecclesiastical establishment of Kilmun. But there is another, and perhaps quite as probable a tradition—namely, that a holy man named St. Munde or St. Muntook up his residence, and built a chapel at this spot. According to the supporters of this theory, the word Kilmun simply signifies the cell or chapel of the venerable Mun. Of the life, actions, or character of this personage—if such there really was—we must, with all humility, confess ourselves to be really ignorant. Our acquaintance with Butler's invaluable Lives

of the Saints is, we are ashamed to say, somewhat of the slightest, and therefore it is quite possible that we may have overlooked even greater names in the calendar than that of our sainted countryman. We can scarcely agree, however, with the Rev. Dr. M'Kay, late minister of Dunoon and Kilmun, who attempted to ignore the existence of the saint altogether. The rev. doctor, who evidently had but a small degree of reverence for Romish saints in general, affected to consider St. Mun as a mere myth, and even talked sneeringly of a Glasgow steamer which bore the name. At the same time he attempted to put an etymological extinguisher upon the ancient patriarch. Denying the ordinary derivation of the term Kilmun, Dr. M'Kay says, "in Gaelic it is invariably pronounced cill-à-mhuna." "Muna or munadh," he continues, "in that language signifies instruction or teaching. and by common figure of speech, learning; and the word muin, to teach or instruct, in still used in versions of our Gaelic psalmody." "Cill-à-mhuna," he concludes, "therefore, Anglicé, Kilmun; Latinè, cella doctrinarium, the sacred place of learning or instruction, may be considered the real signification of the name." In this ingenious manner the rev. doctor attempts to dispose of poor St. Mun. We must leave our readers to decide whether "the attempt and not the deed confounds the doctor," or whether we have hitherto been giving "to an airy nothing a local habitation" at Kilmun.

## "We come like shadows, so depart."

Other writers, we may add, speak with every confidence of the personal existence of St. Mun, although with commendable prudence, they generally refrain from quoting their authorities. Camerarius, an old writer, gives St. Mundus a high character, and asserts, that by his numerous miracles he had become famous all over the province of Argyle, where many churches and monasteries had been erected to his memory. Dr. Smith says St. Munna was one of the most eminent of the disciples of St. Columbus; while Archdall

asserts that St. Mun had one hundred and fifty disciples in his own train, and was altogether a very renowned personage. Some idea of the value of these accounts may be formed when we mention that Camerarius makes his death occur in A.D. 692, while Archdall sets down the same event as having occurred in 634—the former also makes him a native of Scotland, while the latter ascribes his origin to a neighbouring isle.

One thing is certain, that from a very early age Kilmun has been the site of an ecclesiastical establishment—a monastery or church, and burying ground, both of which have always been popularly associated with the memory of a St. Mun. At what period this institution was established history has failed to record. The first authentic notice that we have of Kilmun is in a charter, dated 4th August, 1442, whereby Sir Colin Campbell of Lochaweside-ancestor of the Argyle family-engages to found a collegiate church at Kilmun, "in honorem Sancti Mundi Abbatis, and pro salute animæ quondam Marjoriæ conjugis meæ et modernæ consortis meæ, et quondam celestini filii mei primogeniti." This establishment, which was duly erected for the "soul's health" of the donor and his family, accommodated a provost and six prebendaries, and must have formed a handsome addition to the previously existing institution. The charter of the foundation was confirmed at Perth by James II., on the 12th of May, 1450. Nor was this the only grant of the Argyle family to the Abbey of Kilmun. A gift to the church was then a golden key to the gates of bliss hereafter, and the successive chiefs of the Campbell race seem to have been well aware of the fact. From the chartulary of Paisley Abbey (with which the institution was ecclesiastically associated) we learn that Kilmun obtained from time to time a variety of valuable grants from the family, and that ultimately it became a place of considerable importance. What the structure may have been in its days of pride we know not. The plan, the size, and the architectural style of the

church are lost. Only one crumbling fragment remains. This is the church tower—a dreary-looking structure of a quadrangular form immediately adjacent to the modern place of worship, which was erected so recently as 1816. The design of the tower is somewhat plain, but it contains the vestiges of a stair of very peculiar and ingenious construction. The entire structure is fast falling into decay, but as the poet has said,—

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history;
And questionless, here, in these open courts—
Which now lie naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather—some men may be interred
Who loved the church so well, and gave so largely to 't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday. But all things have an end."

From an early period the Church of Kilmun has been the burial-place of the now ducal family of Argyle. When yet the Lamonts were lords of Cowal, and the Campbells were simply lairds of Lochaweside, the first of the race was, as a matter of favour, permitted a resting place at this spot. From an old Gaelic rhyme, it appears that a scion of the Lochawe family, having died in the low country, was, at the request of his sire, allowed the privilege of a grave in the churchvard. According to the composition alluded to, "the great Lamont of all Cowal," in consideration of present necessity—a snow-storm prevailing at the time, and preventing the transport of the body to its native district—conceded the boon desired by the knight of Lochawe. Afterwards, when the Campbells became lords of Dunoon, Kilmun became the family place of sepulture. The place of interment was for centuries within the ancient church, and the only access to it was through the body of the edifice. At length, in 1793 or 1794, the present vault—a plain, unostentatious structure, adjacent to the modern church—was erected. This has ever since continued to be the favourite repository of the ducal dust. The entrance to the vault is by a doorway entering from the church-yard, on either side of which there is a small Gothic

window. The place has a weary and woe-begone look, and at the time of our visit, it is securely boarded up. In former times the prying stranger was occasionally permitted a peep into the interior, but this is now strictly forbidden. The place has been described, however, by one who was privileged to enter the mansion of the mighty dead. He says,-"On entering, there appears on either hand a broad dais, covered with large stone slabs, and about three feet in height, which extends the whole length of the sepulchre, and on which are laid the coffins, five in number, and containing the ashes of four dukes and one duchess. Upon a lower and narrower dais, formed by a niche in the wall, that runs across between the church and the sepulchre, repose, side by side, the statues of a knight and a lady. The warrior lies armed capa-pie, with a huge sword by his side, while above him is a boar's head (the armorial emblem of the family) divided into two parts, and also a number of pieces of rusty armour, such as iron beavers, war gloves, swords," &c. Such is the interior of the last home of the proud dukes of Argyle,-

"See yonder hallowed fane: the pious work of names once famed, now dubious or forgot, And buried midst the wreck of things that were; There lie interred the more illustrious dead."

Adjacent to the church, and extending from it towards the head of the loch, is a fine old avenue of stately trees—plane and lime—harmonizing beautifully with the shattered tower of other days, and reminding the visitor of the grandeur that is gone. Tall, stalwart, and majestic, they heave their leafy arms on high—huge and shadowy masses of foliage, which cast below "a dim religious light," which recalls to mind the solemnity of a vast cathedral. No lover of sylvan beauty and grace should fail to visit the leafy choir of Kilmun, and to doff his hat as he listens to the anthems of the breeze among the overhanging boughs and the rustling masses of green.

If Kilmun has lost her abbots and her prebendaries, her monks and her priests, she still retains a specimen of the

genus hermit—almost as great a curiosity in those days of railways and steamers. On hearing of this worthy, as every one is sure to do who visits the locality, we immediately determined to pay a visit to the hermitage, repeating to ourselves as we went upon our pilgrimage the lines of Parnell:—

"Far in a wild, unknown to public view, From youth to age a reverend hermit grew; The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell, His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well. Remote from men, with Heaven he spent his days; Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise."

Unlike his poetical prototype, we found that the hermit of Kilmun had pitched his tent at a very short distance from the haunts of men—in fact, within half-a-mile or so of the village, and quite close to the highway to Locheck. A curious enough abode is that of the hermit—a tiny Highland hut or bothy, flanked by two circular patches of garden ground, densely hedged in by a thicket of thorns and whins and hollies, and other repulsive bushes. On our approach we trod lightly, lest we might disturb his hermitship at his devotions. We might have saved ourselves the trouble. Duncan, as we have since learned, is none of your praying hermits. In fact, we guessed as much when we observed with fear and trembling the following tremendous announcement, stuck up in the vicinity of the hermitage,—

## TAKE NOTICE! NO ADMITTANCE!! BEWARE OF FIRE AND SWORD!!!

Here was an end to our poetic reverie. We found, however, that admittance could be easily obtained; that the hermit was quite a man of the world; that he had a keen eye to number one; and that for "a consideration" something better even than a cup from the crystal well could be procured. We cannot say that we were particularly edified by the conversation of this solitary man—this star that dwells apart; and we came away, it must be admitted, with rather an indifferent opinion of the genus to which he belongs, and not at all sorry that the Queen had civilly returned, the other year, a couple of goats which Duncan had most loyally and disinterestedly, we cannot doubt, sent for her acceptation. The age is emphatically a selfish one, and even the hermit's cell, we are afraid, is not altogether free from the besetting sin.

Returning to Kilmun, we find the steamer roaring at the wharf, and, stepping on board, we are soon steaming our way to the sunny shores of Dunoon.

OTHER portions of the scenery on the shores of Clyde may possess more striking and picturesque features than the coast of Cowal, but there is none which presents a sweeter or more cheerful aspect from the breast of the Frith, or which affords a finer range of landscape to the rambler along its beach, or amongst the hills which shelter it from the stormy north. Dunoon, in one long line of beauty, extends for miles along that sunny shore, clustering in one picturesque mass behind the Castle Hill, and around the Church, the central features of the picture, and shooting out on either side its far-stretching arms by the Kirn to the Holy Loch, and by West Bay towards Innellan. No other section of our coast, indeed, has been so densely peopled as that in the vicinity of Dunoon; and no other section presents, when summer days are fine, a more numerous, or apparently more joyous congregation of denizens. Yet, even so recently as 1822, that shore, which is now so thickly fringed with human habitations, was a mere waste-the solitary haunt of the curlew and the plover. Modern Dunoon has been called into existence by the genius of steam. It is solely to the invention of Henry Bell, and the successive improvements of his successors, that we have to ascribe the rapid rise and progress of this favourite and fashionable watering-place. In 1822 there were only some three or four slated houses in the village. All the others were cottages of the ordinary type which still prevails in the clachans of the Highlands. The glory, indeed, seemed to have departed from the locality. Its ancient castle was

among the things that were, and the countenance of the family of Argyle had long been withdrawn. At the same time the traffic upon the ferry—at one time of considerable consequence—had materially decreased, and the inhabitants generally had great difficulty in ekeing out a miserable existence. Under these circumstances we find Dunoon characterized by a celebrated topographer of the period as "a village falling into decay." Better days, however, were in store for the locality. In 1822 the late James Ewing, Esq., of this city, erected what is called the Castle House in the immediate vicinity of the village. His example was speedily followed by others, and as the facilities of transit were from time to time increased, the village gradually increased and extended, until it has become the splendid assemblage of mingled mansions and cottages, villas and gardens, which, from the passing steamer, now gladdens the eye.

Landing at the wharf, which is situated immediately below the village of Dunoon proper, we at once proceed to the Castle Hill, the most interesting, and at the same time the most commanding position in the neighbourhood. The Castle Hill is a huge green mound, which shoots up from the vicinity of the beach-here somewhat rocky-and which at one period bore upon its summit a stately castellated edifice. From the apex of the hill, a magnificent prospect is obtained. Looking up the Frith, we have extending along the shore the snowy villas of East Bay and Kirn, with Strone, Ardmore, and the Port-Glasgow hills in the distance. Over the Frith extends the Renfrewshire and Ayrshire hills, with Greenock, Gourock, the Cloch, Inverkip, and the Bay of Largs at various points along the shore. Down the Frith stretches the sunny curve of West Bay, and, far beyond, the Isle of Bute, the two Cumbraes and Arran, with the dim rock of Ailsa looming faintly in the blue of distance. The circle of scenery commanded by the Castle Hill of Dunoon is indeed one of vast extent and extreme beauty.

After scanning the surrounding prospect of land and sea, we naturally turn our attention to the objects which lie in our immediate vicinity. The Castle of Dunoon is a complete wreck. Only a few grizzly vestiges remain to indicate its whereabouts. This extreme dilapidation is due not altogether to time and the elements, but partly to the neighbouring villagers, who were in the habit of carrying away large quantities of the stones for building purposes. From the existing fragments it would appear that the structure originally consisted of three massive towers, one looking up the Frith, another facing in the opposite direction, and a third guarding the approach from the land. The only one of these compartments which can be traced with anything like distinctness, is the first, which has been of a circular form. On the side parallel with the Frith the remains of a small entrance or sallyport continue to exist intact. With these few and fragmentary exceptions, the ancient Castle of Dunoon has passed for ever away. It is believed, however, that several apartments exist entire under the external ruins. Might it not be worth the while of the local antiquaries to ascertain whether this is really the case or not? The site of the castle includes altogether about an acre of ground: the breadth of the base of the hill being greater on the side next the Frith than in the rear.

There is abundant historical evidence that there was a dun, or castle, at this spot, as early as the twelfth century, and there is a strong probability that even at an earlier period than that it must have been a place of strength. The Rev. Dr. M'Kay, late minister of this parish, thinks it probable, indeed, that the original fortalice must have been founded in the sixth century, when the Dalriadic colony first settled in Cowal. The lordship of the district was then, and for several centuries afterwards, in the hands of the family of Lamont. It is probable that Dunoon was first erected into a place of strength under their sway: the fragments of the castle which still remain, however, do not

indicate an earlier date than the tnirteenth or fourteenth century. In 1333 Dunoon Castle was besieged and taken by John Baliol. The despicable conduct of this personage in surrendering the kingdom to Edward of England so disgusted and enraged the people of Scotland that they rose in insurrection against him, and ultimately drove him from the country. "Robert the Steward," afterwards King of Scotland, arrived at that period in Cowal, and aided by Colin Campbell of Lochawe, ancestor of the Argyle family, retook the Castle of Dunoon, and put the garrison to the sword. In consideration of the services then rendered by him, Campbell of Lochawe was made hereditary keeper of the castle, and certain lands were assigned to him for the support of his dignity. This was the first footing of the Campbell race in Cowal—the first step towards the degradation and ruin of the Lamonts, hitherto undisputed lords of the soil. From that period the two clans were constantly at feud with each other, until at length the Lamonts were driven from their lands and nearly extirpated. We shall have a dark story to tell of this feud by and by. In 1544 Dunoon Castle was again besieged by the Earl of Lennox, who then aspired to the Regency. By the aid of eighteen vessels and eight hundred soldiers, which he had obtained from Henry VIII. of England, Lennox succeeded in taking the castles of Rothesay and Dunoon. The Earl of Argyle was driven out with considerable loss. In 1563 Dunoon was honoured by a royal visit. Mary Queen of Scots at that period came to the west on a visit to her favourite sister, the Countess of Argyle. On that occasion Mary stayed for some days at Dunoon in the enjoyment of deer-hunting. She also granted charters to some of her vassals in the neighbourhood. How long after that Dunoon Castle continued to be a residence of the Argyle family is not exactly known, but there is reason to believe that it was deserted about the year 1644, when it was the scene of one of the most diabolical tragedies ever enacted in Scotland. So

horrible, indeed, were the atrocities then perpetrated that it was popularly supposed they were immediately followed by a judgment from Heaven.

We have alluded to the lengthened feud which existed between the rival clans of Campbell and Lamont. Their mutual hatred seems to have reached its culminating point in 1646. On that occasion, as we learn from the law records of the day, the Campbells commenced to wage a war of extermination against the Lamont clan. The particulars are set forth in the form of an indictment against the Marquis of Argyle. That nobleman pleaded not guilty, but there can be very little doubt that he was perfectly cognizant of the From the document alluded to it dreadful occurrence. appears that on the — day of June, 1646, a large party of Campbells, commanded by the leading men of the clan, laid siege to the castles of "Towart" and "Escog" (in Bute), then the property of Sir James Lamont. The defenders of both places were forced into a capitulation-the Lamonts agreeing to yield up their places of strength, on the condition, solemnly entered into and ratified, that they should be permitted to depart unscathed. In violation of this engagement, however, the Campbells, to quote the indictment, "did most treacherously, perfidiously, and traitorously fetter and bind the hands of nearly 200 persons of the said Sir James's friends and followers who were comprehended within the said capitulation, detaining them prisoners with a guard, their hands being tied behind their back like thieves, within the said Sir James's house and vards of Towart for the space of several days, in great torment and misery; and in pursuance of their further villany, after robbing and plundering all that was in and around the said house, they most barbarously, cruelly, and inhumanly murdered several persons, young and old; yea, suckling children, some of them not one month old." The indictment then goes on to state that the said persons, defendants, or one or other of them, did, on the day specified, "contrary to said

capitulation, our laws, and Acts of Parliament, most traitorously and perfidiously carry the whole of the people who were in the said houses of Towart and Escog in boats to the village of Dunoon, and there most cruelly, traitorously, perfidiously cause to be hanged upon one tree near the number of thirty-six persons, most of them being special gentlemen of the name of Lamont, and vassals to the said Sir James." The indictment then proceeds to enumerate the parties thus murdered, and goes on to mention others who were likewise "barbarously, inhumanly, and unchristianly murdered with dirks, and cut down with swords and pistols." Among these was "John Jamieson, then Provost of Rothesay, who being shot thrice through the body, yet having still some life left in him, they did thrust several durks and skenes in him, and at last did cut his throat with a long durk." "And to manifest still further cruelty, the assassins did cast some of the aforesaid persons into holes made for them while they were still in life, and spurning and wrestling with their destroyers, until they were suffocated; and having denied to their victims any time to recommend themselves to God, although said murdered persons had earnestly desired and begged for the same." Such are, in brief, the details of this horrible tragedy as they are emphatically recorded in the annals of Scottish crime The massacre of Glencoe itself scarcely exceeds the massacre of Dunoon in cold-blooded cruelty. But we must give the moral of the story, as it affords us a curious glimpse into the superstitious feelings which then pervaded society, and from which not even the courts of law were free. The indictment, after setting forth the details of this wholesale butchery, goes on to state that the cruelty manifested was such, "that the Lord from Heaven did declare His wrath against the same by striking the tree whereon the said Lamonts were hanged in the month of June-it being a lively, fresh-growing ash tree at the kirkyard of Dunoon among many other fresh trees with leaves. The Lord struck the tree immediately thereafter, so that the

whole leaves fell from it, and the tree withered, never bearing leaves thereafter, and remaining so for the space of two years. When being cut down there sprang out of the very heart of the root thereof a spring like unto blood, poppling up, running in several streams over the root; and that for several years thereafter till the said murderers, or their favourers, perceiving that it was remarked by persons of all ranks (resorting there to see the miracle), they did cause howk out the root, covering the whole with earth, which was full of the said matter like blood." After the period of this diabolical transaction the family of Argyle seems to have avoided the Castle of Dunoon. There is no record of their ever again residing here. Probably its associations were anything but agreeable to the descendants of the murderers. There was blood upon the soil, and painful memories were associated with the ancient walls.

> "A cursed spot 'twas called in days of yore; But nothing ails it now—the place is merry."

Time has laid his healing finger over the scene, and few of those who linger on that fresh green mound, or muse among its memorial stones, ever dream that such a red reeking sacrifice was there offered on the altar of feudal revenge.

It has been said that there was at one time a nunnery on the site of the Dunoon parish church, a short distance to the north-east of the Castle Hill. In fact, the name of the locality has been derived by some writers from the alleged establishment. The most learned of local etymologists, however, among whom Dr. M'Kay ranks high, deny the validity of this derivation, and ascribe the name to other roots. The rev. doctor alluded to, an excellent Gaelic scholar, derives it from Dun, a fort, and Aoidh, a stranger or guest,—literally the fort or strength of the strangers. Others derive the name from an ancient Norse warrior, who bore the designation of Owen—Dunowen, the fort or castle of Owen, being, according to this theory, the origin of the term. The conventual root is now generally discarded, and

it is, moreover, denied that there is any vestice of proof that such a community ever existed at the spot. In support of the hypothesis that there was a nunnery here, it has been common to refer to a fine old Gothic window which was discovered in clearing away the ruins of the ancient chapel, part of which composed the church. This, however, proves nothing with regard to a nunnery, as the window alluded to more probably belonged to the place of worship which was attended by the lords and ladies of high degree, who from time to time inhabited the neighbouring castle. In the vicinity of this structure there are several spots which are associated with the fierce days of old. One of these was the Tom-a-mhoid, or "the hill of the court of justice," where the feudal superior of the district held his court in the open air. and in his own rude fashion administered justice. Another is the gallowhill, where in those happy times people were occasionally justified to please the laird. An adjacent field still retains the name of the cuspars, or butts, where the bowmen of Argyle were wont to exercise themselves in archery.

We have glanced at one of the darker associations of Dunoon, and in so doing have conveyed, we dare say, but an indifferent opinion of the manners and customs of the "auld warld" inhabitants of Cowal. The tale we have told -and it is indeed an ower true tale-discloses only one phase, however, of the Highland character. In the pursuit of a family revenge the Highlander was relentless and unswerving as the blood-hound. But at the same time, he was hospitable, brave, and steadfast in the observance of those laws of honour which were dictated by the spirit of clanship. In illustration of this, and in some degree as an antidote to the dreadful tragedy of Dunoon, we shall briefly relate another legend of Cowal. The tourist who visits the headland of Toward, a few miles further down the Frith than Dunoon, but in the same parish, may observe upon the breast of an adjacent hill the ruins of an ancient tower. It

is a solitary, weather-beaten structure of no great extent, but from the thickness of the walls and the position which it commands, it must at one time have been reckoned a place of considerable importance. This is the Castle of Toward; for many generations, as we have previously said, the residence of the Lamonts, lords of Cowal. The family has long since passed away, but their memory still clings like the ivy to the time-honoured walls, and the old people of the district still love to recount around the winter evening fire the daring deeds and the virtuous actions of the departed. One of their legends is to the following effect:—On one occasion the young laird of Cowal went on a visit of friendship to Macgregor of Glenstrae, near Glenorchy. Glenstrae had an only son, nearly of the same age as young Lamont, and the two lads became at once warmly attached to each other. Day after day they engaged in fresh sports and pastimes, until the time of Lamont's return to Toward at length drew near. As a final treat to his friend, the young Macgregor proposed a few days' hunting in the forest. This was rapturously agreed to, and with a numerous party of retainers they went forth to chase the deer. At the end of the first day they found themselves at a considerable distance from Glenstrae, and it was resolved to pass the night in one of the mountain caves. A fire was accordingly lighted, a supper of venison prepared, and that having been disposed of, the party began to discuss the flasks of mountain dew with which they were abundantly provided. A brisk flow of conversation was the natural consequence. Old clan legends were related, old clan grievances were alluded to, and old clan feuds were sternly remembered. At length a difference occurred between young Lamont and his friend Macgregor. Words rose high; and the lie having been given in anger, blows succeeded. Young Macgregor fell mortally wounded, under the sword or the dirk of the indignant Lamont. The latter for safety at once betook himself to flight, to escape the vengeance of the enraged Macgregors.

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In an unknown country, and without the aid of daylight, he knew not where to go. Hurrying along, he espied a light, and making for it, he did not discover where he was until he found himself in the very house and presence of the man whom he had that night rendered childless. agitation of the youth, and the blood-stained arms which he bore, but too clearly revealed to the old man what had occurred. To his honour, be it said, he constrained his feelings of anguish, and assured his trembling and excited guest that in that house he was safe for the night. As a guest, his person was sacred. On the arrival of the infuriated retainers of Macgregor, they would have torn young Lamont to pieces. He was protected from their fury, however, by the noble but heart-stricken old man. At the dead hour of night the Laird of Toward heard a gentle knock at his chamber door. On opening it he was accosted by Glenstrae himself, who told him, as he valued his life, to follow him in quietness. Stealing out unobserved, Macgregor conducted the unhappy young man over moor and mountain, from Glenstrae to the castle of Dun-da-Ramh, on Lochfyne. A boat was at once found, and having been launched and made ready for sailing. the old chief, addressing his late guest—the stabber of his only son-said: "Go, young man; go, as if the avenger of blood was at your back; when you are in your own country and among your own people — beware of the Macgregor revenge!" The boat put off, and soon reached the opposite shore, from whence it was no difficult matter for Lamont to find his way home. Years passed away, and still the price of blood was unclaimed. The Macgregors came not to Toward to avenge their murdered kinsman. The truth was, that poor Glenstrae had more than enough to do in his own country. Powerful and rapacious neighbours had resolved to effect his ruin. By these he was ultimately not only bereft of all his lands and possessions, but, under the pretext of his having offended justice, he was compelled to flee for his life. Alone, unfriended, and in danger of perish-

ing, he bethought himself of Lamont of Cowal, and resolved to seek his protection. Arriving at Toward, and telling his sad tale, he was most heartily welcomed. Old Macgregor never afterwards left the shelter of that hospitable roof until he was carried thence to the neighbouring burying-ground. For years he lived the guest of Lamont, forgiving the injury he had received at his hands, while the repentant host not only rejoiced in the absolution thus received, but in the power which he possessed of in some degree repaying the kindness and protection he had formerly experienced at the hands of his venerable guest. On the lands of Toward-now in other hands than those of the Lamonts—there are still to be seen a few faint vestiges of an ancient chapel, which in its day was dedicated to the service of the Virgin Mary. The edifice was originally surrounded by a tiny field of graves. All traces of this have nearly passed away. It is a quiet, a lovely, and a secluded spot; just the very kind of spot, indeed, where, "after life's fitful fever," one could wish to sleep. In this green nook are laid the bones of old Glenstrae, and until lately—we know not how it is now—the old people of the district could point out the very grave.

But to return. The modern village of Dunoon—for scarcely a vestige of the old one remains—is situated immediately behind the Castle Hill; which is separated from it, however, by the garden and lawns of the Castle House. The most prominent feature in the village is the parish church—a very handsome edifice in the modern Gothic style, which was erected in 1816 in the place of an older and less convenient structure. It occupies the highest site in the village, and, as the tower is one of somewhat stately proportions, it produces a most imposing effect, whether seen from the water or from any of the commanding points in the vicinity. The village itself, apart from the scenery around, presents but few claims to particular notice. Architecturally, it is of no great mark or likelihood, while the various streets and thoroughfares are apparently laid off

without any regular plan or arrangement. Still it contains many snug houses, and many comfortable inns and places of refreshment, and many shops which would even do credit to our metropolitan city. All the comforts and conveniences of the "Sautmarket," indeed, are congregated at this favourite and fashionable watering-place. Then there is a perfect abundance of churches. All the leading sects of the country, from ultra-Presbyterianism to Puseyism, have their places of worship here. On a Sabbath day, when the kirk bells are ringing, the streets and thoroughfares indeed are quite as throng as the main channels of our own church-

going city.

The most beautiful portion of Dunoon, to our taste, is that which fringes the West Bay. East Bay and Kirn, which extend from the pier towards the Holy Loch, have doubtless their own particular advantages and charms. Many of the houses are beautiful exceedingly—beautiful in their architectural features—beautiful in their environment of garden and lawn-and beautiful, above all, in their farextended command of land and sea. Still our memory looks ever back with most pleasure to that sunniest, most sheltered, and sweetest snatch of the coast line, which stretches westward from the pier, and which in the Admiralty charts is set down as Balgay Bay. Passing westwards after leaving the "heart of the town," we find ourselves skirting a long strip of gently curved beach-mingled gravel and sandextending from the rocky projection at the base of the Castle Hill to a range of wooded heights, about half-a-mile to the west. This is Balgay Bay, or West Bay, as it is locally called, and a more cheerful picture than it now presents we could not desire to look upon. The bay is all alive with yachts and fishing-boats passing too and fro, and dancing merrily on the brine. Along the foaming margin of the Frith, merry groups of children are scattered, gathering shells, or playing with the advancing waves; while the promenade is thronged with people, young and old, rejoicing

in the sunshine and in the freshness of the salt sea breeze. How gay the combination of colours in that stream of rustling and fluttering female attire! and how gorgeous the general effect of those mingled greens and reds and blues and purples, as their fair wearers are loitering lazily, but gracefully, along! Verily, it is a scene to dream of. And then the charming cottages and villas and mansions which overlook that beautiful West Bay. Peeping through the foliage and the flowers, by which each separate and individual residence is begirt, how delicious are the glimpses of social enjoyment which we obtain! At one door-step we can see a happy mother—rich above measure in her children -enjoying herself, as she imagines, unseen among her little ones. Through another loophole pater-familias is discovered playing the boy once more with a boy of lesser growth, whom it is his pride to call his own. In one place we can see age looking complacently on the recreations of youth; in another the arm of manhood lending aid to the broken reed. The loud laugh of animal enjoyment greets us at one turn, and the soft murmur of saddest affection at another. lattice reveals a fair face embowered in bloom-another pours forth a gush of music, which makes richer even the rich breath of the summer noon; and a third exhibits an old maid—we are quite sure she is an old maid—fondling a parrot of gaudiest red and green, while a favourite cat of brightest tortoiseshell looks quietly but enviously on. Flora seems to love the West Bay, and has poured her choicest favours upon it. The lilac has lost its purple blossoms in the burning sun of July, and the fine gold of the laburnum has waxed dim; but on every lawn the fuschia is one mass of mingled red and purple and green, while the cottages are all wreathed in roses, and the garden borders are all redolent of richest odour and bloom. The very houses here have floral designations. As we pass along, we observe duly engraved on the respective gateways and portals such sentimental titles as "Gowanbank," "Gowanbrae."

"Rosebank," "Lilyknowe," and countless other designations of sweet-smelling suggestiveness.

Nor are Flora's favours to Dunoon confined to the gardens and lawns of either East or West Bay. The treasures which she youchsafes to these sunny and sheltered nooks are treasures vouchsafed to art and industry, but over all these hills, and in the recesses of these woods, and along the projections and indentations of these shores, full many a wild uncultured geni is scattered. The botanist, indeed, has fine scope for the exercise of his vocation in the vicinity of Dunoon. He may not find much that is peculiarly rare, but if he treads in the footsteps of Hooker, who scanned these districts with a careful and an observant eye, he will not fail in obtaining his reward. Sir William Jackson Hooker lived, when professor in Glasgow, for several summers at Sandbank on the Holy Loch. During this time he seems to have devoted special attention to the vegetation of the neighbourhood. result of his inquiries were communicated to the Rev. Dr. M'Kay of Dunoon and Kilmun, who published them in his statistical account of the united parishes. As being much more complete than anything that we could ourselves furnish, we shall here extract the document, omitting the majority of the jaw-breaking Latin names.

"The geological structure, which is known so well to exert a considerable influence on vegetation, being but little varied throughout the parish as a whole, its botany may be supposed to have no very great diversity. The hills, though rising to a height approaching to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, are not sufficiently lofty to produce the rarer species of Scotch alpine plants, yet several plants do occur which are highly interesting to the botanist.

"The sea-shore affords two plants that cannot fail to strike the attention of one who walks upon the sandy or shingly portion of the beach between Dunoon and Toward. The first is the yellow-horned poppy, with its large yellow blossoms and singular seed-vessels; the other, a plant indeed

peculiar to northern coasts, is the sea-side Gromwell. It sends forth from a perennial central root a number of procumbent stems clothed with bright, purplish, blue flowers, and fleshy leaves of a sca-green colour, observed to possess a flavour, when eaten fresh, exactly similar to that of oysters. The scurvy-grass, and the grass wrack, so much employed in the Hebrides, Orkneys, and Iceland, for stuffing birds, are also common on the beach. Moist and marshy grounds present us with the pale butterwort, a species first found in Portugal, whence its specific name, and which has since been ascertained to be a native of the western side of England, Wales, and Scotland; while, strange to say, it grows nowhere in the interior of our island, nor can it be discovered on the eastern coast. It yields in beauty to the common butterwort, but its rarity recommends it to the plant collector. In the same kind of localities is found the gipsywort; the black bog rush; the curious and minute thyme-leaved flax-seed, which latter grows at Toward Point; Myosotis palustris, with its turquoise-coloured blossoms, which is the true 'forget me not;' brook-weed; marsh-violet; the grass of parnassus, affording a beautiful example of nectaries, or honey-bearing glands in a flower; the long-leaved sun-dew; the great bilberry, or bog whortleberry, of which the fruit is large and esculent, and the foliage used by the Icelanders, mixed with the alpine club moss, to produce a yellow dye for woollen stuffs; the yellow mountain saxifrage; the largeflowered bitter cress, in the glen near Mr. Malcolm's beautiful villa in the vicinity of Dunoon; the marsh dandelion. Also, among orchideous plants, the early purple orchis; marsh orchis; and spotted orchis; and butterfly habenaria, with its deliciously-scented flowers, which, with many other creamcoloured, or pale greenish-white blossoms, become more fragrant on the approach of evening; and lastly, as preeminently indicating a moist and boggy soil, may be mentioned the sweet gale, or Dutch myrtle, the badge of the clan Campbell, a shrub remarkable for the aromatic fragrance of its foliage, which, together with the elasticity of its young twigs, recommended it for beds among the people of the Highlands,—

'Gale from the bog shall waft Arabian balm.'

Fresh water pools and minor lakes in the parish yield the marsh and water speedwells. There, too, is the water-lily, and nowhere, perhaps, in greater profusion and loveliness than in the loch of Dunloskin, on the Hafton estate, near Dunoon. Its roots are used in different parts of Scotland for producing a black, or deep purple dye; the bladderwort, its leaves furnished with little vesicles or bladders. by a beautiful provision of nature, are filled with air during the summer season, when the plant rises to the surface of the water, and expands its flowers in the free atmosphere. Afterwards the air escapes from these vesicles, and the plant by its own specific gravity, then sinks to the bottom of the water, there to ripen its seeds. This interesting and beautiful production is found in pools near the Bull-wood, westward of the village of Dunoon. The water lobelia abounds in Locheck. Its leaves are constantly submerged. If these leaves are cut through transversely, they will be seen to be each of them composed of two parallel tubes, like a doublebarrelled gun-a structure not known to exist in any other plant.' In the same lake, and always near the shore, may be seen in profusion the plantain shore-weed, matting the edge of the water with its velvety green tufts.

"Dry and open banks and fields are adorned with the poor man's weather-glass (Anagallis arvensis); the common centaury (Erythræ Centaurium), and field gentian (Gentiana campestris), both of which are remarkable for their powerfully bitter principle, and may be safely used as stomachies; the bistort or snakeweed (Polygonum bistorta), and viviparous alpine bistort (P. viviparum), in more mountainous situations; the awl-shaped spurrey (Spergula subulata); the smooth field pepper-weed (Lepidium Smithii); the trailing and upright St. John's wort; the charming sweet-scented

gymnadenia; the green and the white habenaria; and, finally, the common and the heart-leaved twayblade.

"Stone walls afford sufficient nourishment for the pellitory of the wall, especially at Achenwillin, and at the old Castle of Toward. The stamens of this plant are of a most curious structure, jointed and elastic, so that in fine warm weather they may be seen, as the buds expand, to unroll themselves with a jerk, and scatter little clouds of pollen or fertilizing dust to a considerable distance. The wall pennywort is nourished in the same situations.

"Woods and coppies, especially if moist, produce the common and alpine enchanter's nightshade; the daffodil is seen on banks near Dunoon, apparently wild; and the lesser winter green and the tutsan grow at Kilmun and Ardentinny.

"In rocky places are observed the northern bedstraw, and, among the hills, the mountain sorrel, whose leaves have an agreeable acid taste; also the stone bramble. The higher mountains of the parish, such as Benmore, not being of sufficient elevation to hold out the prospect of a rich harvest of alpine plants to the botanist, have not been examined with the attention which they perhaps deserve. But the following alpine productions may be mentioned: the dwarf cornel; procumbent Sibbaldia, which is named in honour of Robert Sibbald, who wrote a natural history of Scotland so early as the closing part of the seventeenth century, and who then published a figure of this plant; spiked mountain woodrush; the purple mountain saxifrage, a lovely flower, well adapted for adorning artificial rockwork; the alpine rasp or cloudberry, which bears a beautiful and finely-flavoured large orange berry; the alpine meadowrue; the rose-root; and lastly, the least alpine willow, a genus of which many of the kinds possess an arborescent character, while the present miniature species, of which little forests, if they may be so called, are seen clothing considerable patches of the otherwise bare grounds on the

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highest summit of Benmore, only attains the height of one or two inches, yet bears its leaves, its calkins, and its flowers, as perfect as those of its brethren in the willow tribe, which, on our plains and valleys, constitute real trees.

DUNCON.

"The nature of the soil, the moist rocks, and shady glens of the parish are highly favourable to the growth of cryptogamic plants, particularly of ferns, which, in the form, and structure, and colour of the foliage, far exceed the flowering plants."

After a brief period of refreshment and repose in the house of a most hospitable and genial friend at West Bay, we proceed, well on in the afternoon, to scale the heights adjacent to the locality. Skirting the bay to its western extremity, where it receives the waters of a small rivulet called the Balgay or Baggy Burn, we cross at a bridge, and turn inland. The burn, near its embouchure, and for a considerable distance upwards, is somewhat romantic in its features, passing through a deep rocky channel, over craggy shelves and large boulders with considerable force and velocity. An artistic eye might even pick up an effective sketch or two along this portion of the burn.

Passing some old Highland cottages of the most primitive stamp, we begin to ascend the hill, making our way slowly and deviously through a dense mass of whins or furze, by which, at this point, the slope is encumbered. A couple of girls whom we meet coming down, are fairly brought to a pause by the jaggy barrier, and compelled to execute a flank movement of considerable extent to insure the salvation of their muslins. Such a rencounter with the lasses, and the locality where it occurs, by a natural association of ideas, brings us in mind of our good friend, Mr. William Cross, one of the best-hearted and most gentle men living, and a poet of no every-day character. But why should a rencounter with a lassie, or a couple of lasses, bring Mr. Cross into our heads? Because Mr. Cross, as we learn from a very pretty song which he wrote some years ago, seems also to have

foregathered with a bonnie lass among the braes aboun Dunoon; and, unlike ourselves—the most blate of men—to have made his way at once into her best graces. But we must let the poet tell his own tale, or rather we shall sing it for him,—

"Amang the braes aboon Dunoon, In vernal May's delightfu' weather, I met at e'en a bonnie lass Alane amang the blooming heather.

"A hame-spun gown and westlin plaid
Was dress enough, she had nac ither,
But blithe and comely was her face,
And light her step amang the heather.

"I spake her fair, and speert her name;
To tell me true she didna swither,
But modestly she hung her head,
And blush'd as red's the blooming heather.

"A bonnie lass and free-han'd lad Maun hae a crack when they foregather, Sae down we sat beside a burn That whimpled through the blooming heather.

"We spake o' kirks, we spake o' fairs, The sprouting corn, the bonnie weather; O' everything we talk'd but love, Though love was a' our thoughts thegither.

"Could I keep still my louping heart, Or ae word right put to anither, When for my ain I tried to claim The bonnic lass amang the heather?

"Ah no! though lang I ettled sair, My tongue could never slip the tetler, But weel the lassie guess'd my mind That night amang the blooming heather.

"The balmy air, the glowing sky,
The thymey sod, the blooming heather,
And sic an angel by my side—
I trow 'twas heaven and a' thegither!

"The night grew late before we wist, It took us hours to part wi' ither; And now she's mine, the bonnie lass That staw my heart amang the heather."

And now our way is onward and upward. A brief speel brings us to the height of our ambition, which, after all, is but of moderate elevation. Sitting down upon a heathery knoll, we have Dunoon in all its length and all its breadth laid down as in a plan beneath us. We can trace every individual edifice, and range of edifices, from the pretty

little Gothic church in miniature, on the green terrace above the Balgay Burn, to the far away villas of Kirn and Hafton. The Frith also is spread out before us, with all its glorious landscape boundaries; all its towns, and villages, and castles, and mansions scattered "hereabouts, or far awa." As we sit, the evening sun goes gradually down in the west. is hidden from our ken by the intervening hills. To us he is set. But down the huge gap of a mountain glen, he still pours his golden favours on Dunoon and across the Frith upon the snowy turret of the Cloch. From beyond Toward, another stream of radiance goes slanting to the Ayrshire and Renfrewshire hills, tinging the mountain mists and the overhanging clouds with gold, so that the eye cannot distinguish the boundary line between the heaven which is above and the earth which is beneath. Down, slowly down, the orb continues to sink. We can see the glory departing from Dunoon—the smile of day growing more faint upon the hills of Largs. At length the town is in shade, and we can trace the slow and silent progress of the gloaming up the spire of the church, up the old Castle Hill, and up the far away hills. At length all is over-the last faint farewell beam has vanished .-

> "So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies, All that this world is proud of."

As we slowly wend our downward way, the gray of evening begins to gather thick, and ere we find the friendly portal of our kindly host, the one sweet star of eve has begun to brighten in the blue,—

"Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale..."

and West Bay shall ever be dear to our memory for the gorgeous lunar spectacle which she brings to our ken. We have many a time and oft seen the pale face of Luna reflected in river and lake and sea; we have many a time and oft, at midnight's silent hour, paused to gaze upon the ripple of quivering gold which seemed to flow from that

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silver luminary upon the brow of night; but on no previous occasion have we been privileged to witness so striking a lunar spectacle as that which greets our eve from the window of our friend's cottage. From the Cowal shore an immense column of tremulous light stretches skinkling away in a slanting direction athwart the Frith, to the distant shore of Cumbrae, where it swells out into what seems a proportionate capital. As we gaze enraptured upon it, it gradually assumes new forms and dimensions; now it is like a vast trumpet of gold-again it is a candlestick of living silver; anon it is richly fretted with projecting circlets, and again assumes the form of a huge and well-proportioned pillar. For hours we sit and gaze upon it, and mark the strange weird effect which is produced as the dark hulls of passing boats and vessels glide athwart that glorious bridge of light. Sleep, however, creeps upon us as we gaze, and we go to bed to dream of Jacob's ladder and other celestial phenomena. We awake next morning with a vivid remembrance of the scene, and a firm persuasion that we shall not soon be privileged to look upon its like again.

The walk along the shore from Dunoon to Innellan-a distance of about four miles—is one of great beauty. On the landward side the view is somewhat circumscribed by the hills, which approach closely to the shore, and which are generally fringed along the base by a thriving stripe of copsewood. Seaward the prospect is magnificent and constantly changing - Bute, the Cumbraes, and Arran, swimming successively into view, and enriching the bosom of the expanding Frith. Innellan is one of the most modern of our watering-places, and one of the most attractive. It may be said, indeed, to be an offshoot of Dunoon; and if building goes on as rapidly for the next, as it has done for the last few years, we may yet expect to see them united into one lengthened community. Already there are intervening links springing up along the shore, in the shape of detached cottages and villas. Of course, as a thing of vesterday, Innellan has no tale to tell. It is, however, a charming locality. The hills rise more abruptly from the beach, however, than at Dunoon, and the neighbourhood consequently presents fewer facilities for inland rambling. It is also more exposed to the sharp winds of spring and winter, and to the fierce heats of summer and autumn, than Innellan possesses a commodious pier, and includes among its numerous handsome edifices a spacious hotel in the castellated style of architecture, which presents quite an imposing appearance when viewed from the water. There are some splendid walks and drives in the vicinity of Innellan, every turn and winding of which brings some new beauty-some fresh combination of the loveliness of land and sea-into the ken of the delighted spectator. Possessing so many advantages and privileges, so many conveniences and so many comforts, there is every probability that Innellan will continue, as it has hitherto done. to flourish and extend with all due rapidity.

## LOCHFINE AND INVERARY.

OUR favourite route to Lochfine and the metropolis of Argyleshire—the head-quarters of the Macallum More—is by Lochgoilhead. From this locality—itself the very home of nature's grandeur—there is an excellent road, some eight miles in length, up Glengoil and through the grim jaws of Hell's Glen, to St. Catharine's, on the shores of Lochfine, immediately opposite Inverary. The tourist who has leisure, and who loves to linger occasionally in contemplation of the wildering beauties of highland landscape, may be recommended to perform the journey on foot; but those who find a pleasure in the study of character, and who would learn the traditional associations of the surrounding country. ought by all means to imitate our example, and while patronising the coach, to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. John Campbell, the driver. In that case we can promise them a treat. Mr. Campbell is the very beau ideal of his profession; the genuine type of a race which, in these days of railways and steamers, is fast becoming extinct. A surer hand never managed the ribbons, a more dexterous never touched the flank of an obstreperous leader. "Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

But we must introduce our readers more particularly to our friend John. The steamer has reached her destination, and is "blowing off" lustily alongside the wharf, while the silence of many an adjoining glen is disturbed by the earpiercing yell of the funnel. A stream of impatient passengers, with baskets, and bags, and bundles, are hurrying ashore, and we, a waif upon the current, are borne helplessly

along. Adjacent to the wharf is stationed a coach and four. awaiting its chances of a freight. This is the St. Catharine's coach; and duly at his post, handing in passengers, stowing away luggage, and making all things ship-shape, is the guardian spirit of the vehicle. John Campbell is a capital specimen of the Celt—about the prime of life, stout, brawny. and well built—with a gash, weather-beaten countenance, a well-formed and well-developed head, and a pair of deep blue eyes, from which a pair of "laughing imps" seem to be ever on the out-look for something capable of being twisted into fun. A low-crowned felt, a light-coloured waterproof, -(the day threatens rain) - and a pair of good, stout, thicksoled shoes, form the leading features of the outer man. After a few minutes' bustle and preparation, John takes his seat, seizes the reins, and, with a scientific flourish of the whip, sets his steeds into motion. Away goes the machine in capital style-and away goes the tongue of the driver in a running fire of humorous remark, of anecdote, and repartee. Now he is bandying words with some passing pedestrian again he is hitting off some happy sketch of character-Frenchman, Cockney, braid Scot, or Hielanman, all come alike to John; and anon he is telling some tale of the olden time associated with the neighbouring mountains and glens. Every hill and ravine is to him an old acquaintance; every shieling and every farm a familiar study. Every mountain and every mountain stream he knoweth by name; and he can tell the landscape tourist to a yard where the best prospects are to be obtained. No passenger, indeed, ever wearies on the way with John Campbell. And then he is a thorough patriot-a genuine warm-hearted Highlanderever ready to defend his countrymen, and prepared, when any paltry, pernickity Southron talks contemptuously of "the creatures who live in these 'ere uts," to show

> "That buirdly men and strappin" hizzies Were reared in sic a way as this is."

"Ay, mem," says John Campbell one day to an English

lady, "it has frequently been in sich huts as these that the men wha win your battles, and wha navigate your seas, have been born and brocht up. In sich huts you'll find as honest men and as bonnie lasses as the kintra can boast. Hamely and humble as they look, these huts are rich in the kindliest affections of human nature—in the best materials of poetry; and to prove what I am saying, I'll repeat to ye, if you like, mem, twa-three verses that were written by a bit callant who was born and bred in sic' another shieling as that weatherworn thing before us—

## "THE FIVE SHILLING FEE.

- "My mither was wae, for my father was deid,
  And they'd threatened to tak' the auld house ower our head;
  Her earnings were sma', and the meal it grew dear;
  I was auldest or five, and could whiles see the tear,
  As she cam hame at night, glist'ning bright in her een—
  Half hid, as if 't didna jist wish to be seen.
  I saidna a word, but my heart it wad ache,
  And I wished I was big for my puir mither's sake.
- "The farmers around wanted herds for their kye, And my mither she said she had ane that wad try; I trembled, I mind, half in fear, half in joy, When a farmer ca'd in jist to look at the boy. He bade me stand up, and he thought I was wee, But my frank honest face, he said, pleased his e'e, He wad tak' me and try me ae half year to se, For a pair o' new shoon and a five shilling fee.
- "Oh! we were glad to hear tell o't—a bargain was struck, And he gied us a saxpence o' arles for gude luck. My trousers and jacket were patched for the day, And my mither convoyed me a lang mile o' way, Wi' charges and warnings 'gainst a' sorts o' crime, And rules she laid doon, I thought hard at the time. Though the kye should rin wrang, I was never to lee, Though they sent me awa, 'thout my shoon or my fee.
- "Sae I set to my wark, and I pleased richt weel—
  At a wave o' the hand I was aff like an eel.
  But my troubles cam' on, for the fences were bad,
  And the midsummer flies gart the cattle rin mad;
  Or the cauld blashy weather, sair drenched wi' the rain,
  Till wee thoughts o' leevin' wad steal through my brain;
  But wi' courage I aye dashed the tear frae my e'e,
  When I thought on my shoon and my five shilling fee!
- "Syne the lang looked-for Martinmas cam' wi' my store, And proudly I counted it twenty times o'er; Though years since are fled, in a fortunate train, I never have flet such a rapture again. Not the sailor, when safe through the breakers he's steer'd, Not Waterloo's victor when Blucher appeared, Ere felt what I felt, when I placed on the knee Of a fond-hearted mither my five shilling fee!"

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and by the time John Campbell had concluded his recitation, the English lady was in tears, and, of course, not at all inclined to resume the argument. There is, indeed, a strong dash of simple pathos in the verses—a something that finds its way to the heart and compels the tribute of a sympathetic tear. More especially is this the case when they flow in all earnestness and simplicity from the lips of John Campbell. A more effective bit of recitation-a more truthful touch of the grace which goes beyond the reach of art, we have never heard, and we envy not their feelings who could listen to it unmoved. And who is the author of the verses? That we cannot answer. We had a shrewd suspicion that they might have been from John's own pen. He denies the soft impeachment, however, and ascribes them to some humble Dumfriesshire poet. Of course, in the absence of other information, we must accept his word.

While we are talking of Mr. Campbell, however, that worthy individual and his four good steeds are dashing merrily on their prescribed way. We have left Glengoil, with its wide-spreading haughs and many-winding stream, behind; we have skirted the precipitous ravines and scaled the steep acclivities of the glen with the ominous name, and, crossing the intervening ridge, we are bearing rapidly down hill into the vast mountain basin of Lochfine. The prospect which now opens upon our gaze is one of the most spacious and picturesque description. Before us, over a green and fertile slope, is the glittering bosom of the loch, fretted with boats at rest or in motion, with the town and Castle of Inverary on the further shore, embosomed in finely-wooded hills, and gleaming beautifully in the midday sun. To parody the song of another island,

"Thy town, Inverary, it shines where it stands, And the more I think of it the more my heart warms."

To the left the water stretches away round the wooded hills of Furnace, and to the right between the castled promontory of Dun-da-ramh and the shadowy slopes of Ardkinlas, towards Cairndow and the unseen opening of Glenfyne. Brief space, however, is afforded us to scan the varied and ever-varying features of the landscape. We are now, to borrow a line from Burns,

## "Gaun down hill screivin' Wi rattlin' speed;"

and after an exhilarating sweep through fields of everincreasing fertility, we are speedily brought to a pause in front of the comfortable looking hostelry of St. Catharine's. Of this establishment, our friend John Campbell is proprietor, and we can assure those who happen to pass that way, that there is no lack of the creature comforts within its walls, whether in the shape of good substantial solids, or in the more ethereal form of the inspiring mountain dew.

We have referred to Mr. Campbell as the prince of drivers, as a fellow of infinite jest, witty himself, and the cause of wit in others, and also as the hospitable landlord of St. Catharine's Inn; we have, in addition, to mention him, before parting, as a practical philanthropist, a friend to the cause of education. In the locality where he is a resident, there has hitherto been no proper school—the pursuit of knowledge being only possible under the greatest difficulties. Mr. Campbell resolved to provide a remedy. For this purpose he instituted a subscription, to which he generously contributed a season's drawings in his capacity of coachdriver. He was aided in the good work by some of the neighbouring gentry, and by some of his more publicspirited neighbours. Ultimately a good round sum was realized, and a grant having in addition been obtained from government, the project is now in the process of being carried into effect. The foundation-stone was laid with masonic honours early in the present summer, and the edifice is now nearly completed. Education will thus be brought within the reach of many poor children who might otherwise have been brought up as ignorant as the

stirks upon their native hills. Children yet unborn will have reason to remember with gratitude the name of John Campbell.

But the ferry-boat is getting up her steam, and we must make our way on board. A curious cobble of a thing is the said ferry-boat, being as broad nearly as she is long, and in fact bearing a greater likeness to a tub than to any other kind of vessel with which we are acquainted. The original "Comet" of Henry Bell must have been a perfect model of marine architecture in comparison. The proprietor, whoever he is, might, we are persuaded, make a good thing of it by exhibiting the nondescript at a penny a-head at the Broomielaw. But,

"Eirich agus tugin, O!
Eirich agus tugin, O!
Eirich agus tugin, O!
Farewell to sweet St. Catharine's;"

and a kind farewell to thee, thou brawny, buirdly, mirthinspiring son of the reins and the whip. Long may you face unscathed the sunbeam and the blast, and long may your merry, manly voice, and your genial smile, enliven the pilgrim in you glen that ought to be nameless to ears polite. After a world of sputter and fuss, we are fairly under weigh. and churning with a kind of spasmodic energy athwart the bosom of Lochfine. There is a pretty stiff breeze ahead, and it seems rather doubtful at first whether the passage of three miles is a practicable feat for our indomitable steam-tub. Several times she seems on the very brink of a whommle. Slowly, and with many an awkward hobble, however, she gains upon the adverse wind. In something less than an hour she manages to grapple with the pier; and thanking our lucky stars, we step on terra firma to meet with a Highland welcome from an expectant friend in the capital of the Campbells.

Lochfine is an arm of the sea extending in a north-westerly direction from the Frith of Clyde, between the isles of Arran and Bute to Glenfine—a distance altogether of about

thirty-two miles. Its average breadth is from four to five miles, though occasionally it is much more contracted, and in some places it expands to a breadth of not less than twelve miles. Inverary is situated on the margin of a spacious bay, about five miles from the head of the loch. Its situation is one of great beauty. On the landward side the hills seem to retire, as it were, to make way for two lovely mountain streams, which here find their way to the ocean. These streams are the Aray and the Shira, each flowing down a glen of the same name, and within a short distance of each other, mingling their waters with the loch. It is to the former of these streams that the locality is indebted for its name—the word "Inverary" literally signifying a spacious or fertile tract of land at the mouth of the river Aray. In this sense the term is most appropriately descriptive. From the breast of the loch the scenery of the locality is peculiarly grand. Sir Walter Scott, in the Legend of Montrose gives the redoubtable Captain Dalgetty an opportunity of studying the landscape features of the spot. He says-"Embarked on the bosom of Lochfine, Captain Dalgetty might have admired one of the grandest scenes which nature affords. He might have noticed the rival rivers, Aray and Shira, which pay tribute to the loch, each issuing from its own dark and wooded retreat. might have marked on the soft and gentle slope that ascends from the shore the noble old Gothic castle, with its varied outline, embattled walls, towers, and outer and inner courts, which, so far as the picturesque is concerned, presented an aspect much more striking than the present massive and uni-He might have admired those dark woods, form mansion. which for many a mile surrounded this strong and princely dwelling, and his eye might have dwelt on the picturesque peak of Dunnaquoich, starting abruptly from the lake, and raising its scathed brow into the mists of middle sky; while a solitary watch-tower, perched on its top like an eagle's nest, gave dignity to the scene, by awakening a sense of possible danger.

All these, and every other accompaniment of the noble scene, Captain Dalgetty might have marked, if he had been so minded." The worthy soldier of fortune seems, however, to have cared for none of these things. Pay and provender were more congenial, we dare say, to his mercenary soul than the picturesque. So far as the natural features of the scene are concerned, there has been but little change since the days of Dalgetty's embassy to Argyle. The everlasting hills remain unchanged; the woods continue to wave for miles and miles in the blast; and the Aray and the Shira cease not to murmur on their respective courses to the sea. In other respects there have been many and material changes. In the good old times it was necessary that the chief and the vassal should be near to each other. They were mutually dependent; and the castle of the chief was generally closely girt, as with a wall of defence, by the humbler dwellings of his kinsmen. So it was at Inverary. The old castle was situated near the embouchure of the river, and the original village clustered in its immediate neighbourhood. In process of time, and as their aid became less valuable, the neighbourhood of the vassals became obnoxious to the haughty Argyles. The village, which had been raised to the dignity of a royal burgh in 1648, by Charles II., then a prisoner in Carisbrook, was accordingly demolished in 1742, when the present town was commenced. Shortly thereafter -namely, in 1745—the old castle was doomed to demolition. About that time the present ducal residence, which lies at a considerable distance from the site of its predecessor, was commenced, and in a few years thereafter it was ready for occupation.

The modern town of Inverary is of no great extent. In fact, we were somewhat disappointed, on our approach, to find it of such diminutive size. As a county town, and the seat of a Justiciary Court, it had always loomed largely in our imagination, and in such a case it is disagreeable to be undeceived. The town consists chiefly of one street, run-

ning east and west, near the centre of which stands the church—a handsome structure—and a row of houses which look towards the adjoining bay. The houses are for the most part plain two-storeved edifices, laid off at right angles, and generally covered with slate. The general aspect of the place is clean and tidy, but suggestive of formality and constraint, as if it had been awed into something like starched manners by the proximity of the castle. We never liked those pet towns—those creations of a great man's phantasy -which are laid down by square and rule, and in which architectural grace is so sadly "cabined, cribbed, confined." Dearer to our eye is the auld warld village, that hangs as it grew, and which, in spite of all its "heids and its thraws, its heichts and its howes," is steeped in the very spirit of the picturesque. The principal edifices in Inverary are the County Buildings and the Court Houses, the church, and an inn of truly palatial dimensions and character. It was at this place, it will be remembered, that Dr. Samuel Johnson, the Ursa Major of English literature, and his obsequious lickspittle, James Boswell, put up on their return from the famous tour to the Hebrides. Johnson was delighted with his reception at the inn. "He owned," says Boswell, "that he got as good a room and bed as at an English inn." Boswell also says, "the prospect of good accommodation cheered us much. We supped well; and after supper Dr. Johnson called for a gill of whisky. 'Come,' said he, 'let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy.' He drank it all but a drop, which," continues Bozzy, "I begged him to pour into my glass, that I might say we had drunk whisky together." Boswell, although he knew he was unwelcome, thrust himself into the castle, and got himself very properly snubbed for his pains. To Dr. Johnson the Duke and Duchess were particularly civil. They stroked his bearship by the hair, and sent him away growling as melodiously as any sucking dove. We have another pilgrim in our memory who went away from the inn at Inverary in a less amiable mood. That pilgrim was Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet; the man whose name, above all others, Scotland delights to cherish. After a hard day's riding on a mare of the most sorry description, he sought rest and refreshment at the inn. A party of gentlemen, on a visit to the Duke of Argyle, however, usurped the whole attention and services of the establishment. Burns was nobody, and Burns was, of course, neglected. He took his revenge by writing the following lines upon one of the windows of the inn:—

"Whoe'er he be, who sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless hes come to wait upon
The Lord their God his grace;
There's nacthing here but Highland pride,
But Highland cauld and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here
"Twas surely in his anger,"

Immediately adjacent to the town are the spacious and most beautiful pleasure grounds of His Grace of Argyle. They embrace every variety of scenery-green lawn and leafy dell; far-extending avenues of densest shade, and mountain summits towering to the sky. For days and days the pensive wanderer may linger here within the canopy of melancholy boughs, now listening to the murmur of the mountain streams or the sweet voices of the summer birds, and anon from the loophole of some sequestered and sylvan retreat enjoying the beauty of the neighbouring loch and its splendid amphitheatre of hills. Single trees there are of such stately proportions and of such impressing presence that one could almost doff their hat to them in natural obeisance. There are specimens of oak and elm, of larch and lime and sycamore, which would have rejoiced the eye of a Gilpin or an Evylyn, and which are perfect studies of sylvan grace and There are three great avenues, cathedral-like in loveliness. their dimensions and in their shadowy grandeur. One of these, of stately limes, extends from the castle to Essachasan: another, composed of the beauteous beech, leads to the dim recesses of Glenshira; and a third, of the same timber, with

its slate-coloured stems and its glossy garniture of leaves, runs adjacent to, and parallel with, the burgh. It is in vain, however, to enumerate individual combinations and effects in the wide woodlands of Argyle. This will be apparent when we state that, in all, they extend over something like nine thousand acres. To be appreciated in all their aspects of magnificence and loveliness, they must be seen, and that not once, but again and again. The castle is situated on a green lawn, overlooking a splendid reach of the loch and the Highlands of Cowal. It is a large quadrangular structure, with a tower at each corner, and a high pavilion rising in the centre. Stiff and formal in outline, it has but small pretensions to the picturesque, and certainly it does not at all harmonize with the romantic scenery around. The stone of which it is constructed is a kind of micaceous slate, soft but durable, and of a blueish-gray colour. A single shower deepens it materially in tone, but with the return of sunshine it soon resumes its primitive hue of sober gray. The hall is tastefully adorned with arms, some of which were out in the '45, and with relics of the chase, &c. One of the rooms also is decorated with beautiful tapestry from the looms of Ghent. There is little else, with the exception of a few pictures, calling for special notice in the ducal residence. The principal beauties of Inverary Castle are to be found external to In our stroll through the grounds, our attention was attracted towards a tall, upright stone upon the lawn. There is no inscription or device upon it to indicate its purpose. On inquiring, one individual shrewdly suggested that it might have been erected in the olden times by one of the dukes as a scratching post for his distressed tenants, or vassals, who, it is said, were long afflicted with an annoying indigenous disease. Another said it had been reared to mark the spot where a considerable number of the Campbells had been put to death by the Athol ravagers, in 1685; while a third assured us that it was an ancient landmark, designed to indicate the boundary between the lands of the M'Ivers

and the M'Vicars, who were the original proprietors of the soil. The latter, we suspect, may be the true reading, as it is well known that the Campbells came here in the character of usurpers, and drove the original possessors, either by policy or force of arms, from their lands. As our time is limited, we must not venture at present to scale Dunnaquoich, but content ourselves with borrowing a passage on the subject of the ascent from another pen-

"Immediately after breakfast we set out with the view of ascending the abrupt cone-shaped hill which had attracted so much of our attention last night. C. led the way; and as we had acquired a sheep-like habit of implicitly following our leader, we moved in a line behind him, and a pretty bit of dance he led us! In fact, we were soon convinced that he knew no more than ourselves about the road by which we might best achieve the enterprise on which we were bent, and that we had acted more discreetly in this-as in other instances—had we taken counsel of the natives before we began to ascend the sugar-loaf shaped Dunnaquoich. At first we got on pretty well for a few yards-the soil being firm, and the trees kindly lending us their aid; but the path 'grew faint and fainter still,' and at last disappeared entirely, leaving us to fight our desperate way over large stones and deep fosses, and through strong tufts of underwood, and long rank grass, and huge ferns, all linked together by intricate brambles, and forming a kind of jungle which it required both address and strength to penetrate. Here and there appeared a few most deceptive patches of bright green moss, on which, as soon as you had placed your foot, you found yourself immersed over the ankles in water. Still we worked our way upwards, 'thorough brake, thorough briar,' though often compelled to pause in our ascent; and at last, after about an hour's hard labour, we stood upon the summit of Dunnaquoich—not a naked spiry pinnacle—as we had somehow premised—but green as a meadow, and of considerable breadth. A scene of ample extent and mingled barrenness

and beauty stretched around us. On three sides was an amphitheatre of mountains and moorlands. Beneath us lay the richly-grouped woods and verdant meadows of Glenaray; and the noble loch, on which a few little sails flitted to and fro, stretched away in calm beauty into the distant horizon, between the long and waving outline of its mountain-bank. We descended at hap-hazard from our cloud-kissing elevation, and as each took paths and ways of their own in the descent, we had each our peculiar mishaps and grievances. My boots perished in the service, and it was unanimously agreed, in recounting our adventures, that the ascent of Dunnaquoich is a feat which none should attempt unless in woodland trim."

Returning to Inverary, we embark in one of the herring wherrics, with the view of obtaining a speedy passage to Furnace—a village on the side of Lochfine, about eight miles from the point of embarkation. We had better have taken stick in hand and measured the distance on foot. A stiff head-wind sets right in our teeth, keeping us tossing and tumbling, tacking and re-tacking, running from this side to that, and from that to this, for three mortal hours, and without apparently getting any nearer to our destination We seek shelter from the bitter-biting blast and the drenching spray in a miserable little crib, which is redolent of "all ancient and fish-like smells," and where incipient symptoms of sea-sickness soon begin to agitate our inner man. ness begins to set in ere we have passed Strachur-one-half the way we have to go-and in the thickening gloom Inverary seems actually to be following in our wake. At length, after a world of pitching and heaving, of dashing, and crashing, and smashing, we manage to round the last difficult point, and gradually glide into smooth water. The sails are soon furled, the anchor heaved overboard, and Caleb scrambling joyously over the slimy shingle, and singing in tones not loud but deep-

<sup>&</sup>quot;The land-the land for me!"

Catch the said gentleman, if you can, again undertaking a cruise in a herring-boat, when he has the chance of a highway. Night, deep, dark, and dreary, hangs over Furnace as we touch the shore. We can hear the murmur of a running brook, the voices of the blast among the woods, but all is lost to sight. We have a kind friend by our side, however, and a friend's cosie home at hand. The very windows are shining a welcome through the gloom. Sweet is pleasure after pain—sweet repose after bustle and anxiety; and in the enjoyment of pleasure and repose, we bid thee, gentle reader, a kind good night.

It is morning on Lochfine—morning in the green glen of the Leakan, at the mouth of which is situated the village or clachan of Furnace, the scene of our evening's entertainment and rest. The breeze has died away during the night, and all is placid and still on sea and on shore. Here and there upon the calm bosom of the loch a boat may be seen, with all sails set, and yet to the eye

> "As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean."

We can see the white sea-birds sailing lazily here and there, the blue reek rising in vertical curls over the scattered cottages, and the white mists of morning still clinging to the summits of the distant hills. There is sunshine upon the waters, however, which seem to quiver in a luminous ecstacy; sunshine upon the green woods, and the yellow fields, and in the yawning glens that pour their murmuring tributes of crystal or of amber into the vast basin of Lochfine. Morning, indeed, never met our gaze in a more lovely aspect than she does now, amidst solitude, silence, and all the charms of natural beauty and sublimity.

The village of Furnace is so called from an iron smelting work which, towards the end of the last century, was established on the spot, but which has long ceased to fling its lurid radiance over the adjacent loch. The ruins of the works, however, are still in existence, and, under the sober-

ing influences of time and decay, they have actually acquired a sort of antiquarian interest. The situation is exceedingly beautiful. In front is the loch with the lofty hills, and the verdant slopes of Cowal on the farther shore, while behind is the glen of the Leakan, with its steep wooded slopes swelling upwards into grizzly peaks and brown wastes of moorland. Down the centre of the glen runs the Leakana lively Highland stream—here dashing furiously over rocks and stones, there foaming over some tiny linn, and anon stealing deviously away into leafy recesses where you scarcely know of its presence but by the softened murmurs of its lingering waters. For a considerable distance above Furnace, indeed, the course of the Leakan is one long line of leafy luxuriance, with every here and there a sweet break in the foliage, through which is seen a snatch of the playful waters either rippled and glittering with foam, or smooth, and showing, as in a mirror, the overhanging green of the boughs, or the far blue and white of the summer sky. The angler and the artist may find a gratification for their respective tastes in the glen of the Leakan. For the one there are glorious burn trout-glorious in their mottled lovelinessglorious in the sport which they afford; and for the other, the material for many a sweet sketch-many a study of nature-all unkempt and unadorned by art.

Furnace consists principally of a kind of scattered congregation of huts and cottages, for the most part of the humblest description, and auguring anything but internal comfort or cleanliness. The inhabitants are partly fishermen, partly quarrymen in certain quarries of granite adjacent, and partly workmen in a gunpowder manufactory, which is situated near the opening of Glenleakan. The fishermen are all genuine Highlanders, speaking the Gaelic tongue, and in spite of steam-boats and Lowland intercourse, retaining many of the peculiar customs and social ceremonies of their Celtic fathers. We hear some strange tales indeed of their modes of life, and especially of their queer ways of cele-

brating the sacred rites of Hymen. It may be as well, however, to let these matters pass without particular note or record. The quarrymen are a mixed race, partly Lowland Scotch, partly Irish, and partly natives of the district. The same may be said of the workmen in the powder works.

We visit the granite quarries of Furnace. They are situated on the shore of Lochfine a short distance westward of the village. At this point a huge hill, called Dunleakan, abuts on the shore, leaving a comparatively narrow space between the water and the rapidly rising rock. The abutment alluded to, as well as a considerable portion of the hill behind, consists of a beautiful granite, the texture and colour of which are now becoming familiar to the denizens of Glasgow, from the produce of the quarry referred to being principally used for paving-stones to the city. The granite is detached from the hill by great blasts, in which tons of gunpowder are used, and concussions of immense violence are produced. The effects of these artificial volcanoes are described as being terrific in the extreme. A report not loud but deep is heard, a huge cloud of smoke is seen to ascend, a violent shaking of the earth is felt, and then a vast avalanche of granite is detached from the living rock, and hurled down hill in shattered splinters and fragments. The expense of one of these blasts must be very great, but when successful the saving of labour amply repays the expenditure. Mr. Syme, the enterprising manager of the quarry, is supposed, indeed, to be making a very good thing of it, and most people, we dare say, will agree with us in thinking that his energy, intelligence, and perseverance, are such as to entitle him to a fair pecuniary return. There is another granite quarry a few miles farther down the loch, which is under the charge of a Mr. Hume. The produce of this is also used as paving material for the streets of Glasgow.

We had never seen the process of gunpowder manufac-

ture, and therefore-although with fear and trembling-we resolved to pay a visit to the works of Furnace. The situation is a retired one, a short distance above the village, in the gorge of Glenleakan. Our friend Mr. Shanks, manager of the works, acts as cicerone. The establishment consists of small detached houses, scattered over a considerable extent of surface, and so distant from each other, that although an explosion occurred in the one, the other might have a fair chance of escaping. These precautions, and the explanation annexed to them, do not by any means tend to increase our tranquillity. We begin to experience a strange feeling, as if we were treading over a mine, and on the eve of being sent up like a sky-rocket. Were it not for shame, we could fairly turn to the right about, and make ourselves scarce. Our character for courage is at stake, however, and we go through the ordeal with all apparent coolness. We are shown the preliminary preparations of brimstone, and nitre, and charcoal, the diabolical ingredients of the deadly compound. Then we behold the trio ground together, under a revolving millstone into a kind of black paste. The house where this operation takes place is on one side formed of slight slabs of wood, so that if any explosion takes place it may find vent without much resistance. Another process, which we are unable to explain, properly reduces it to the granular form under which gunpowder is generally used; and finally having acquired a fine glossy appearance, the finished article is deposited in a sort of drying store, where it is casked up and made ready for the market. So dangerous are the two final departments reckoned, that the visitor is required to take the shoes off his feet before he can be permitted to enter. So regardless of danger does familiarity make men, however, that Mr. Shanks has had some difficulty in putting down smoking in the works. For our own part, we feel perfectly satisfied on leaving the manufactory behind, with all its dread machinery and all its materials of death. With the Fop in "Henry the Fourth," we are inclined to say,-

"That it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed so cowardly."

The herring fishing is the great source of employment and wealth to the native population on the shores of Lochfine. Inverary is the centre of this important branch of local industry. It sends out a perfect fleet of fishing-boats during the season, but every little hamlet and clachan along the shores has its own fishermen, its own boats, and its own supply of nets. It is a beautiful and a cheerful sight of an evening to see the fishing-boats cruising along the placid waters in pursuit of the finny prey, which is here so abundant and of such excellent quality. The fishing generally commences about the end of June, and continues, wind and weather permitting, to the close of the year. The boats used vary in size from eighteen feet keel, and eight feet in breadth of beam, to twenty-two feet in length to nine in breadth. The train of nets also varies in size according to the capacity of the boats. An ordinary train consists of thirty-six nets, each of which is formed of smaller nets called breadths or dippers, twelve yards in length, and two in breadth. When at its full length a train is therefore 436 feet long, but when dropped into the water its length is considerably diminished. The nets are sunk into the water by means of weights, and are preserved upright by a series of buoys. The number of boats on Lochfine varies from fifty to sixty and upwards. These furnish employment altogether to about 300 individuals, including men, boys, labourers or gutters, coopers, and curers. It is impossible to estimate, with anything like accuracy, the gross product of the fishing on Lochfine, as a great quantity are used in a fresh state in the neighbourhood, as well as in Glasgow and the towns on the coast. A few years ago, however, the Government fishery officer calculated that there were on an average about 1,593 barrels cured annually. Of late, however, there is said to have been a falling off in the supply. Although we had the

pleasure of a cruise in a herring wherry upon Lochfine, we had not the benefit of witnessing the fishermen actually at work. We shall therefore transcribe a descriptive passage from another pen:—

"While in Lochfine," says the writer alluded to, "the traveller should, if otherwise convenient, take at least one night for the herring fishing, which may be most readily accomplished at Tarbet or Inverary. The boatmen are very civil, and for a small compensation will be glad to take a stranger along with them. The boatmen go out in the evening, and generally ply to windward, in order to have a speedy return to market in the morning. If the night is very clear, they sometimes do not go out, from a certainty of catching no fish. A dark and windy night is best suited for their purpose. After searching about for some time, examining the appearance of the water, the flight of seafowl, &c., the fishermen shoot their nets, which are composed of separate pieces bound together by twine. On the upper side is a back rope, to which buoys of calf or dog-skin are attached by means of long lines, by letting out or drawing in which the net may be lowered or raised to any depth at pleasure. The boat is then permitted to be at the end of the net, which serves, in some measure, as an anchor: a sail is converted into a covering for a tent; a fire is lighted; and the song or the joke is passed, till it be time to draw the net. or remove to some more favourable spot. The fishermen contrive to make excellent cakes of an astonishing thickness, and they have a peculiar method of dressing the herring they raise out of the net that might please the most fastidious epicure. If the traveller has taken care to fill his own scrip and replenish his flask before coming aboard, he will have no cause to regret the length of his voyage. In the morning the nets are hauled in, the sail set or the oars plied, and the boat returns to the harbour, in order to sell its cargo to 'coupers,' who buy the herring in order to carry them fresh to market, or to 'buyers,' who pack them in salt for the

bounty of 4s. a barrel.\* If successful, the fishermen are liberally supplied with whisky, and they then retire to hang up their nets, and sleep till it be time again to renew their laborious occupations. The herrings are counted by the 'maze' of 500; each 100 containing six score herrings.

"The herrings, when taken out of the net, present beautiful corruscations of blue, green, and purple—utter a faint chirping noise, and very speedily die. Good and pure herrings are never found to have any food in their stomachs, nor are they ever caught on the hook. There is a poor and harsh species that sometimes take the hook, and in which small marine insects are found; but they are seldom met with, and are not sought after. Visitors to this charming loch, who may be fond of sea-fishing with the long line, will have abundant opportunities of enjoying that amusement at any place on the coast, but particularly at Tarbert, and the more humble employment of angling for cod-fish or cuddies, may be pursued from the corner of every rock."

After enjoying for a couple of days the beautiful scenery of Furnace and its vicinity—beautiful, but presenting few salient points for description—we bid adieu to our kind entertainers, and embark on a passing steamer for Glasgow. Slowly and interruptedly we pass along amidst ever changing, but ever lovely combinations of land and sea. The old Castle of Stralachlan meets our gaze at the opening of a spacious glen. It is a dreary and desolate feature of the landscape, but suggestive of pensive emotions. While looking at it we think of Campbell's lines,—

"At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree,
And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod
To his hills that encircle the sea."

Here and there the eye rests upon a stately modern mansion,

\* Since this was written, the bounty alluded to has been withdrawn.

with its embowering woods and its green lawns contrasting richly with the brown hills beyond, while at frequent intervals a few lonely cottages cluster on the shore, with their verdant patches of oats and barley, their tawny train of nets hung up to dry in the morning sun, and their boat-their great bread-winner-lying stranded on the beach, or dancing at anchor over the swell of some tiny bay. Many a sweet picture-many a cosie nook, suggestive of comfort and quietude in lowly life, meets the eye as the steamer passes along or pauses to take on board some wherry load of "Glasgow magistrates." At Ardrishaig we meet the "Iona"—the queen of the Clyde steamers-and leaving our herring-loaded conveyance from Furnace, we are soon dashing merrily towards the Frith of Clyde. Passing Tarbert on the right, with its rock-girt bay and its ancient tower, Arran rises boldly in our front, with Bute and Inchmarnock in her shadowy lee. Over the waves of Kilbrandon, the "Iona" dashes eagerly and with matchless speed. There is a pretty considerable swell, but our gallant steamer skips over it with infinite grace and ease. Rounding Ardlamont Point, we are in the Kyles of Bute, clearing the smooth and sunny waters, wherein the neighbouring woods and hills, and the overhanging sky, are reflected as in a mirror. The Kyles, as their name implies, form a narrow passage or strait between the Isle of Bute and the coast of Cowal. The mainland here, indeed, bends round the northern part of the island as if in a half embrace, while all that is lovely on earth, or sea, or sky, is congregated in the vicinity. Here we have sunny bays and level beaches, there smiling clusters of houses, with groups of cattle and children at play. Anon there is a very wilderness of hills and glens, and wooded knolls and dells, with fairy islands sleeping in the quiet waters, and a solitary lake stealing far away among the shadows of the mountain wilderness. As we advance into the deeper recesses of the Kyles there is a beautiful play of light and shade. The village of Tynabruich, a delicious spot upon the Cowal shore, is steeped in

sunshine, while the hills beyond are half in gloom and half in a broken and ever changing light. Farther away a rainy cloud is passing, grim, dark, and ominous, but with a fragment of a rainbow gleaming in its trail. The choicest features of the Kyles are between Tynabruich and Collintraive—the latter a most picturesque congregation of cottages and villas of modern erection. The most northern point of Bute juts out at this spot, and narrows the channel, which is further encumbered, if we may so speak, with the bosky beauty of four small islands, clustering around the opening to Lochriddan, which is here seen stretching away to the northward. One of these little islands, named Eillangheirig. or Red Island, contains the ruins of an ancient castle. This edifice was fortified in 1685, by the Marquis of Argyle, when that nobleman came over from Holland in concert with the Duke of Monmouth, to drive James II. from the throne of England. The marquis had landed at Dunstaffnage, and sent round the burning cross to rouse the men of his clan. With these, to the number of 3,000, it was his intention to make a descent upon the Lowlands. Ultimately, having met with some reverses, and finding the coast guarded by the king's ships, he collected his vessels at Eillangheirig, and there landed his men and his stores. He had no sooner taken up the position, however, than he was attacked by the king's forces in three ships of war, and compelled to seek safety in flight. Shortly afterwards he was captured near Renfrew, and being conveyed to Edinburgh, was immediately put to death on an old sentence which had been kept suspended over his head. We question if in all Scotland there is anything more lovely-more deliciously varied-or in every respect more bewitching than the Kyles of Bute. there is, we have yet to learn its whereabouts. To our mind the Kyles comprise the very quintessence of landscape beauty. We always enter that enchanted channel as if we were on a pilgrimage to the land of faery-on our way to reap a full harvest of the beautiful. Nor have we ever left its precincts

without rejoicing in the joy of nature, or without being enriched with glorious memories.

The "Iona" lingers not, however magnificent or however attractive the scenery may be through which she is passing; and while we are scanning the Kyles, or dreaming of their charms, she is pushing her way right up the Frith. Old familiar scenes pass rapidly athwart our ken and as rapidly disappear. Rothesay, Dunoon, Gourock, Greenock, and the brown old rock of Dumbarton, are successively left behind, and before the setting sun has ceased to gild the ripple of the Clyde, the "Iona" is once more silent and motionless in her berth at the Broomielaw.

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